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A

NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

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A

NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

Accentuated for Chanting.

AN ATTEMPT TO PRESERVE, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE,
THE LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORIGINAL,
IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

LONDON:
SAMUEL BAGSTER AND SONS;
WAREHOUSE FOR BIBLES, NEW TESTAMENTS, PRAYER BOOKS, CHURCH SERVICES,
LEXICONS, GRAMMARS, CONCORDANCES, AND PSALTERS, IN ANCIENT
AND MODERN LANGUAGES;
15, PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO HIS GRACE

THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,

AND

PRIMATE OF ENGLAND,

THIS

METRICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS,

IS,

WITH HIS GRACE'S KIND PERMISSION,

DEDICATED BY HIS GRATEFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

DECEMBER 15, 1857.

of your mind, that the metres should vary, and that the spirit of the Original should be maintained above every other consideration; and when I say this, I mean as to the Theology of the Psalms, as well as their poetical feeling and power." On returning the MS., he thus expressed his opinion: "I am sure your goodness will excuse me in saying, that—although I like your plan much, and feel assured from what I have seen of the manner in which you have in great measure followed it out,—that you can make it a very valuable production,—yet that it is not now in a state fit for publication. What it wants is care and patience; *i.e.* that you have still to carry it on so as to touch it up *usque ad unguem*. . . . The work is worth the life of any man. Every word, syllable, etc., and particularly the spirit of the Original, should be laboured; not that it should seem laboured, but that it should run easy, natural, and full. You can do this, I feel assured, and therefore I press the consideration on you."

The result of this advice has been, that by far the greater part of the original version has been re-cast; for it was only in this way, in numerous instances, that the necessities of the case could be met. The aim from the first had been to produce as faithful a metrical version of these divinely-inspired compositions as the English language would admit of; and this, for the most part, in the words and phrases of our English Bible Version, wherever it was practicable in metre. In this plan the translator has steadily persevered, under a conviction that no other would answer as well. The opinion that Dean Swift pronounced on the Authorised Version of the Bible may be here appealed to: —"No translation will come up to that of the Old and New Testament; and I am persuaded that the *translators* of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings, the which is owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole."

But while regarding the Authorised English Version with

great deference and respect, it has been felt that the final appeal on all occasions should be to the Hebrew text; and, at the correct meaning of this, the translator has spared no pains to arrive, by availing himself of the labours and researches of eminent scholars who have made Hebrew literature the chief study of their lives. He has also felt with Bishop Lowth, that it is of great importance to distinguish *the system of the verses.* To discover what traces are left of the original versification has therefore been his constant endeavour; and the result of his investigation has been, to learn, that while, in the Hebrew Psalter, couplets and triplets are often to be found, the quatrain, or stanza of four lines, greatly predominates. A few Psalms, however, there are, that seem to fall naturally into six-line stanzas, and in the Hundredth Psalm there is a perfect specimen of triplets.

The present task was entered upon with the conviction that a metrical version of the Book of Psalms could have no claim to fidelity, in which a strenuous effort was not made to imitate the sententious and the figurative style of the Original, to be as sparing as possible of epithets, and to take advantage of every trace of the ancient metres afforded by the parallelisms; these indeed are for the most part so obvious and intelligible, that no *prose* translators of the poetical parts of the Bible have failed to re-produce them; while, in our metrical translations,—speaking generally,—their due effect has been entirely lost by indulging in amplification and paraphrase, a tendency which only line-for-line translation can keep properly in check. To this, therefore, the writer has generally adhered; but he has adopted no such rigid rule with regard to words and phrases, for such minuteness would have entirely defeated his purpose.

No poetry in the world, as far as the writer is aware, admits less of amplification and diffuseness in translation than the Lyric Poetry of the Hebrews. It is often a succession of coruscations, flashes of light, peals of thunder. Except by means

of the parallelisms, there is no amplification whatever. The noun, and the verb or participle, are generally made to express the poet's idea; and to lengthen out his sentences with expletives and epithets was altogether foreign to his purpose and to the cast of his mind. His feelings and convictions were far too deep and intense to admit of this. There was, on his part, no attempt to speak in the words which man's wisdom teacheth. To deal rashly or unscrupulously, therefore, with the writings of such men—men who could say, as did the sweet psalmist of Israel, "The Spirit of God spake by me, and His word was on my tongue," would be an act like his who laid a thoughtless hand upon the Ark of God. This will explain, in a word, why so much minuteness has been employed in accounting for the textual variations adopted, while the English Authorised Translation of the Bible has been the foundation on which the version has primarily rested.

To those persons who would require a metrical translator of the Psalms to deviate from the Original, in order, as Dr. Watts has expressed it, to give "an evangelical turn to the Hebrew sense," the writer's reply is, that he cannot understand how that which no one thinks of demanding of *prose* translators of the Psalms, should be required or expected from *metrical* translators. It is very doubtful indeed, whether any prose translation of the Book of Psalms, on the principle advocated as above, would ever be endured in exchange for the faithful kind of translation that is furnished in the Authorised Version. It is open to any one to write Evangelical *Hymns*, taking the matter of the Psalms equally with that of any other portion of the Sacred Scriptures for his subject: but, to go beyond this, is extremely hazardous, to say the least. While venturing, however, to make these remarks, with a view of conciliating many pious persons whose opinions on this head differ from his own, the translator is anxious not to be misunderstood. His conviction is that the Psalms are full of allusions to Christ and His

Church; and if, in this *metrical* version, the references to these subjects should prove less obvious and apparent than in the authorised prose version, it will be to the writer a matter of deep regret. So far from having the slightest objection to an evangelical mode of interpreting the Psalms, the more he has studied them, the more has he become convinced that David wrote far less of himself than many divines suppose, and never with a double meaning, so that in any psalm he should be speaking of himself and Christ as type and anti-type. Let his own simple account of the matter, in the words already quoted, be duly weighed:—"The Spirit of Jehovah spake by me, and His word was on my tongue." David must have known, on these occasions, that he was speaking of things future, and of an Illustrious One, who would appear in the fulness of time, to be a pattern to His people, and to save them from their sins. The words of the Apostle Peter are very remarkable:—"Of which salvation," he says, "the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you: searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by those who have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into." The sweet Psalmist of Israel, as the Sacred History informs us, had in no ordinary degree, trials, sufferings, dangers, deliverances, victories, and triumphs of his own; and it may have pleased "the Spirit of Christ" to make these events in the Psalmist's chequered life the occasion of peculiar revelations suited to the temper and frame of mind in which he was at particular periods, so that his thoughts might be diverted from his own immediate concerns to somewhat kindred subjects, but, in real importance, infinitely superior: he would thus have

his own sorrows alleviated and soothed in periods of adversity, and his mind elevated above all sublunary things in times of earthly prosperity.

In compositions so varied as are the Psalms, and where, even in the same psalm, the transitions in numerous instances are so great and sudden, to judge rightly of the power and capacity of the metres has often been a matter of great anxiety, and their fitness only to be determined by actual working out and repeated experiments. A far more unrestricted use of metres than what has been customary in metrical versions of the Psalms has therefore ultimately been adopted; but in no single instance has the selection been influenced by whim or caprice, but solely by a wish to do justice to the Original. Thus compelled to use a great variety of metres, and conscious that these metrical psalms are not "fitted to the tunes used in Churches," the translator has accentuated them for *chanting*, or, in other words, for *recitative singing*, employing the acute accent simply and solely for that purpose. By this means, the version becomes at once adapted to music suitable both for private and for public use.

Dr. Isaac Watts, in the preface to the early editions of his Version of the Psalms, commented strongly on the defective state of Psalmody in his day. How far his censures are applicable to its present state, each one can judge for himself. "Though the Psalms of David," Dr. Watts observes, "are a work of admirable and divine composure, though they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion; yet, when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translations, that spirit of devotion vanishes and is lost, the psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarce anything of the holy pleasure." He refers to the subject again in the preface to the second edition of his Hymns, where he says: "While we sing the praises of God in His Church, we are employed in that part of our worship, which,

of all others, is the nearest akin to heaven; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. . . . That excessive long tone of voice that stretches out every syllable in our public singing, allows us neither time nor spirits to sing above six or eight stanzas at once; and sometimes we make use of but three or four. . . . I have, therefore, reduced all the work into hymns of such a length as may suit the usual custom of churches, that they may not sing broken fragments of sense, as is too often done, and spoil the beauty of the worship, etc. . . . It were to be wished," he further adds, "that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time; which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas; whereas, if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm with less expense of time and breath; and our psalmody would be more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves."

That greater speed of pronunciation, which all who duly consider the subject must feel, with Dr. Watts, to be most desirable, can be readily obtained by Chanting or Recitative Singing, and by that method only. But, unfortunately, chanting is practised to great disadvantage at present, because it is applied to unregulated prose, and not to metrical composition. Dr. Elvey, Organist of New and St. John's Colleges, Oxford, in his recent work, entitled, "The Psalter, or Canticles and Psalms of David, pointed for Chanting, upon a new principle," very candidly acknowledges that "to a thoughtful and reverential listener, some unpleasant sensations must have been frequently imparted by an appearance of carelessness and irreverence which seems to attach to the chanting of the Psalms." After admitting that some blame may at times attach to the choir who are "acting as the leaders in the hymns of praise that are rising to Almighty

God," he thus proceeds: "But still it may be considered whether what is too often unsatisfactory in their performances be not due to some deficiency in our system as now administered. Several persons have been driven to an exclusive support of Gregorian tones, from their dislike of the want of reverence frequently shown in the use of English chants; and the numerous faults which are to be met with, that either have or have not printed sanction, seem to force upon us the conclusion that great improvement is desirable, whether the system be capable of it or not."

Dr. Elvey then goes on to say: "The chief faults may be ranged under the two main divisions of each of the two parts into which a single chant admits of being divided. 1. Some important word is frequently ascribed to an unaccentuated note of the chant. It is clear that the meaning and the natural rhythm of the word must suffer much violence from this habit, which, though unavoidable in some instances, is far too common." He then proceeds to give various examples, and adds: "Should the inevitable inference to be drawn from reading these passages be thought too strong, let any one sing them over to himself, carefully marking the accent, and it may safely be asserted that, in these instances at least, the musical rendering becomes a veil to the meaning, and affects most painfully the expression of the words. Unfortunately, experience shows that errors of this description are only too rife. 2. Carelessness in the recited part is even more to be deplored, perhaps, than the faults above mentioned. A practice prevailed almost invariably some years ago, and does occasionally now, for choirs to gabble over the earlier, and what are perhaps some of the most emphatic, parts of the verse, and then to make a long pause, where possibly no pause at all should be made, before drawling the remainder to the rest of the chant. In this way, too much importance is given to the tune, and too little to the words. . . . In the hope of remedying these and similar evils, or at least of con-

tributing something towards their cure, the following arrangement of the Psalms has been drawn up. But it has not been forgotten, that to point the Psalter for the purpose of chanting is an undertaking of extreme difficulty and delicacy."

Dr. Elvey concludes by hoping that a charitable construction will be put on any error that may occur in his publication: "For, in truth," he says, "very frequently the ultimate solution has not appeared satisfactory; the nature of the case presented more a choice of evils than a balance of conflicting claims; so that the inference seems to be forced upon us, *that the only way to set the Psalms well for chanting would be to alter the translation with a special view to this subject.* As, however, many considerations would appear to preclude the possibility of this, at any rate for the present, it is hoped that the expense of time and labour in the present case will not have been thrown away, but that either an arrangement will have been produced as good as the circumstances will permit, or, at any rate, that a step will have been made in advance *towards some system whereby the noblest of our hymns of praise may be sung both intelligently and reverently, to the honour and glory of Almighty God.*"

We have thus, on the one hand, *the metrical psalms* "fitted to the tunes used in Churches," frequently so performed as to be open to such strictures as those of the late Dr. Watts; and, on the other hand, we have *the prose psalms*, "pointed as they are to be sung or said in Churches," open to the equally strong censure of Dr. Elvey, who affirms that it is not too much to say, "that the defects that prevail in chanting, would not be tolerated in any other branch of music."

The question therefore arises, whether the application of the English responsive chant to metrical composition is not, after all, the system that is wanted; and, without being so presumptuous as to conclude that the want (for a want there unquestionably is) is fully met by the present attempt, the translator feels persuaded that it is only a metrical, line-for-line,

translation, on such principles as those which he has endeavoured to follow, that can ever set the question at rest. What is now hazardous for even a trained and educated choir, often becomes perfectly impracticable when attempted by a congregation; but he is sanguine enough to think that the chant, used with discretion, and adapted to metrical composition, would soon be generally welcomed, and its advantages recognised.

The Rev. W. V. Harcourt, Canon Residentiary of York Cathedral, in the preface to his work, entitled, "Symmetrical Psalmody," says: "The Psalms, in the opinion of Bishop Lowth, were originally composed in *Metre*, and in that case were doubtless sung at first, as at present, to measured music. But, when the Hebrew was become a *dead* language, the knowledge of its *metre* lost, and its sacred Poetry translated *unmetrically* into other languages, the practice appears to have arisen of intoning it in a *recitative* not subject to any regular measure. At a later period the preference of musicians for measured time, and the desire of maintaining concord in the performance of many parts and voices, led to the introduction of the Modern Chant, which renders unmetrical composition in part amenable to musical measurement, by reserving a certain number of the concluding syllables of a sentence to be applied to *fixed measures*, the preceding words being given up to *unmeasured monotone*. . . . The attempt, however, under any modification, to combine prose composition, *without selection*, with musical notes, must always prove abortive; and a system that rejects the expression of every feeling but that of solemnity, is especially unfit to represent the pathos and fervour which distinguish the Hebrew Psalms."

That the Jews "made ample use of Responsories and the Alternate Chant," the Rev. J. Antes Latrobe has shown, in his work, entitled, "The Music of the Church." Beginning with the time of Moses, and coming down to that of Nehemiah, we may cull from the Sacred Scriptures a number of passages that

are conclusive on this point. But while the antiquity of the chant, as Mr. Latrobe remarks, is universally admitted, it is still more important to the subject we are now considering;—viz., the propriety of adapting the responsive chant to Psalmody in the present day, and for Christian congregations,—to know that there is abundant evidence to show that it was in use among the early Christians. "Even before the legal establishment of Christianity," he says, "we find from Philo, who lived in the first century, a distinct recognition of the alternate chant. . . . The author of the Apostolic Canons, speaking of the Christian service, admonishes, that after the lessons, another should sing the Psalms of David, and the people *succinere*, or answer. . . . At a still earlier period, Pliny the younger, in his well-known letter to Trajan concerning the Primitive Christians, used an expression which has been considered demonstrative of the recitative and interchanging character of their method of singing, 'carmen dicere secum invicem.' It is further probable, that the style thus traced to the first ages of the Church, was in effect but an adaptation of the mode of chanting the Hebrew ritual in the Temple service; embracing such improvements as the progress of knowledge and acquaintance with the music of Pagan countries might suggest. Thus Calvin admits his conviction, that, from the beginning, the Christians followed the Jewish use in singing of Psalms, and that, in his admonitions to the Ephesians and Colossians, the Apostle Paul evidently recommends this duty which was so much practised by the Jews."

As a knowledge of the number and length of the syllables used in the ancient Hebrew versification is now unattainable, it is impossible that the Jews in their synagogues can now chant the Psalms as their forefathers did; but this is certain, that they sang them as *metrical* and not as *prose* compositions, for in the Hebrew language, the word Mizmor (or Psalm), according to its etymology, is expressive of a composition cut or divided in a peculiar manner, into short and equal sentences; as noticed

by Bishop Lowth. "But," to use the words of Mr. Latrobe, "whatever the exact merit of the early chant, of which we possess no specimens, we know that it subserved, and that in a high degree, spiritual edification. With it, as has been observed, our Lord probably solaced His soul before the scenes of His passion; for we cannot suppose that He gave a new character to musical science, since every circumstance of His life evinces that He came, not unnecessarily to rebuke early predilections and tastes, but to press them into the service of His kingdom. St. Augustine describes the rich consolation which it continued to dispense to the children of God. When, after his conversion, he entered the Church of Milan, where St. Ambrose had introduced the eastern manner of chanting, he says, 'the voices flowed in at my ears, truth was distilled in my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in sweet tears of joy.'"

After what has been stated, it can hardly be necessary to say that the chants, for which the present version is accentuated, are the single and double chants used in our Cathedral Churches and Collegiate Chapels; the former consisting of two lines, the latter of four. In private, a single voice accompanied by a musical instrument, will suffice to give a pleasing effect to the chanting of the Psalms; but, to perform them properly in public, the choir or congregation should be divided into two parts, and these parts respond to each other. When sung in this manner, even the single chant will be found to be greatly relieved of its monotony, and the *enallage* or change of tenses, which is frequent in the Hebrew Poetry, and striking specimens of which we have in the 104th and 145th Psalms, instead of appearing a defect, will be found to add life and energy to the performance. In the four-line stanzas, the best plan would be for each division of the choir to take two lines alternately. There are Psalms in which whole stanzas might be taken alternately; but, in many instances, the changes of tenses occur at too short intervals to render this expedient. Generally speak-

ing, the first plan will answer best. There are a few passages in which a solo voice might be heard with advantage, especially in our Cathedrals and Collegiate Chapels, where the singers can be depended upon. For the Psalms that are in six-line stanzas, it would be better to be content with using four-line chants—repeating the last half—than to attempt to introduce six-line chants; for it is of the highest importance to maintain the simplicity of the music; and a six-line chant would be cumbersome and unwieldy, and less easily retained in the memory. It has been well observed, that the chant may be denominated "the simplest form of musical expression," and it is essential to keep it so. If the full choir took the fifth and sixth lines, the four-line chant would answer sufficiently, and the rhythm would be clear and satisfactory. The director of the music should be careful to select major or minor chants as the Psalms may require; and where there is an organ, a preference should be given to the *changeable* chants, in order to meet the transitions which are apt to occur in the same composition. As to the manner in which the chant should be executed, it is sufficient to say, that the recitation-part of the chant "should be sung as nearly as may be at the same rate as the rest, and the words should be enunciated with an accent and emphasis corresponding to that which an intelligent reader would adopt in ordinary reading."

As it has been the translator's endeavour to follow the Hebrew text as closely as he could, he has used the word "JEHOVAH," *i.e.* THE SELF-EXISTENT, more or less frequently in every Psalm in which it occurs in the Original. It is satisfactory to him to find, that, in so doing, he meets the wishes of so eminent a critic as the late S. T. Coleridge, who has thus expressed his opinion on the subject:—"It is very extraordinary that, in our translation of the Psalms, which professes to be from the Hebrew, the name Jehovah—Ὁ ὢΝ—the Being, or God—should be omitted, and instead of it, the Κύριος, or Lord of the Septuagint, be adopted. The Alexandrian Jews

had a superstitious dread of writing the name of God, and put Κύριος, not as a translation, but as a mere mark or sign,—every one readily understanding for what it really stood. We, who have no such superstition, ought surely to restore the Jehovah, and thereby bring out in the true force the overwhelming testimony of the Psalms to the divinity of Christ, the Jehovah or manifested God." Coleridge adds, that the late Bishop Sandford was of the same opinion.

The translator takes this opportunity to express his grateful acknowledgments to the friends who have aided and encouraged him in his undertaking. To the Rev. Dr. M'Caul, Professor of Hebrew in King's College, London, his thanks are especially due for important suggestions with reference to certain difficult passages, and for his kindness and courtesy on all occasions. He is desirous to add, that to no publication has he been more indebted than to the very learned and judicious Commentary of the Rev. George Phillips on the Psalms,—a work from which he has, during many years, derived almost daily assistance.

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THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm I. *First Version.*

1 What endless blessings are for hím prepared,
Who never hath in évil counsels shared;
Who enters not the haunts where sínners meet,
Nor sits, presumptuous, ín the scorner's seat;
2 But in Jehovah's statutes tákes delight,
And meditates thereín both day and night!

3 He truly prospers as a trée that grows
Beside the brooks where líving water flows;
A plant that brings forth fruit from yéar to year,
And on whose boughs no wíthering leaves appear;
That flourishes when even dróught arrives,
And that in every mónth and season thrives!

4 Not so the wicked, but as cháff are they
That the wind scatters, dríving it away;
5 For in the judgment sinners sháll not stand,
Nor with the righteous méet at God's right hand:
6 The Lord the way of upright mén commends;
The way of wicked mén in ruin ends!

PSALM I. *Second Version.*

1 HOW great his blessings, whó the way
  Of evil cóunsels hath not known;
Nor loved the paths where sínners stray,
  Nor made the scórner's seat his own;
2 But in God's Law hath hís delight,
And finds his sólace day and night!

3 He prospers as a trée whose root
  Is water'd bý perennial streams;
A plant that brings forth tímely fruit,
  And with unfáding foliage teems;
Nor droops when even dróught arrives,—
One that in évery season thrives.

4 Not so the wicked!—trúly they
  Are like the cháff by whirlwinds fann'd!
5 For sinners in the júdgment-day
  Among the ríghteous shall not stand:
6 The Lord the just man's páth commends;
The sinner's páth in ruin ends!

PSALM II.

1 WHY do the nations furious wárfare wage?
Why in attempts so ímpotent engage?
2 The Kings and Rulers of the éarth conspire,
Against the Lord assémble in their ire,
Against the Lord and His anóinted King,—
3 "Their bands asunder burst! their fétters from us fling!"

4 He laughs, Who on His throne from óld abides,
He Who is seated ín the heav'ns derides;
5 Then in His wrath, His énemies astóunds,
Yea, in the fúry of His wráth confóunds:
6 "I, verily, Myself, my Kíng appoint,
"And on My holy hill of Zíon I anoint!"

7 This the decree:—Jehovah sáid to me,
My Son Thou art; this dáy begat I Thee:
8 Ask, and to Thee the Gentiles I' assign;
The earth's remotest régions shall be thine:
9 As with a rod of iron, with féarful crash,
Thou shalt in pieces break, as pótter's vessel dash!

10 Then hearken, O ye Princes! ánd be wise;
No more, ye Rulers! ín rebellion rise:
11 Reverence Jehovah! quake and trémble ye!
12 Kiss ye the Son, lest wráth enkindled be;
Soon will it burn!—then, lest ye pérish, haste!
How greatly blest are all, whose trúst in Him is placed!

PSALM III.

1 JEHOVAH! how my énemies incréase!
What hosts are risen úp to mar my peace!
2 How many, while I mourn benéath Thy rod,
Say of my soul: "No hélp for him in God!"

3 But Thou, Jehovah! art my búckler strong,
My glory, and wilt ráise me up ere long:
4 To God my cries shall be diréected still,
For He will hear me fróm His holy hill.

5 I lay me down and sleep, and cálmly wake,
For care of me the Lórd vouchsafes to take:
6 I fear them not, though énemies abóund,
Though men by myriads cómpass me around!

7 8 Arise, O Lord! my God, to hélp me haste!
For all my former fóes Thou hast disgraced;
Crush'd are they all!—my wrongs agáin redress;
Salvation, Lord! is Thíne; Thy people bless!

Psalm IV.

1 Lord!—of my innocence the Júdge!—draw near,
And when I call for hélp vouchsafe to hear:
Thou, who hast freed me oft from ánxious care,
Be gracious still, and héarken to my prayer!

2 Ye sons of men! how long will yé despise
My dignity, and lóve deceit and lies?
3 This know, the Lord hath chosen óne sincere;
Jehovah, when I cáll on Him, will hear.

4 Tremble, and sin no more! in sílence dread,
Hold converse with your héart upon your bed!
5 See that the offerings you presént be pure,
And trust in Him whose prómises are sure!

6 While many after good run tó and fro,
On us, Jehovah! Thý bright beams bestow:
7 Thou, Lord! hast made me glad; my héart hath found
A joy unknown where córn and wine abound!

8 I will lie down in peace, and fáll asleep,
For watch around me, Thóu, O Lord! wilt keep:

Thou wilt permit no evil tó molest,
But make me in secúrity to rest!

PSALM V.

1 JEHOVAH! to my words inclíne thine ear,
And to my deep-drawn síghs attention pay;
2 O hearken to my loud complaínt and hear,
For unto Thee, my Gód and King, I pray!

3 Early, Jehovah! Thou shalt héar my voice;
For Thee I wait, and Thóu wilt look on me;
4 For Thou art not a God that dóth rejoice
In wickedness; no évil dwells with Thee!

5 The foolish shall not stand befóre Thine eyes;
Thou hatest all who trámple on thy laws,
6 And wilt destroy the útterers of líes;
The man of craft and blóod, the Lord abhors!

7 But as for me, I to Thy Hóuse will go,
In Thine abundant mércy drawing near;
Or tow'rds Thy holy Temple bénding low,
Approach Thee still with réverential fear!

8 9 Lead, for Thy truth's sake, for my stéps they note;
Direct me, for their líps would but betray:
Their heart is all malígnity; their thróat
An open sépulchre; smooth-tóngued are théy!

10 No longer let their sentence háng in doubt;
By their own counsels lét them be ensnared:
For all their acts of treason cást them out,
For, to rebel agáinst Thee they have dared!

11 But let all those rejoice that trúst in Thee;
A jubilee etérnal let them hold;
For Thou, Jehovah! their defénce wilt be,
Their helper, as in áll the days of old!

Yea, let them triumph who Thy trúth confess;
Be those that love Thy náme with gladness crown'd:
12 For Thou Thy righteous servant, Lórd! wilt bless,
And with Thy favour, ás a shield, surround!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm VI. *First Version.*

1 Not in thine anger, Lórd! rebuke,
Nor in Thy fiérce displeasure chide;
2 In mercy on my wéakness look,
For I am fáint, and sorely tried!

O heal me, for my bónes are vex'd,
They tremble ás with palsy strong;
3 And greatly is my sóul perplex'd:
But Thou, Jehóvah!—Lord, how long?

4 Return, O Lord! and réscue me;
In thine abúndant mercy save;
5 For who in death remémbers Thee?
Who yields Thee hómage in the grave?

6 My daily groans bring nó relief;
All night I báthe my couch with tears:
7 Mine eye is dim becáuse of grief,
It waxeth óld, through all my fears!

(*Pause.*)

8 Hence, evil-doers! áll, depart!
For to my wáiling God attends;
9 He hears thĕ outpourings óf my heart,
The Lord a grácious answer sends!

10 Confounded are my énvious foes,
In trouble ánd alarm are they;
All who to mar my péace arose,
Return at ónce, and in dismay!

PSALM VI. *Second Version.*

1 NOT in Thine anger, O Lord Gód! rebuke,
Nor in Thy sore displéasure vengeance take;
2 But in Thy mercy on my wéakness look,
And heal me, for my bónes with terror shake!

3 4 And my soul trembles greatly!—Lórd! how long?
Return, Jehovah! ánd in mercy save;
5 For who in death renews to Thée his song?
Who celebrates Thy práises in the grave?

6 I weary am; my groans bring nó relief;
All night with tears I máke my bed to swim:
7 My beauty fades; mine eye is wórn with grief;
Through mine oppressors ít is waxen dim!

(*Pause.*)

8 Ye workers of iníquity! depárt,
For my loud weeping Gód vouchsafes to hear:
9 Jehovah heeds thĕ outpourings óf my heart,
Jehovah, to my práyer, inclines His ear!

10 Now, even now, I see them pút to shame,
Confounded are my énemies with dread;
The rancorous foes, who to afflíct me came,
Return at once confóunded,—all are fled!

Psalm VII.

1 2 O Lord my God! I trúst in thee,
With Thee, Jehóvah! refuge take:
From my pursuers réscue me,
Deliver fór Thy mercy' sake!

Save me from all who líe in wait,
And him, arch-énemy, control,
Who, lion-like, would lácerate,
And, none to hínder, rend my soul!

3 O Lord! if guilty ín Thy sight,
If, to do thís, my hands have dared,
4 If I a friend could thús requite—
I, who my crúel foe had spared:

5 Then let the foe, his véngeance rife,
Pursue and táke; the doom were just!
Yea, let him trample óut my life,
And lay mine hónour in the dust!

(*Pause.*)

6 Jehovah! in Thy wráth arise;
For fiercely mý oppressors rage:
Exalted be befóre their eyes;
On my behálf, O God! engage!

'Tis Thy unchángeable decrée,
That justice rúle in earth and sky;
7 Then let the nations cómpass Thee,
On their accóunt return on high!

8 Jehovah, from His lófty throne,
Will judge the nátions: Lord! decide,
For Thou my ríghteousness hast knówn,
In Thee, I, ínnocent, confide!

9 Defeat their impious énterprise,
But strengthen ánd confirm the just;
For nought escapes Thy píercing eyes,
O righteous Gód, in Whom I trust!

(*Pause.*)

10 God holds a shield in mý defence,
And saves the úpright in the way:
11 The righteous Judge will récompense,—
God, Who is ánger'd every day!

12 HE (if he turn not) whéts His sword;
HE bends His bów and taketh aim:
13 His armoury is ámply stored,
His arrows át His bidding flame!

(*Pause.*)

14 Behold, he travails wíth deceit;
He hath concéived and brought forth lies:
15 He digs and hollows óut a pit,
And falls therein, no more to rise!

16 On his own head, to hís amaze,—
On his own crést, his curse comes down:
17 God, for His justice, I′ will praise;
To the Most Hígh ascribe renown!

Psalm VIII.

1 O Lord! how éxcellent Thy náme,
Thy works in áll the earth proclaim:
Thou, Who Thy glory hére hast shown,
Above the héav'ns hast fix'd Thy throne!

2 The mouths of babes and súcklings raise
To Thee the tríbute of their praise:
Jehovah! such Thy sóvereign will,
Thĕ avenger ánd the foe to still!

3 When I Thy work, the héav'ns behold,—
The moon and stárs, ordain'd of old;
When to yon vast expánse I turn,
And of Thy pówer such proofs discern:

4 Oh! what is man, 'mid scénes so fair,
In Thy solícitude to share?
This child of póverty and páin,
That Thou to vísit him should'st deign?

5 Thou mad'st him, for a líttle space,
To rank belów thĕ angelic race;
But on his head hast pláced a crown
Of endless glóry and renown!

6 Dominion his; supréme command
O'er all the wónders of Thy hand;

They subject to his wíll were made,
Thou all things át his feet hast laid!

7 8 Innumerable flócks and herds,
The cattle óf the field, and birds;
And ocean's never-énding forms,
Pervading thát vast world of storms!

9 O Lord! how éxcellent Thy náme,
Thy works in áll the earth proclaim:
Thou, Who Thy glorý hére hast shown,
Above the héav'ns hast fix'd Thy throne!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM IX.

1 JEHOVAH! all my powers I gíve to praise;
With my whole heart Thy wónders I proclaim:
2 I will exult, and hymns of tríumph raise;
O Thou Most Highest! I′ will sing Thy name!

3 My foes turn back; the breakers óf Thy laws
Stumble and perish át Thy presence bright:
4 For Thou, Jehovah! hast maintáin'd my cause;
Thou, on Thy throne exálted, judgest right!

5 Thou hast rebuked the nations, O′ Lord God!
And utterly destróy'd the Impious-One;
Their name, who under foot the hélpless trod,
Is blotted out from únderneath the sun!

6 Thou of the enemy an énd hast made,
A desolation; cíties of renown,
Uprooted, are in lasting rúins laid,
And none survive to hánd their memory down!

7 Jehovah on His judgment-séat remains;
For equity estáblish'd He His throne:
8 To rule the world in ríghteousness He réigns,
And by all people sháll His truth be known.

9 A tower of refuge for thĕ oppréss'd is He,
In seasons of distréss a hiding-place:
10 Who know Thy name, Jehovah! trúst in Thee,
For Thou forsakest nóne that seek Thy face!

11 Sing to the Lord, Who dwells on Zíon's Mount,
Among the nations públish ye His deeds;
12 For of His servants' blood He tákes account,
The cry of His oppréss'd Jehovah heeds:—

13 "Have mercy, Lord! on me compássion take;
"See what I suffer fróm my rancorous foes:
"Lift thou me up, for Thy great mércy' sake,
"Nor let the gates of Déath upon me close:

14 "That I may celebrate, in Zíon's gates,
"Thy praise and wondrous wórks, my God and King!
"The day foretold, my soul antícipates,
"And Thy salvation éven now I sing.

15 "Sunk are the nations in the pít they made,
"Their foot hath in the nét they hid been caught:
16 "With his own hand the snare the ímpious laid;
"Known is Jehovah bý the judgment wrought!"

17 The wicked into Hades wíll descend,—
The nations that of Gód unmindful live;
18 For to the needy's cry He wíll attend,
And to the sufferer's práyer an answer give:—

19 "Arise, Jehovah! let not mán prevail;
"Arise, and judge the nátions at Thy bar!
"Put them in fear, Jehovah! máke them quail,
"That they may learn at lénguh, how frail they are!"

PSALM X.

1 WHY afar off, Jehovah! dóst Thou stand,
And hide Thyself in séasons of dismay?
2 The arrogant, who lords it ó'er Thy land,
Hotly pursues the féeble as his prey!

In their devices let them bé ensnared,
3 For the ungodly bóasts of unjust gains,
And to congratulate his sóul hath dared,
While God—the God Jehóvah—he disdains!

The impious vaunteth of his héart's desires,
4 And, as his pride of cóuntenance beseems,
The impious never after Gód inquires;
Of God, in all his pláns, he never dreams!

5 He with unfaltering step his cóurse pursues,
For no compunctious vísitings he knows:
Thy judgments far surpass his nárrow views;
Presumptuous grown, he púffs at all his foes!

6 His language is: "I no revérses meet;
"Age after age immóveable am I:"
7 His mouth is full of cursing, fráud, deceit;
Beneath his tongue all cráft and mischief lie!

8 In ambush near the víllages he síts,
And, on the lowly ánd the innocent,
In secret places murder hé commits;
His eyes, though hidden, ón the poor are bent!

9 In secret places he in ámbush lies
As lion couch'd ere hé from covert breaks;
The poor he lurks in secret tó surprise,
And, drawing in his nét, the poor he takes.

10 He crouches down, and acts the húmblest part,
Till fall the poor ínto his snáre's embráce:
11 "God hath forgotten it," he télls his heart;
"Or, lest He chance to sée, hath hid His face!"

12 Arise, O Lord! O Lord, lift úp Thine hand!
Let not the poor and néedy be forgot:
13 Why doth the scorner thus blasphéming stand,
And say within his héart, "God careth not?"

14 *Thou hast not seen?*—Thou! who dost éver see
Mischief and wrong, and gráve it on thine hand!
The destitute commit their cáuse to Thee,
To Thee appeal the néedy in the land!

The Helper of the fátherless Thou árt:
15 Then at the wicked ánd the impious strike!
Break thou his arm! for his so víle a part,
That Thou may'st search in váin to find the like!

16 Jehovah is the everlásting King,
And from His land the Géntile hordes retire:
17 To Thee their cause the poor, Jehóvah! bring;
Thou, Lord! hast heard, and gránted their desire!

Thou wilt establish and confírm their heart;
Thou, Who hast lent an éar to their request,
18 Wilt judge the poor, and take the órphan's part,
That mortals frail may bé no more oppress'd!

PSALM XI.

1 MY trust is in Jehóvah's word:
How say ye tó my soul, "Away!
"Flee to the mountains ás a bird;
2 "The bow is bént; they seek to slay?

"A secret arrow ís employed,
"To shoot at hím whose heart is true:
3 "When the foundations áre destroyed,
"What further cán the righteous do?"

4 The Lord is in His Hóly-place,
Jehovah ís enthroned on high;
And all the sons of A'dam's race,
His eyes behóld, His eyelids try.

5 The Lord His righteous sérvant tries;
He proves him ín his low estate:
But those who wíckedness devíse,
And thirst for blóod, His soul doth hate!

6 He on the wicked snáres will rain,
A tempest thát will burn them up:
Like yours, proud Cities óf the Plain!
Will be the pórtion of their cup.

7 Truly, the God Who réigns above,
Is righteous, rích in truth and grace:
On righteous deeds He lóoks with love;
The upright sháll behold His face!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XII. *First Version.*

1 Help, Lord, for few sincére remain,
The faithful tó their rest depart:
2 Men mutual íntercourse maintáin
With flattering líp and treacherous heart!

3 All flattering lips will Gód remove,
And the tongue spéaking proudly thus:
4 "Our lips and tongues succéssful prove;
"Who shall be rúler over us?"

5 "Moved by the sufferings ánd the cries
"Of the afflícted and forlorn,
"Now," saith the Lord, "will I′ arise,
"And rescue thóse man treats with scorn!"

6 The words Jehovah spéaks are pure;
They, in the crúcible when tried,
Will the refiner's fíre endure
As silver sév'n times purified!

7 Thou, Lord! wilt still presérve Thy sheep,
As Thou hast dóne in days of yore:
Thou every one of thém wilt keep
From this time fórth, for evermore!

(*Pause.*)

8 The wicked, into dárkness chased,
On every síde appear again,
When in the seats of pówer are placed
The vilest óf the sons of men!

PSALM XII. *Second Version.*

1 HELP, Lord! for of the godly few remain,
The faithful to their résting-place depart:
2 Men to each other make proféssions vain;
With flattering lips they spéak and double heart!

3 All flattering lips Jehovah wíll cut off,
And the tongue speaking árrogantly thus:
4 "We by our tongues prevail!"—that sáy in scoff,
"Our lips are ours! Who rúleth over us?"

5 "Because the poor with cruel wróngs have met,
"And since to Me," saith Gód, "they sigh forlorn,
"I will arise, and will in sáfety set
"Those whom men treat with ínsult and with scorn!"

6 The words Jehovah hath pronóunced are pure;
They are as ore, that, ín the furnace tried,
Will the refiner's glowing héat endure;
They are as silver séven-times purified!

7 Thou, Lord! wilt keep Thy people ás of old;
Preserve Thy flock as áge to age succeeds:
8 The wicked walk about with béaring bold,
When infamy to éxaltation leads!

PSALM XIII.

1 How long forgetful, Lord! wilt Thóu remain?
How long wilt Thou withhóld from me relief?
2 How long shall I perplex mysélf in vain,
And in my heart have súch continual grief?

How long shall enemies agáinst me rise?
O Lord my God! no lónger silence keep:
3 Consider, and enlighten Thóu mine eyes;
Look down and answer, lést in death I sleep!

4 Hear, lest my enemies with príde assert,
"We have prevail'd, for hélpless he has proved!" . . . .
Lest those that trouble me and wísh my hurt,
Rejoice and triumph whén they see me moved!

5 Still on Thy mercy, Lord! do I' depend;
My heart the joy of Thý salvation feels:
6 My song shall to Jehovah stíll ascend,
Who with His servant bóuntifully deals!

PSALM XIV.

1 THE fool doth in his váin heart say,
"There is no Gód!"—Corrupt are they;
Abominable déeds are done;
There is, that dóeth rightly, none!

2 Jehovah, from His lófty throne,
Upon the sóns of men look'd down,
To see if any óf the race
Would understánd, and seek His face.

3 All have together túrn'd aside,
All are in ínfamy allied:
There is that understándeth none;
None doing ríghtly, no not one!

4 "Have then the workers óf deceit
"No knowledge, whó My people eat
"As they eat bread, devóuring all?
"They on Jehóvah cease to call!

5 "In seasons past they shóok with fear,
"For, to the ríghteous, God is near:
6 "Ye at the needy's cóunsels mock,
"Yet is Jehóvah still their rock!"

(*Pause.*)

7 Oh, that from Zion hélp would come!
When God shall cáll His ransom'd home,
His people Jacob sháll rejoice,
And Israel ráise in shouts his voice!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XV.

1 WHO in Thy tabernacle, Lórd! shall rest?
Who in Thy holy Móunt be owned and blest?
2 The blameless man, who acts an úpright part,
And speaks the truth sincérely—from the heart!

3 He that defames not, nor defráuds and cheats,
Nor, when he slander héars, the tale repeats;
4 He who himself abhors and wórthless deems,
But highly them that féar the Lord esteems!

Who, swearing to his hurt, doth nót repent;
5 Nor money upon úsury hath lent;
Nor for a bribe the ínnocent betráy'd:—
He that lives thus, shall néver be dismay'd!

Psalm XVI.

1-3 O God! preserve me, for I trúst in Thee!—
I to Jehovah sáy, "My bliss Thou art:"
All else is nought to those belóved by me,—
The holy on this éarth, the pure in heart!

4 They multiply their idols móre and more,
Who hasten elsewhere, théir requests to make:
Their strange libations I will nót outpour,
Nor on my lips their námes consent to take!

5 The Lord my portion is, my cúp, my all;—
And to maintain my lót Thou dost engage:
6 For me the lines in pleasant pláces fall;
I have in Thee a góodly heritage!

7 I bless the Lord, Who counsel tó me gives;
Through Him my reins instrúct me in the night:
8 He ever present in my mémory líves;
With Him at my right hánd, no ills affright;

9 And therefore doth my heart in tránsport dwell,
My mind exults, my flésh confides in Thee;

10 Assured thou wilt not leave my sóul in hell,
Nor let thine Hóly-One corrúption sée!

11 The path of life Thou makest mé to know,
That to thy blissful présence I may soar,
Where pleasures as from living fóuntains flow
At Thy right hand, O Lórd, for evermore!

PSALM XVII. *First Version.*

1 LORD! hear the right!—O hearken tó my cry,
And to the prayer of líps unfeign'd reply:
2 Let sentence from Thy presence nów proceed,
For just thou art! Thine éyes uprightness heed!

3 4 To prove me Thou hast vísited at níght,
And findest in me nóught to grieve Thy sight:
The works of men may cause me déep distress;
But, I resolve, my móuth shall not transgress.

To keep from sin I make Thy Wórd my guide;
5 Hold up my goings lést my steps should slide:
6 On Thee I call! O Lord, inclíne Thine ear,
And hearken to the práyer of lips sincere!

7 Make known abroad Thy tender lóve to me,
O Thou that savest thóse that trust in Thee,
From all who in array agaínst them stand,
Redeeming with the strénght of Thy right hand!

8 Protect me as the apple óf the eye;
Beneath Thy wings in sáfety let me lie
9 In presence of my false and déadly foes:
On every side their víctim they inclose!

10 Selfish they are, and in their wéalth confide;
They speak in tones of árrogance and pride:
11 Now, even now, our footsteps théy surround;
Their eager eyes are bént upon the ground!

12 The foe is like a lion thát would tear,
Like a young lion lúrking in his lair:
13 Arise, confront, and cast him dówn, O Lord!
Deliver from the mán who is Thy sword!

14 From mortals, who empower'd by Thée draw near—
Men of the world, who háve their portion here:
They of thy bounties largely nów receive,
And children have, to whóm their wealth they leave:

15 But soon on me will brighter scénes unfold,
I shall Thy face in rígheteousness behold:
When in Thy likeness I ere lóng awake,
I shall of full felícity partake!

Psalm XVII. *Second Version.*

1 Hear the right, Jehóvah! hear;
To my éarnest cries attend,
And to prayer from líps sincere,
In Thy trúth an answer send!

2 Let Thy sentence, fróm Thy throne,
Now in mý behalf proceed;
Make my blameless cónduct known,
For Thine éyes uprightness heed.

3 4 Thou hast proved this héart of mine;
Thou hast vísited at night,
And hast found no íll design,
Nothing, Lórd! to grieve Thy sight!

This the purpose I′ pursue,
This my áim in my distress,
That, whatever mán may do,
Never sháll my mouth transgress!

By Thy precepts I′ abide,
And from sínful paths refrain;
5 That my goings máy not slide,
In Thy páths my steps maintain!

6 I with earnest críes draw near,
For an ánswer Thou wilt give;
This my prayer: Inclíne Thine ear,
Hear my wórds that I may live!

7 Make thy lovingkíndness known,
For Thy ríght hand saves all those
Who rely on Thée alone,
When in péril from their foes.

8 As the apple óf the eye,
Keep, O kéep me, King of Kings!
Shelter me, O Lórd Most High!
Under shádow of Thy wings.

9 For the fierce, who séek to slay,
Hem me ín on every side;
10 Pamper'd and full-féd are they,
And they útter words of pride.

11 They on all our stéps attend,
Ever bówing down their eyes:—
12 Like a lion hé would rend,
Like a yóung one couch'd he lies!

13 14 Disappoint him óf his prey;
Rise, O Lórd! and end the strife:
With thy sword their ránks dismay;
From the wícked save my life!

They to worldly góod aspire,
And their pórtion here receive;
Sons they have at théir desire,
And to bábes their substance leave:

Thy hid treasure théy possess;
15 But I húmbly wait for this:
Meeting Thee in ríghteousness,
Face to fáce, in endless bliss!

Then, and only thén, the mind,
Weary nów, will be at rest,
When it wakes, from sín refined,
With thy líkeness, Lord, impress'd!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XVIII.

1 2 Rock of Ages! súre Defence!
Thee I lóve with love intense;
Trust Thee as my Hórn of Power,
Buckler, Shield, Stronghold and Tower!

3 Ever worthy tó be praised,
He to whóm my voice is raised:
When Jehovah's hélp I craved,
From my énemies He saved!

4 Death's dark waves had ó'er me spread,
Belial's flóods amazed with dread;
5 Hades with his córds had bound,
Death's strong nét had fall'n around!

6 In my ágony, appáll'd,
For Jehóvah's help I call'd;
And the prayer my líps preferr'd,
Reach'd His éars—in heav'n He heard!

7 Shook and trembled thén the earth;
Mountains héaved, for He was wroth:
They to their foundátions shook,
Mountains trémbled at His look!

8 From His nostrils wént up smoke,
From His móuth a furnace broke;
Dread artíllery of déath—
Coals were kíndled by His breath!

9 Heav'n—the heav'n of héav'ns, He bow'd;
Forth He cáme, enthroned in cloud:
10 Borne on chérubim He fléw,
Rushing wínds to waft Him blew!

11 Darkness was His déep recess;
Clouds of wáter numberless,
Dark and dense, aróund Him cast,
Form'd His tábernacle vast!

12 From before His présence bright,
Bursts at ónce a blaze of light!
Clouds and vapoury místs retire—
Hail, and cátaracts of fire!

13 In the heav'ns His vóice is heard,
In the vást expanse His word:
Yea, Jehovah, Gód Most High,
Thunders thróugh the vaulted sky!

Hail, and cátaracts of fíre!—
Uproar ánd confusion dire!
14 From His lightnings, ín dismay,
From His sháfts, they flee away!

15 Waters from their dépths withdrew,
Earth's foundátions rose to view:
All at Thy rebúke aghast;
Such the térror of Thy blast!

(*Pause.*)

16 Jehovah reach'd from high to réscue me,
And drew me from the dépths of misery:
17 He set me free from them that háte my soul,
From foes for me too míghty to controul.

18 They in the day of my distréss assail'd,
But God was my suppórt, and I prevail'd:
19 He brought me forth! the captive frée He made,
Because delight in hím Jehovah had!

20 He to my innocence hath shówn regard,
And doth the cleanness óf my hands reward:

21 For I the way of His commánds have trod,
Nor wickedly depárted from my God.

22 To all His judgments I have hád respect,
And none of His commándments I neglect:
23 Upright before His presence I′ remain,
And wholly from iníquity abstain.

24 Therefore the Lord my ríghteousness regárds;
Pure in His sight, my cónduct He rewards:
(For I the way of His commánds have trod,
Nor wickedly depárted from my God.)

25 Benignant to the mérciful Thou árt,
And perfect to the mán of perfect heart;
26 Thou, to the pure, Thyself as púre revealest;
But, with the froward, frówardly Thou dealest!

27 The suffering people, truly, Thóu wilt save,
But humble those who háughtily behave:
28 And therefore is my lamp, through fávour, bright;
My God Jehovah mákes my darkness light!

(*Pause.*)

29 Through their serried ránks I sweep,
By my Gód o'er barriers leap:
30 True His word, His déalings just;
All He shields, who in Him trust.

31 For what God besíde Him reigns,
Or what róck but ours sustains?
32 He it is that gírds with might,
He alóne that leads aright!

33 He with speed of hínd endows me,
And to ránge aloft allows me:
34 He hath taught my hánds to war,
Bows of stéel my arms can draw.

35 Thou hast given mé to wield
Thy salvátion as a shield:
Thy right hand confírms my state,
Thy regárd hath made me great.

36 That my footsteps shóuld not slide,
Thou hast máde my pathway wide:
37 I pursue and óvertake,
Conquering tíll an end I make.

38 Powerless, when I wóund, are all;
Prostrate át my feet they fall,
39 For with strength thou gírdest me:
Low they líe, subdued by Thee!

40 Thou hast put my fóes to flight,
Those that háte me down I smite:
41 They aloud for hélpers cry,
Yea, to Gód; but no reply!

42 I their bones to pówder grind—
Dust they áre before the wind:
All who hated mé I rout,
And as réfuse cast them out!

(*Pause.*)

43 Thou from the peoples' strivings dóst redeem,
And of the Gentiles máke me head supreme:

A people that I knew not hómage pay;
44 They at the hearing óf the ear obey!

The strangers feignedly submít to me;
45 The alien's sons gird úp their loins to flee:
From their strongholds they trémblingly steal fórth
As fugitives, to wánder through the earth.

46 Jehovah liveth!—to my Róck be praise!
Shouts to the God of mý Salvation raise!
47 He, to avenge me, faithful ís and true;
And will the nations únder me subdue!

48 He from my enemies delívereth me:—
Jehovah! I exálted am by Thee,
And from the Man of Víolence redéem'd;
Saved from all those who tó destroy me dream'd!

49 Among the Gentiles, therefore, I′ proclaim
Thy goodness, and sing práises to Thy name:—
50 On His Anointed King, He signal hélp bestows;
To David and his seed, He éndless mercy shows!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heav'ns God's hándywork proclaím;
They sing the glóry of His name:
2 And circling hours and níghts and days,
In endless róunds repeat His praise!

3 4 No land there is, no réalm nor clime,
Where is unhéard their voice sublime:
Their tuneful chords' vibrátions reach
Wherever thére are words or speech!

He in the heav'ns a tént hath made,
5 Whence, as a brídegroom rich array'd,
Comes forth with giant stéps the sun,
Rejoicing hís career to run.

6 From the far ends of héav'n he speeds,
And with unfáltering pace proceeds,
Till the vast circuit ís complete,
And all things féel his vital heat!

(*Pause.*)

7 Emblem of God's all-pérfect Law,
That fills thĕ awáken'd soul with awe;
Jehovah's téstimony bídes,
Jehovah's wórd the simple guides!

8 Jehovah's precepts jóy impart,
They, just and ríght, rejoice the heart:
Jehovah's statutes, cléar and bright,
Give to the síghtless eyeballs light!

9 The fear of God, from érror pure,
Will everlástingly endure;
Jehovah's judgments trúth display,
For righteous áltogether they!

10 More precious are the thíngs reveal'd,
Than all the góld that mines can yield,

They with the hóneycomb compéte;
The droppings fróm its cells, less sweet!

11 Moreover, Lord! Thy sérvant, there,
How warn'd and cóunsell'd to beware!
Thy precepts kept—the récompense
Vouchsafed to kéeping them, immense!

12 Oh! who, though méditating wéll,
The wanderings óf his heart can tell,
Or know the guile that lúrks within?—
Lord! cleanse thou mé from secret sin!

13 And from presumptuous síns restrain!
Let none domínion o'er me gain;
Then, only, I shall bé sincere,
And from the gréat transgression clear!

14 To Thee may every wórd and thought
Be into stríct obedience brought;
For I my trust in Thée avow,—
My Rock and mý Redeemer, Thou!

PSALM XX.

1 JEHOVAH hear thee in the tíme of need!
The name of Jacob's Gód thy heart sustain!
2 Thy cause, Jehovah from His dwélling plead!
To prosper thee, the Lórd in Zion deign!

3 In His remembrance may thy ófferings live,
And thy burnt sácrifice accéptance fínd!
4 Thy heart's desire may He vouchsáfe to give,
Fulfilling all the cóunsels of thy mind!

5 Assured of thy deliverance wé rejoice,
And in Jehovah's náme our banners raise;
The God of Jacob hearkens tó thy voice,
And unto all thy práyers attention pays!

(*Pause.*)

6 "Now know I that the Lord my cáuse defends,
"And will, Himself, by hís anointed stand:
"He from His Holy Hill to héar him bends,
"And saves him with the strénght of His right hand!"

(*Pause.*)

7 Of chariots and of horses sóme are vain,
But on the Lord Jehóvah we rely:
8 9 They yield and fall; we, ris'n, our gróund maintain;
"God save the King!"—Jehóvah hears our cry!

Psalm XXI.

1 The King, Jehovah! glories ín thy might;
In thy salvation gréat is his delight:
2 The prayer is heard, his heart and líps address'd;
Thou, Lord, hast not deníed him his request!

3 His wishes are with blessings móre than met;
Thou on his head a crówn of gold hast set:
4 He in his trouble askëd lífe of Theé,
And Thou hast granted ímmortality!

5 Great is the glory Thou on hím hast laid;
He is in power and májesty array'd:
6 Thy favour endless blessings ón him heaps,
The joy of heav'n he ín thy presence reaps!

7 For in the Lord Most High the Kíng confides,
And through Jehovah hé unmoved abides:
8 Thy hand will to the full thy fóes repay,
Thy right hand all thy énemies dismay!

9 Thou, in the day of Thine avénging ire,
Wilt make their land one fúrnace vast of fire:
Jehovah, when He comes in wráth to doom,
Will overwhelm them, ánd with fire consume!

10 From off the earth Thou wilt destróy their fruit,
From among men their látest seed uproot;
11 For they as angry floods Thy pówer assail,
Mischief they mean, but théy shall not prevail!

12 Make them Thou wilt, to turn their bácks in flight,
Against their faces wíll Thine arrows smite:
13 Arise, Jehovah! as our Stréngth and Tower;
So will we sing in hýmns of praise Thy power!

EVENING PRAYER.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God! my God! behóld and see!
Why hast Thou thús forsaken me?
Far from my help when I′ am faint,
Deaf to the wórds of my complaint!

2 By day, my God! I cáll distrest,
And in the níght I take no rest;
3 Yet holy Thou, Who réign'st supreme,
Of Israel's práise the constant theme!

4 Our fathers upon Thée relied,
To Thee in cónfidence they cried;
5 They trusted, and delíverance came;
Confiding, nóne were put to shame!

6 But I a feeble wórm am deemed,
I as an óutcast am esteemed;
Accounted as a thíng forlorn,
Despised of mén, the nation's scorn!

7 All they that see me móckery make,
The lip they póut, the head they shake:
8 "He leans upon the Lórd; and He,
"Because he lóves, will set him free!"

9 Yes! from the womb Thy árms embraced,
On Thee my ténderest hopes were placed;
Thou, only, mádest me to rést
In safety ón my mother's breast.

10 I from the womb on Thée was cast,
My God Thou árt from first to last:
11 Be present, for distréss is near,
And there is nóne to help or hear!

12 Around me many búlls and strong,
The mighty ónes of Bashan throng:
13 My enemies their móuths distend,
And roar as líons that would rend!

14 My sweat pours down in stréams profuse,
And all my bónes and joints are loose;
My heart like melting wáx becomes,
All in the mídst of me consumes; . .

15 Till as a potsherd párch'd am I:
The fountains óf my strength are dry,
My tongue and palate fást adhere,
I to the dúst of death draw near!

16 For dogs encómpass me; a bánd
Of evil-dóers circling stand;
And, their fell purpose tó complete,
Unpitying píerce my hands and feet!

17 While all my bones may númber'd be,
They gaze, and féast their eyes on me;
18 My garments into párts divide,
And on my róbe by lots decide.

19 20 Be not, Jehovah! fár away;
My Strength! make háste. The sword would slay,
The dog devour! but énd the strife,—
21 Save from the líon's maw my life!

(*Pause.*)

Thou hearest me, benéath the horns
Of the ferócious unicorns!—
22 I to my brethren wíll proclaim,
Where myriads cóngregate, Thy name!

23 Praise Him, ye servants óf the Lord!
Jehovah's gráce and truth record:
All Jacob's seed! with thánks draw near;
All Israel's séed! with holy fear.

24 For He no look of scórn bestows
On the Afflícted and his woes:

He hears him, nor His fáce conceals
When for His súccour he appeals!

25 Of Thee, the Hope of I'sraël!
In the great cóncourse I will tell;
The vows my lips in tróuble made,
Before Thy péople shall be paid!

26 The poor shall at Thy bánquet eat,
And shall be sátisfied with meat;
Who seek Jehovah sháll adore,—
"May your hearts líve for evermore!"

27 Earth's utmost ends the tídings learn,
And, mindful, tó Jehovah turn:
The families of éarth, to Thee—
The Gentile wórld—shall bow the knee!

28 For to Jehovah, Gód of might,
The kingdom ís alone of right;
He Who the heav'ns and éarth sustains,
As Ruler óf the Gentiles reigns!

29 All that are rich on éarth, shall eat,
And shall their Kíng with homage greet;
They, too, that to the dúst descend,
And he that dráweth near his end!

30 A seed shall serve Him; ás His own,
The generátion shall be known;
31 His seed shall come, and to a néw-born race,
His righteousness declare, the wónders of His grace!

PSALM XXIII. *First Version.*

1 THE Lord Jehovah ís my guide,
And will for áll my wants provide:
2 In pastures green His ówn He feeds,
And by the tránquil waters leads.

3 He, when I faint, revíves my soul,
Renews my stréngth, and makes me whole:
In paths of ríghteousness instrúcts,
And for His góodness' sake conducts.

4 What though the vale of Déath I tread,
The vale with shádows overspread,
I fear no evil, léd by Thee;
Thy rod and stáff—they comfort me!

5 Though enemies besét me round,
My table ís with plenty crown'd:
Thĕ anointing oil Thy hánd bestows,
My cup with bléssings overflows.

6 Goodness and Mercy—thánks to Thee!—
All my life lóng have follow'd me;
And in Jehovah's Hóuse of Praise,
I shall for éver spend my days!

PSALM XXIII. *Second and freer Version.*

1 MY Shepherd is the Lórd of all;
I nothing láck, no ills befall:
2 In pastures green He gíves repose,
And leads where mány a fountain flows!

3 If, weary of His míld control,
I wander, Hé restores my soul;
True to His name, pursúes distress,
And leads in páths of righteousness!

4 E'en when the gloomy vále I tread,
And Death's dark shádes around me spread,
No evil, Lord! with Thée, I fear;
Thy rod and stáff are there to cheer!

5 6 Though enemies besét me round,
My table ís with plenty crown'd;
I by Thy bounty stíll am fed:
With oil anóintest Thou my head!

My cup runs over! Thís I know,
That Truth and Lóve, where'er I go,
Attend me; ordering áll things well,
Till in my Fáther's House I dwell!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm XXIV. *First Version.*

(*Paraphrased in parts.*)

1 Earth is the Lord's, its fúlness His;
The world, and théy that dwell therein:
2 For He hath fixt it ón the seas;
The floods have íts foundations been!

3 "Who shall ascend His Hóly Hill,
"And in Jehóvah's Mount remain?"
4 He who delights to dó His will,
And shuns decéit and idols vain.

5 He from Jehovah wíll receive—
From God his Sáviour, pardoning grace:
6 The generation súch, that cleave
To Jacob's Gód;—that seek Thy face!

(*Pause.*)

7 "Open, ye everlásting Gates!
"Open, ye Héav'ns! your living doors:
"He comes, for Whom an éntrance waits:—
"The King of Glóry upward soars!"

8 "Who is the King of Glóry?"—"He,
"That wields at wíll resistless power;
"The Lord of Life and Víctory,
"The only stróng in battle-hour!

9 "Open, ye everlásting Gates!
"Open, ye Héav'ns! your living doors;
"He comes, for Whom an éntrance waits;"—
Onward that tíde of splendour pours!

10 All heav'n the scene with wónder view,
While choir to chóir responsive sings:
"Who is the King of Glóry, Who?"
"The Lord of Hósts, the King of Kings!"

Psalm XXIV.

(*A Second and closer Version.*)

1 Earth, in its fulness, to the Lord belongs;
The world is His, with all its countless throngs:
2 For on the seas He founded it to stand;
Fixt on the floods it rests at His command!

3 "Who shall ascend into the Mount of God,
"And dwell for ever in His high abode?"

4 "The uncorrupt, the pure in heart and mind;
"He that hath ne'er to vanity inclined,
"Nor sworn deceitfully, shall favour find:
5 "On him Jehovah blessings will bestow,
"Mercy to him will God his Saviour show!"

6 The generation such, that seek Thy face,
O God of Jacob!—that desire Thy grace!

(*Pause.*)

7 "Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, ye Gates!
"Be lifted up, ye everlasting Doors!
"The Lord of Glory comes—the King of Kings!"

8 "But who is He? the Lord of Glory, Who?"

"Jehovah, strong and mighty, is His name;
"Mighty in battle, conquering to redeem:
9 "Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, ye Gates!
"Be lifted up, ye everlasting Doors!
"The Lord of Glory comes—the King of Kings!'

10 "But who is He? the Lord of Glory, Who?"

"The God of Hosts, Jehovah is His name;
"He is the Lord of Glory—King of Kings!"

PSALM XXV.

1 2 JEHOVAH! I direct my thóughts to Thee,
My God! in Thee alóne my trust is placed:
Make not my foes to triumph óver me;
Let me not be confóunded and disgraced!

3 Be none confounded, none be pút to shame,
That wait on Thee with éarnest looks and long:
Be those abasht, who, taught to féar Thy name,
Transgress without a cáuse, perversely wrong!

4 Show me Thy ways, O Lord! for hélp I need;
The knowledge of Thy rígheteous ways impart:
5 Teach me, Jehovah! in Thy trúth, and lead,
For Thou the God of mý Salvation art!

For Thee I wait, for I Thy ábsence mourn
All the day long till I' Thy face behold:
6 Thy mercies past be in remémbrance borne!
Thy lovingkindness ín the days of old!

7 Remember not the errors óf my youth,
Nor my transgressions—hów Thy laws I brake!
According to Thy mercy, Gód of Truth,
Remember me for Thý great goodness' sake!

8 The Lord is good and upright; sínful man
He therefore will instrúct, lest he should stray;
9 Of judgment teaching His unérring plan,
The meek conducting ín His holy way.

10 To them His paths all truth and mércy prove,
Who to His laws and cóvenant adhere;
11 Jehovah! my iníquity remóve,
For it is great; I ín Thy name draw near!

12 What man is he, of godly féar possess'd?—
Him in the perfect wáy the Lord will lead:
13 His soul shall in felícity find rést,
And earth shall be the pórtion of his seed.

14 The Lord His counsel on the méek bestows,
His covenant to téach in mind He bears;
15 With stedfastness mine eyes on Hím repose,
For He will éxtricate my feét from snáres!

16 Turn unto me, O Lord! and píty take,
For desolate, forlórn and poor am I:
17 My heart distends with grief, as ít would break;
O bring me out of tróuble, lest I die!

18 On mine affliction look, and mý distress;
The pardon of my síns I supplicate:
19 My foes increase till they are númberless,
And with a hatred víolent they hate!

20 O keep my soul!—Jehovah! fór Thy name,
And for Thy mercy' sáke, deliver me;
Nor give me over to disgráce and shame,
For I have put my cónfidence in Thee!

21 Let innocence and truth, O Thóu Supreme!
Preserve me, for my hópes on Thee are placed:
22 Israel from all his troubles, Lórd! redeem;
Haste Thee to help; O Lórd my God, make haste!

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE Thou my cause, Jehovah! séntence give,
For I in my intégrity would live:
I trust in Thee, and therefore sháll not slide;
2 Prove me, O God!—my héart and reins be tried!

3 For daily is Thy love befóre mine eyes,
And in Thy truth I wálk, detesting lies:
4 I mix not with the frívolous and váin,
And from dissemblers ánd their haunts refrain.

5 The company of wicked mén I hate,
And sit not where the ímpious congregate:
6 My hands from all pollution sháll be clear;
Thus to Thine altar, Lórd! will I draw near.

There shall my voice be heard in hýmns of praise,
For I will tell of áll Thy wonderous ways:
8 I love the dwelling Thóu inhabitest,
The place in which Thy Glóry deigns to rest!

9 With sinners gather not my sóul at last,
Nor with the cruel lét my lot be cast;
10 With men whose hands in murderous árts are skilled,
Whose right hand, cóvetous, with bríbes is fílled.

11 Still in a blameless course I pérsevere;
Redeem me, Lord, and kéep me in Thy fear!
12 If thus far I have kept His hóly ways,
To God, before His sáints, be all the praise!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XXVII.

1 The Lord is my salvation ánd my light,—
Whom shall I fear in térror's darkest day?
The Lord is my protector ánd my might,—
What enemy shall dáunt me or dismay?

2 3 When evil-doers—men like wólves, drew near
To eat my flesh, they stúmbled and they fell:
Should hosts encamp around, I wíll not fear;
Though war should rise, with mé it shall be well!

4 One thing I ask, and with inténse desire:—
In the Lord's House may áll my days be spent,
That I may see His beauty, ánd admire,
And morn by morn His mércy-seat frequent!

5 For, in the time of trouble ánd alarm,
Is His pavilion mý secure retreat;
He hides me in His secret-pláce from harm,
And on a rock, ere lóng, will set my feet!

6 Ere long will He my head in tríumph raise
Above the foes that cómpass me around;
Then shall I offer in His témple praise,
And make His courts with júbilee resound!

(*Pause.*)

7 Jehovah! hear my loud and éarnest cries,
And answer me in Thíne abundant grace;
8 "Seek ye my face," Thou say'st: my héart replies,
"Jehovah! truly I′ will seek Thy face!"

9 Let not Thy countenance be túrned away,
Nor thrust Thy servant fróm Thee angrily!
Cast me not off, for Thou hast béen my stay;
Do not, O Lord my Stréngth! abandon me!

10 My father and my mother máy forsake,
But God will shélter me, the Lórd sustáin:
11 Teach me to know the way that I′ should take;
Because of those that wátch me, make it plain!

12 Give me not over to the mén of strife,
Nor let them have their véhement desire;
False witnesses are ris'n agáinst my life,
And one there is, who bréathes out threatenings dire!

13 Oh! were it not, that I beliéve, ere long,
Jehovah's favour tó participate! . . . .
Trust in the Lord, and in His stréngth be strong;
Be of good courage; ón Jehovah wait!

PSALM XXVIII.

1 I CALL, Jehovah! únto Thee:
My Rock! atténd, nor silent be,
Lest, if Thou longer sílence keep,
The slumber óf the dead I sleep!

2 The voice of my petítion hear,
When I with éarnest cries draw near;
For favour, at Thy mércy-seat,
I with uplífted hands entreat!

3 With sinners draw me nót away,
With evil-dóers, who betray;
Men that converse as fríend with friend,
While all their thóughts to mischief tend.

4 The deeds in which they táke delight—
Their deeds iníquitous, requite;
As they their hands to évil turn,
Give them the récompence they earn!

5 "As they Jehovah's déeds contemn,
"And as His wórks are nought to them,
"In vain they labour fór renown;
"He will not búild, but pluck them down!"

(*Pause.*)

6 Thanks be to God! my vóice He hears,
My earnest críes have reached His ears!
7 Jehovah is my strénght and shield,
In Him I trústed, and am heal'd!

My heart with gladness, thérefore, bounds,
And in my sóng His praise resounds:
8 He to His people fávour shows,
On His Anóinted strength bestows!

(*Pause.*)

9 Save us in this our tíme of need;
Thy people sáve, and bless, and feed;
Thine own inhéritance restóre,
And lift them úp for evermore!

PSALM XXIX.

1 GIVE to Jehovah, O ye Míghty! give
Glory and strength, and tó Jehovah live;
2 Ascribe unto Jehovah's náme renown;
Before Jehovah réverently bow down!

3 Hark! His dread voice above the tórrents loud!
The God of Glory thúnders, throned in cloud!
4 Above the many wáterfloods He dwélls;
His voice in might and májesty excels!

5 Jehovah's voice!—the cédar-trees it bréaks!
Of Lebanon's, Jehóvah havock makes:
6 They leap like calves! e'en Lébanon renówn'd,
And Sirion leap; like yóung gazelles they bound!

7 Jehovah's voice!—with flames of fíre it rives!
Through trees and rocks the búrning darts it drives!
8 Jehovah's voice appals the wílderness!
All Kadesh is amázed and in distress!

9 Jehovah's voice!—it ágitates the óaks—
They tremble at the féarful thunder-strokes!
It strips the forests, and wheré'er He dwells,
Throughout His temple, óf His glory tells!

10 High o'er the waterfloods Jehóvah reigns,
A King for ever! Fíxt His throne remains:
His people He will prosper ánd increase;
The Lord will give His péople strength and peace!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm XXX.

1 I give Thee thanks, O Lord! for héalth regained;
My enemies have nót their wish obtained:
2 To Thee, my God Jehovah, I′ appealed,
On Thee I called, and bý Thy power am healed:
3 I from the grave have been restóred by Thee;
From the pit's mouth, Thou, Lórd! hast rescued me.

4 Ye servants of Jehovah! síng His praise,
And to His sánctity memórials ráise:
5 His anger but a moment's spáce endures;
His favour, life and háppiness procures:
Though Sorrow spend the éventide in téars,
Yet Gladness comes when mórning re-appears!

6 I never should be moved, I fóndly dreamed;
7 So strong my mountain, thróugh Thy favour, seemed:
Thy countenance withdrawn, I sánk dismay'd!
8 Then, to the Lord, I súpplication made:
9 "What profit in my blood, if I′ go down?
"Will the dust praise Thee, ór Thy truth make known!

10 "Hear, and be gracious!—Lord, my hélper be!"—
11 Then was my mourning túrned to jubilee:
The sackcloth Thou didst loose from óff my neck,
And with the robe of jóy and gladness deck:
12 And therefore shall my glory ánthems raise;
I will be mute no móre, but sing Thy praise!

PSALM XXXI.

1 2 JEHOVAH! I in fáith draw near;
Confounded néver let me be!
In righteousness inclíne Thine ear;
Deliver mé, and speedily!

3 Be Thou, Jehovah! mý strong-hold,
My castle óf defence abide;
For Thou hast been my róck of old:
Lord! for Thy náme's sake, lead and guide!

4 Take me, O take me fróm the net,
They in the dárkness have concealed,—
The snare they prívily have sét,
For Thou art stíll my strength and shield!

5 Jehovah! Thou art Gód alone;
To Thee my spírit I commit:
Thou hast redeemed it fór Thine own;
O God of Trúth! take charge of it!

6 Thou hatest those who túrn aside
To lying vánities for aid;
But in Jehovah I' confide,
My fervent hópes on Thee are stay'd!

7 I in thy mercy wíll be glad,
For Thou, in séasons past of dole,
Regard unto my gríefs hast had—
Known in advérsity my soul!

8 Thou didst not then surrénder me
Into the ádversary's hand;
But set my feet from thráldom free,
That I on vántage ground might stand.

9 Be gracious now, and sénd relief,
For to distréss I am a prey;
Exhausted are mine éyes with grief,
My soul and bódy pine away!

10 Corroding care my lífe assails;
My years are spént in sighs and groans;
My strength, through mine afflíction, fails,
Through misery, wásted are my bones!

11 Because my énemies abóund,
My neighbours ínsolence display,
And mine acquaintance, feár profound:
They, when they sée me, flee away!

12 Forgotten as the déad am I,
Of friendly sýmpathies bereft:
I as a broken véssel lie,
Discarded, tó oblivion left!

13 I hear from many slánders dire,
Till all is térror and dismay:
They sit in council ánd conspire;
To take my lífe, resolved are they!

14 But I to Thee my cáuse commend,
"My God Thou árt," is still my plea:
15 My destinies on Thée depend;
From mine oppréssors set me free!

16 Thy favour to Thy sérvant show,
And save me fór Thy mercy' sake;
17 Confusion never lét me know,
For unto Thée my prayer I make!

(*Pause.*)

"The wicked, all, shall bé ashamed;
18 "In Hades sháll the lips be mute,
"That, with presumptuous príde inflamed,
"Unto the Ríghteous guilt impute!"

(*Pause.*)

19 How plentiful Thy góodness, Lord!
Laid up for thém that reverence Thee;
Wrought out for all that trúst thy word—
Wrought before mén, that they may see!

20 Thy people, when the stórm is fierce,
Are in Thy présence made to rest;
Pavilioned where no éye can pierce,
No strife of ángry tongues molest!

21 Thanks be to God! His áid I sought,
And when their málice raged intense,
For me He márvellously wróught,
Himself my Cíty of Defence!

22 I said, when fast I fléd through fear,
I am cut óff before Thine eyes:
But my entreaties réach'd Thine ear,
Thou, Lord! didst héarken to my cries.

23 All ye His people! lóve the Lord,
For He the trúe of heart will keep;
But plenteously the próud reward:
They a full récompence will reap!

24 Be strong, for He will stréngth impart,—
Courageous, fór the Lord Most High
Will comfort and sustáin your heart,
All ye who ón the Lord rely!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XXXII.

1 How blest is he, whose sins have párdoned been,
And whose transgressions ín the depths are drown'd!...
2 The man, to whom the Lord impútes no sin,
And in whose spirit nó deceit is found!

3 4 When I kept silence, I was sóre distressed;
My bones wax'd old, while dáy and night I mourned;
For heavily Thy hand upón me pressed;
My moisture into súmmer's drought was turned!

5 "Before Thee my transgressions I' will spread,
"And cover my iníquity no more;
"I to the Lord will own my gúilt," I said,
And Thou didst freely párdon and restore!

6 For this, while yet forgiveness máy be found,
Shall every pious man dráw near in prayer;
And when destruction threatens áll around,
Him shall the floods of míghty waters spare!

7 Thou, Lord! my refuge art, my híding-place;
In all my troubles Thóu preservest me,
And wilt at length, O God of Trúth and Grace!
Encompass me with sóngs of jubilee!

(*Pause.*)

8 "I will instruct thee, and in sáfety lead;
"Will counsel thee, and wátch thee with mine eye:
9 "Be not perverse as horse and múle, that need
"Bridle and bit, lest théy to thee come nigh!"

(*Pause.*)

10 Unnumber'd sorrows on the wícked wait,
But Mercy, those who trúst in HIM will shield:
11 Jehovah's deeds, ye righteous! célebrate;
All that are true of héart will homage yield!

PSALM XXXIII.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous! ín the Lord,
For praise becómes the upright well:
2 With tuneful harp His déeds record,
His praise with tén-string'd psaltery tell!

3 Sing to the Lord an ánthem new;
Your skill exért, your voices raise:
4 Sing, for Jehovah's wórd is true,
And He is júst in all His ways!

5 To righteousness His lóve He shows,
His truth and équity abound;
On all He mercy rích bestows,
The earth is wíth His goodness crown'd!

6 The heav'ns, by His omnífic word,
And all the hóst of them were made:
7 The seas His mighty mándate heard,
The depths in stórehouses He laid!

8 Let the round world befóre him quake,
And all its mýriads awe-struck stand;
9 For 'twas created whén He spake,
It balanced húng at His command!

10 The counsels of the héathen fail,
He thwarts their próud imaginings:
11 The counsels of the Lórd prevail,
All His desígns to pass He brings!

12 Happy are they, and théy alone,
Who, for their Gód, Jehovah take;
The people that He déigns to own,
And His inhéritance to make!

13 14 The Lord looks down; enthróned on high,
All earth's inhábitants He views:
15 Their hearts He fashioned, ánd His eye
Discerns the páth that each pursues!

16 No King is saved by mátchless force,
No warrior bý gigantic power;
17 Vain is the prowess óf the horse,
It rescues nóne in battle-hour!

18 The Lord beholds with pítying eyes,
All who His ténder mercy seek;
19 In time of dearth their wánts supplies,
In famine kéeps alive the meek.

20 21 On Him we wait, our Hélp and Shield!
And joyful ín His name are we:—
22 Lord! let Thy mercy bé revealed,
According ás we hope in Thee!

PSALM XXXIV.

1 I WILL at all times bléss the Lord,
And with my móuth His praise record:
2 My soul her boast in Gód shall make,
Till they that móurn my joy partake!

3 O magnify the Lórd with me,
And to exált His name agree:
4 I sought the Lord in tíme of need,
And I from áll my fears am freed!

5 They, looking up to Hím, are glad;
Their faces béam, no longer sad:
6 "Jehovah's help the súfferer sought,
"And his delíverance God hath wrought!"

7 The Hosts of God encámp about
Jehovah's wórshippers devout:
8 His goodness taste, and léarn how blest
Are they that ón His promise rest!

9 Fear Him, ye Saints! with óne accord;
No want they knów, who fear the Lord:
10 Though the young lions píne for food,
Who fear Him láck no one thing good!

11 Come, children! my instrúction hear;
I of Jehóvah teach the fear!
12 Who, long and happy dáys desires?
Who to felícity aspires?

13 No slander let thy tóngue repeat,
Nor practise wíth thy lips deceit:
14 Depart from sin, and jústly do;
Seek peace, and áfter it pursue!

15 For on the righteous rést His eyes;
Jehovah héarkens to their cries,
16 But from the wicked túrns His face,
And roots from óff the earth the race.

17 His worshippers Jehóvah hears,
And saves them óut of all their fears:
18 He for the broken-héarted feels;
The spirit thát is crushed He heals!

19 Though countless ills the Júst befall,
The Lord redéems Him from them all:
20 His bones He keeps, and thérefore none
Of them is bróken—no, not one!

21 Sin will destroy all thém that err;
Who hate the rígheteous guilt incur:
22 The Lord His servants wíll protect,
And none that trúst in Him reject!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XXXV.

1 PLEAD Thou my cause, O Gód of Might!
With them that wár against me fight:
2 Fast hold of shield and búckler take;
Arise and hélp! no tarrying make!

3 The spear and báttle-axe oppóse
Against my pérsecuting foes;
And to my trembling sóul reply,
"Thy help in évery strait am I!"

(*Pause.*)

4 They verily are pút to shame,
Who on their múrderous errand came;
Turn'd back, and to confúsion brought,
Who to do évil to me sought!

5 As chaff before the wínd are they,
Thĕ Avenger dríving them away:
6 A dark and slipp'ry páth they choose;
The Angel óf the Lord pursues!

7 As, unprovoked, they híd their net,
As without cáuse their snares they set,
8 Destruction meets them únawares;
They fall, entángled in their snares!

9 My soul her boast in Gód shall make,
And joyful ínto transport break:
10 My bones shall say exúltingly,
Jehovah! whó is like to Thee?

'Tis Thine to shield thĕ oppréssed from wrong,
From those that áre for him too strong;
Thine, by the helpless mán to stand,
And save him fróm the spoiler's hand!

11 Men rise, who utter chárges dire;
Of things I knów not they inquire:
12 They recompense my lóve with hate;
My soul is réndered desolate!

13 Yet I regard to thém had borne,
And for their síckness sackcloth worn;
And fasted, till my práyer returned
Into my bósom, as I mourned!

14 My whole demeanour márked my woe,
I wept a kínsman's overthrow;
As for a brother máde lament,
As for a móther sorrowing went!

15 But they with joy my súffering hail,
Assemble, ánd against me rail;
Of things I know not théy accuse,
They taunt me, ánd their tongues abuse!

16 17 The mockery such—so fiérce the throng,
They gnash their teéth!—O Lord! how long?
Save from the lion's déadly strife,
All that is léft of me,—my life!

18 Then, where the people cóngregate,
Thy goodness I′ will celebrate;
And in the vast assémbly raise,
To Thee, Jehóvah! songs of praise!

19 Let not my slanderous fóes express
Unwonted jóy at my distress;
Nor hail, with glist'ning éyes, the fate
Of him whom wróngfully they hate!

20 For, foes to peace, decéitful lies
Against the péaceful they devise;
21 They open wide their móuths at me,
And say, "Ahá! his end we see!"

22 23 This Thou hast seen! then, sílence break;
Be not far óff; O Lord! awake;
To judgment, O my Gód! make speed;
Awake, aríse, my cause to plead!

24 Give sentence, and my wróngs redress,
According to Thý righteousness:
I from my foes appéal to Thee;
Let them not tríumph over me!

25 Let them not whisper ín their hearts,
"Aha! our sóul aimed well its darts;"
Let them not árrogantly sáy,
"We made an énd—devoured the prey!"

(*Pause.*)

26 They verily abásht will be,
Who my distréss rejoice to see,
Clothed in dishonour ánd contempt,
Who to exált themselves have dreamt!

27 But all in transport sháll unite,
Who in my ríghteous cause delight;
They shall exclaim, on évery side,
"Jehovah's náme be magnified!

"His servant He doth nót forsake,
"But pleasure ín his welfare take!"—
28 My tongue of all Thy trúth shall tell,
And daily ón Thy wonders dwell!

Psalm XXXVI.

1 The Oracle supréme within
The wicked mán, is that of Sin:
'Tis seated in his ínmost reins,—
No fear of Gód he entertains!

2 It makes his every críme to wear,
In his own éyes, an aspect fair;
For were his conduct víewed aright,
It would be háteful in his sight.

3 His words are vánity and liés;
He ceases tó be good and wise:
4 Of mischief on his béd he dreams,
And with a zést pursues his schemes!

(*Pause.*)

5 Thy mercy, Lord! as héav'n is high;
Thy truth transcénds the lofty sky;
6 Firm as the hills Thy ríghteousness;
Deep are Thy júdgments—fathomless!

7 On man and beast, what cáre bestow'd!
How precious ís Thy love, O God!
The sons of men, O Kíng of Kings,
Trust in the shádow of Thy wings!

8 They in Thy temple ríchly fare,
The river óf Thy pleasures share:
9 The fount of life remáins with Thee;
Light in Thy líght, O Lord! we see!

10 Jehovah! still Thy lóve impart,
Thy grace, to évery upright heart;
11 Let not the foot of príde assail,
The hand of wíckedness prevail!

12 There are they fall'n! Lo, thére I see
The workers óf iniquity!
Thrust down are they befóre mine eyes,
And are unáble more to rise!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XXXVII.

1 Fret not thyself because of évil men,
Nor envy them when ín the pride of power:
2 They have their day of sufferance, ánd are then
Cut down as grass, or wíther as a flower!

3 Trust in the Lord, and cleave to whát is right;
Then, in the land secúrely thou shalt live:
4 Account Jehovah thy supréme delight,
And He whate'er thy héart desires will give!

5 Look to Jehovah to diréct thy way;
Trust in the Lord, and Hé will interfere,
6 Bring forth Thy truth into the líght of day,
And make thy conduct cléar as noon appear.

7 Against Jehovah let no múrmur rise,
But wait in silence Hís appointed time:
Fret not for him who mischief máy devise,—
Against the man, who wíns his way by crime!

8 Refrain from wrath, thine indignátion stay,
Lest thou to evil déeds put forth thy hand;
9 For evil doers will be swépt away,
But those who wait on Gód possess the land.

10 The wicked man will soon be sóught in vain,
Though looked for, he no lónger will be found:
11 A sure inheritance the méek obtain,
And in prospérity and péace abóund.

2 The impious to destroy the júst is bent;
He gnashes with his téeth in rage and spleen:
3 Jehovah laughs at him and hís intent,
For that his day is cóming, He hath seen!

4 The wicked draw the sword, and bénd the bow,
The needy and the úpright man to slay:
5 Through their own heart, the sword they thrúst shall go,
Their bow be broken, ín the fearful day!

6 A little that the righteous háth exceeds,
All that the wicked bý extortion gain:
7 The arm that executes unríghteous deeds,
The Lord will break, but ríghteous men sustain!

18 The days Jehovah prospers óf the just;
For ever will their héritage abide:
19 In evil times they know in whóm they trust,
And in the years of déarth are satisfied!

20 Truly, to perish are the wícked doomed;
His wrath, Jehovah's énemies provoke,
And as the fat of lambs they áre consumed;
The haters of the Lórd become like smoke!

21 The wicked borrow never tó repay;
The righteous are benéficent and give:
22 They whom God curseth, will be swépt away,
But whom he blesseth, ón the earth shall live.

23 The Lord the efforts with succéss will crown,
Of him that runs the wáy of His commands;
24 Stumble he may, but shall not bé cast down,
For God upholds him wíth His outstretcht hands!

25 I have myself been young, and nów am old,
And, to the past revérting, oft have said:
Forsaken never did mine éyes behold
The righteous, or his chíldren begging bread!

26 He ready to distribute ís and lend,
And in his seed the ríghteous man is blest:
27 Depart from evil, and thy lífetime spend
In doing good, and thóu in peace shalt rest.

28 The Lord loves truth, and by His sáints will stand;
They shall be kept, but sínners be destroyed:
29 His righteous servants shall posséss the land;
By them it shall for éver be enjoyed.

30 The righteous man instruction wíll impart;
With judgment he the símple-folk will guide;
31 The statutes of his God are ín his heart,
And therefore shall his fóotsteps never slide.

32 The wicked would the righteous mán devour,
He seeks a time the ínnocent to slay:
33 Jehovah will not leave him ín his power,
Nor deem him guilty ín the judgment-day!

34 Wait on the Lord, and His commándments keep,
And He will make thee tó possess the land:
When from the earth the wicked Hé shall sweep,
Thou shalt behold it, ánd unshaken stand!

35 Myself have seen the wicked ín great power,
And spreading like a trée in native ground:
36 He passed away in an unlóoked-for hour;
I searched, but he was nó where to be found!

37 But mark the perfect man, of gúile devoid,
For to the man of péace a seed is left;
38 Transgressors shall together bé destroy'd,
The wicked of postérity bereft!

39 The righteous, from Jehovah stréngth derive;
In time of trouble Hé will help the just:
40 Jehovah will deliver—sáve alive—
Redeem them, for in Hím they put their trust!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 REBUKE me not, Jehovah! ín Thine ire,
Nor in Thy fierce displéasure chasten me:
2 Thine arrows, sinking deep, fast hóld acquire;
Thy hand upon me présseth heavily!

3 No soundness therefore in my flésh remains;
My bones are vext by réason of my sin:
4 A consciousness of guilt the mástery gains;
A load too vast for mé, I feel within!

5 My bruises are corrupt, my wóunds offend,
My folly is the cáuse of all my woe:
6 I writhe with pain, in ágony I bénd,
And, all day long, as óne that mourneth go.

7 My bones are with a feverish héat oppressed;
All is corrupt—one pútrefying sore:
8 I am enfeebled, broken-dówn, distressed,
Till in the anguish óf my heart I roar!

9 To Thee, O Lord! all my desíres are known,
My inmost sighs are nót concealed from Thee:
10 My heart is fluttering, and my stréngth hath flown,
And mine eyes fail; the líght is gone from me!

11 Far from my sores, my friends and neíghbours stand;
Nay, e'en my very kínsmen keep aloof:
12 My cruel foes lay snares on évery hand;
They slander, and of fráud give daily proof!

13 But I am like a man that héareth not,
One opening not his móuth, for he is dumb;
14 Yes, verily, as one that héareth not,
And from whose mouth repróofs have ceased to come!

15 For I have put my cónfidence in Thée;
O Lord my God! to ánswer Thou wilt deign:
16 Lest, I have said, they triumph óver me;
For when I stumbled, théy grew proud and vain.

17 I truly am in danger ímminent,
While I continual sórrow feel within:
18 My trespasses I own, my gúilt lament,
I am in consternátion for my sin!

19 My enemies are active ánd are strong;
They are increased, who háte without a cause:
20 They, in return for kindness, dó me wrong,
And persecute becáuse I keep Thy laws.

21 But, O Jehovah! do not Thóu forsake;
Be not, my God! far óff while thus they mock:
22 Haste Thee to help me, Lord! no tárrying make,
For thou, of my salvátion, art the Rock!

PSALM XXXIX.

1 I SAID, I'll to my wáys attend,
Lest with my tóngue I should offend:
In presence of an ímpious race,
A check upón my lips I'll place!

2 And I was dumb; I héld my peace,
From words though góod—resolved to cease;
But soon my grief inténse became,
3 My heart grew hót, my thoughts breathed flame.

Then from my tongue did útterance flow:—
4 Make me, O Lórd! mine end to know;
To feel how short my tíme is here;
How frail I ám, my change how near!

5 Behold! my days are ás a span,
Mine age as nóthing!—ev'ry man,
How prosperous soé'er he be,
Is altogéther vanity!

6 They shadowy visions éntertain,
Vext and disquíeted in vain:
They treasure up; but fáil, alas!
To know for whóm they wealth amass.

7 And now, Lord! what is mý request?
Truly on Thée my hopes I rest!
8 From all my tréspasses redéem,
And make me nót the scoffer's theme!

9 I wait in silence, nór repine;
For well I knów the stroke is Thine:
10 No more Thy hand upón me lay;
Beneath it I′ consume away!

11 When Thou dost chasten mán for sin,
Diseases, móth-like, enter in;
For Thy rebuke cuts shórt his span:
How frail a thíng, at best, is man!

12 Attend, O Lord! and héar my cry!
What but a sójourner am I,
A stranger as my fáthers all?
In mercy ánswer when I call!

13 Lord! at my tears hold nót Thy peace;
To look with ánger on me cease!
O spare me, and my stréngth restore,
Ere I depárt, and be no more!

Psalm XL.

1 In stedfast hope I for Jehóvah wait
Till He incline His éar unto my cry,
2 And from the pit of horrors éxtricate,
Where, in the deep and míry clay, I lie!

Till on a rock the Lord have sét my feet,
And firmly have estáblisht all my ways,
3 And a new song have caused me tó repeat,
"Thanks to our God!"—a hýmn of joy and praise!

The sight beholding, múltitudes shall féar,
And trust in Him who héars the mourner's cries:—
4 "Blest is the man, that to the Lórd draws near,
"And shuns the proud, and thóse who follow lies!"

5 O Lord my God! Thy works how mánifold!
Thy thought to us-ward, ánd Thy wondrous deeds,
I would recount, but they can né'er be told;
To speak of them, the lóftiest powers exceeds!

6 Nor sacrifice nor gift hast Thóu desired,
To purge the guilt of tréspasses away;
Nor burnt nor trespass-óffering requíred,—
Incarnate Thou hast máde me, to obey.

7 Therefore I said, I hasten tó fulfil
That which is written ín the Book of me:
8 'Tis my delight, my God! to dó Thy will,
And treasured in my héart Thy Law shall be.

9 I to the great assembly tídings bear
Of righteousness that wíll for sin atone:
Lo! with my lips the message I′ declare;
That I withhold it nót, to Thee is known.

10 Thy righteousness I hide not ín my heart,
But Thy salvation ánd Thy truth reveal:
How rich in mercy and in trúth Thou art,
From the great concourse I′ will not conceal.

11 Withhold not Thou Thy pity, Lórd! from me,
But let Thy mercy shíeld, Thy truth preserve;
12 For countless evils thréatening me I sée,
The dangers that encómpass me unnerve!

My punishments have filled me wíth dismay;
Such hold they take, that át the thought I quail:
More than the hairs upon my héad are they;
My spirits sink, my strénght and courage fail!

13 Jehovah! to delíver me be pléased;
To help me and delíver me make haste:
14 Who seek my life, will then, with térror seized,
Together be confóunded and disgraced!

They will be driven back and pút to shame,
Who with delight behóld my suffering state;
15 This their sure recompence, who nów exclaim,
"Aha! Aha!"—they wíll be desolate!

16 But full of joy and gladness wíll be they,
Who seek Thee as Their cómforter and guide;
All those who Thy salvation lóve will say,
In ceaseless songs, "The Lórd be magnified!"

17 Poor and forlorn am I; yet éven now
Jehovah thinks of mé, and care will take:
My Strength and my Redeemer, Lórd, art Thou;
No tarrying, O my Gód, no tarrying make!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XLI.

1 Happy the man that for the súfferer cares!
The Lord delívers him in ádverse dáys;
2 The Lord preserves him in the mídst of snares:
He shall be blessëd whíle on earth he stays!

Thy loving kindness Thou wilt nót restrain,
Nor leave him to the málice of his foes;
3 But on his bed of lánguishing sustáin,
And make it in his síckness yield repose!

4 Be gracious, Lord! and heal my sóul, I said,
Though verily I béar before Thee blame:
5 My enemies have evil óf me spread,—
"When will he die? when pérish will his name?"

6 And if they come to see me, 'tís in guile;
Their talk is vánity, their wórds decéit:
The heart collects iníquity the whíle,
And forth they go, fresh slánders to repeat.

7 Together whisper all who béar me hate;
On mischief bent, agáinst me they devise:
8 "Some crime oppresses him with féarful weight;
"He lieth down, and néver more will rise!"

9 Yea more!—the friend in whom I trústed, spurns;
His hatred he no lónger can conceal:
One eating of my bread agáinst me turns;
He, even he, hath lífted up his heel!

10 But raise me up, Jehovah; grácious be,
And I their evil wíll repay with good:
11 By this I am assured Thou fávourest me,—
He triumphs not, by whóm I am pursued.

12 For me Thy servant, God of Trúth and Grace!
Thou wilt in my intégrity sustain;
And wilt establish me befóre Thy face,
For ever in Thy présence to remain!

13 Jehovah, God of I'sraël, be blést!
His praise throughout etérnity be sung!
In hallelujahs be your thánks express'd,
And let 'Amen' resóund from every tongue!

Psalms XLII, XLIII.

1 Like as the hart desires the wáter-brooks,
So languishes my sóul for Thee, O God!
2 My soul, athirst, the living Gód invokes:
When shall I re-appéar in His abode?

3 Tears are my meat—tears, day and níght, my food,
While daily, "Where thy Gód," my foes inquire;
4 And then on fond remémbrances I bróod,
And by myself pour óut my soul's desire.

For I had mingled with the féstal throng,
And to the House of Gód had led the way;
With jubilee we went and vóice of song,
The multitudes all kéeping holy-day!

5 Why is my soul so fúll of héaviness?
Why so disquíeted benéath the ród?
Still hope and trust; for I will práise and bless,
Now, even now, my Sáviour and my God!

6 My God! my soul within me ís cast down;
I therefore think of Thée—of bliss the fount!
From Jordan's land remember Thý renown,
From Hermon's distant ránge, and Mitzar's Mount!

7 Deep unto deep is calling, át the roar
Of all Thy cátaracts! In tórrents vást,

The fury of Thy wrath on mé they pour;
Thy waves and billows óver me have past!

8 Yet in the day-time doth thĕ Etérnal King
Commandment to His lóving-kindness give;
And in the night, a song of práise I sing,
And make my prayer to Hím in whom I live.

9 I plead with Him; I say to Gód my Rock:
"Why hast Thou so forgótten my distress?
"Why go I mourning while blasphémers mock,
"And unrelenting énemies oppress?"

10 As with a sword that pierces thróugh my bones,
My enemies torménť me while they say:
"Where is thy God?"—in answer tó my groans,
"Where is thy God?" repéating day by day!

11 Why is my soul so fúll of héaviness?
Why so disquíeted benéath the ród?
Still hope and trust; for I will práise and bless,
Now, even now, my Sáviour and my God!

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1 JUDGE me, O Lord! and undertáke my cause,
Against a ruthless ráce, estranged from Thee:
From one whom no tribunal óverawes—
Thĕ unjust and treacherous mán, deliver me!

2 God of my might! my source of stréngth and power!
Why hast Thou cast me óff and spurned me so?
Why go I mourning daily, hóur by hour,
Because of all thĕ oppréssion of the foe?

3 Send out Thy Light and Truth, to léad and bless;
Let them before me gó, my God and King!
And to the mountain of Thy hóliness,
And to Thy dwelling-pláce, the mourner bring!

4 Then to the altar of my Gód I'll go;
To God, my bliss supréme, my highest joy;
And from my harp the tide of sóng shall flow
To God my God; His práise my sweet employ!

5 Why is my soul so fúll of héaviness?
Why so disquíeted benéath the ród?
Still hope and trust; for I will práise and bless,
Now, even now, my Sáviour and my God!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm XLIV.

1 With our ears we have heard, for our fáthers have told,
Of the deeds that Thou dídst, O Lord God! in their [days;
Of Thy marvellous work in the áges of old,
Beheld by all péople and lands with amaze!

2 Thou didst drive out the nations, Thine ówn to plant in;
Destroy many nátions, but Israel outspread:
3 Not with sword nor with arm of our ówn did we win;
The right hand and the árm of Omnipotence led!

On our banners the light of Thy cóuntenance shone,
For a favour Thou hádst to Thy people oppress'd:
4 Again as our King, O Jehóvah! be known,
And for Jacob's redémption send forth Thy behest!

5 In the strength of our God, we shall thrúst down the foe;
In Thy name, we shall trámple an host in the dust;
6 For I will not, Jehovah! confíde in my bow,
Nor in two-edgëd swórd, for the victory trust!

7 Thou wert wont from our cruel oppréssors to save,
And to put those who háted Thy people to shame;
8 While we gloried in God, who delíverances gave,
And were evermore práising Thy marvellous name!

9 But we now are forsaken, a péople cast off;
Thou goest not fórth with our hosts to the fight,
10 But hast made us to flee, while our énemies scoff,
And our tents and our cíties the spoiler invite.

11 Thou givest Thy people as shéep to be slain; [around:
Thou hast scattered their tríbes through the nations
12 Thou hast sold them for nought; not incréasing Thy gain
By the price that the méanest of slaves might have found!

13 A reproach to our neighbours, in trúth, we appear;
Thou hast made us a márk for the finger of scorn,
14 To the Gentiles a proverb; in crówds they draw near,
Ever shaking the héad, as we wander forlorn!

15 My dishonour attends me from mórning to eve,
I am cover'd with sháme as they falsely accuse;
16 For the shouts of the impious blasphémer I grieve,
For the foe, who as óne taking vengeance pursues!

17 All this hath befallen Thy péople, O God!
Yet Thy name we forgét not, nor covenant break,
18 Nor in heart turn we back; but Thy páths we have trod,
And in life and in déath have refused to forsake.

(To the desolate places, forlórn we have rushed,
But the sole of our fóot hath no resting-place found:)
19 In the dwellings of dragons our bónes thou hast crushed,
And the shadows of Déath at Thy bidding surround!

20 If the name of our God we had céased to retain,
And had stretched out our hánds to a Deity strange,
21 Would not God search it out? for all sécrets are plain
To Him whose eye sées to earth's uttermost range!

22 But as Thine, are we massacred áll the day long;
As Thine, are we dóomed to the slaughter like sheep:
23-25 Arise, O Lord God!—Thou whose ríght hand is strong!
Why, Jehovah! art Thóu like the idols that sleep?

Awake! nor abandon us thús to our foes!
Art Thou hiding Thy fáce till we hopelessly grieve?
Hast Thou merged in oblivion our wróngs and our woes?
To the dust we bow dówn; to the ground, lo! we cleave.

26 Arise! as our mighty delíverer arise!
For the help that we lóok for, is only in Thee:
For Thy mercy' sake hear, O Jehóvah! our cries,
And for Israel's redémption send forth the decree!

Psalm XLV. *First Version.*

1 My heart is bounding wíth my theme;
A matter déep and high be sung!
In honour of the Kíng supreme,
Flow on as mátchless pen, my tongue!

2 Far above all of A'dam's line,
Thou art of cómeliness possess'd;
And on thy lips is gráce divine,
For thee hath Gód for ever blest!

3 4 Gird then thy sword upón thy side,
And, in thy májesty array'd,
5 Ride forth, Thou Mightiest! cónquering ride;
The cause of Trúth and Meekness aid!

Thy right hand shows thee dréadful deeds;
Sharp-pointed áre Thine arrows all:
Each to the heart resístless speeds;
Beneath Thy yóke the nations fall!

6 Eternal is Thy thróne, O God!
The sceptre óf Thy realm is straight:
7 To righteousness Thy lóve is shown,
And Thou iníquity dost hate!

And therefore God, who lóves thee well,
Doth on his ówn elect confer
8 9 The oil of joy: thy gárments smell
Of aloes, cássia's sweets, and myrrh!

(*Pause.*)

The ivory pálaces their príde
Outpouring, míd thy gems are seen
Daughters of Kings; and, át thy side,
In gold of O'phir, stands the Queen!

10 "O Daughter! lend a wílling ear;
"Thy people ánd thy sires forget:
11 "Then to the King wilt thóu be dear:
"Thy Lord be wíth thy homage met!

12 "See, Tyre with gifts thy smíle would win,
"The wealthiest óf the nations Tyre!"—
13 The dazzling splendour dráws her in,
All a King's dáughter can desire!

She enters glóriously arráyed,
Her raiment ínterwrought with gold;
14 And in her vesture rích displayed,
The varying húes of every fold.

Conducted to the Kíng is she;
Her virgins áfter her they bring:
15 They come with strains of júbilee,
Led to the pálace of the King!

16 "Instead of sires shall sóns be thine,
Made princes óver all the earth:
17 "Thy name and praise shall né'er decline;
"All lands shall célebrate thy worth!"

Psalm XLV. *Second Version.*

1 My heart with a rapturous théme overflows;
My song to the práise of the King I recite:
May the words of my tongue be unérring as those
From the pen of the scríbe, who can faultlessly write!

Far lovelier thou than of A'dam the race;
With thine can no béauty terrestrial contend:
On thy lips is outpoured the abúndance of grace;
Therefore God hath exálted thee, world without end!

Then gird, O Most Mighty! thy swórd on thy side;
Appear in thine ármour refulgent arrayed:
Ride onward and prosper, in májesty ride;
Truth, Meekness, and Ríghteousness, call thee to aid!

Thy right hand acquaints thee with térrible deeds;
Thine arrows are póinted, and pierce the King's foes:
Each one to the heart irresístibly speeds;
The people fall únder thee—all who oppose!

For ever and ever, O Gód! is thy throne;
The staff of thy kíngdom, the sceptre of state,
As the symbol of truth is etérnally known;
Thou dost righteousness lóve, and iniquity hate.

Therefore God hath anointed thee; Gód, thy own God,
Hath exalted thee óver thy brethren to reign:
On thee was the oil of rejóicing bestowed;
Myrrh and aloes the fólds of thy garments contain!

(*Pause.*)

Of the harp and the lyre are awákened the strings;
From the ivory pálaces, minstrels behold!
And bearing thy treasures, the dáughters of Kings:
At thy right hand the Quéen, clad in Ophir's fine gold!

10 "To hearken, O Daughter! thine éar we invite;
"Thy people—the Hóuse of thy Fathers, forget:
11 "For then will the King in thy béauty delight,
"When he, as thy Lórd, with thy homage is met!

12 "See, the daughter of Tyre with an óffering appear;
"To propitiate thy fávour her ardent desire:
"To soften thy countenance, ló! she draws near;
"For riches the chíef of the nations is Tyre!"

13 All glorious within, a King's dáughter confessed,
The Queen, in her béautiful garments behold!
In bridal apparel supérb she is dressed,
Her clothing throughóut interwoven with gold!

14 15 In raiment the needle hath ártfully wrought,
To the King she is léd, while the lofty roofs ring:
In her train, too, her virgin-compánions are brought;
They enter the pálace and courts of the King!

16 17 "Instead of thy fathers shall chíldren be thine,
"To whom thou a ránk as of princes shalt give,
"And, for heritage, earth and its kíngdoms assign;
"Thy name will I máke in remembrance to live!

"Its fame shall be wafted from póle e'en to pole,
"To men of all clímes, every people and tongue;
"As ages on ages succéssively roll,
"For ever and éver, thy praise shall be sung!"

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge ín distress;
A very présent help is He:
2 3 Then—though earth reel, the móuntains press
Into the hóllow of the sea,
And its swoll'n floods their próud crests rear
Till the hills róck—we will not fear!

4 A river flows, whose tránquil streams
Make glad the City of our God;
The holy-place where mércy beams,
Of the Most Hígh the fair abode:
5 God in the mídst of her presídes,
And she in pérfect peace abides!

He her defence will úndertake,
And help her át the dawn of day;
6 The nations rage, the kíngdoms quake;
He thunders, ánd they melt away:
7 The Lord of Hosts, Jehóvah, reigns;
A refuge Jácob's God remains!

8 Come, and behold His wórks renowned;
What desolátions He hath made!
9 He causes wars to céase around,
And breaks the bów, spear, battle-blade;
Knaps them asunder, ín His ire,
And burns the cháriots in the fire!

10 "Be still, and know that I' am God!
"Among the Géntiles, far and wide,
"Wherever human fóot hath trod,
"There shall My náme be magnified!"
11 The Lord of Hosts, Jehóvah, reigns;
A refuge Jácob's God remains!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XLVII.

1 All ye people! cláp your hands;
Shout for gládness to Jehovah:
2 Great and fearful, Hé, all lands,
Hath, as Kíng, dominion over!

3 He subdues for ús our foes,
Under ús the nations smiting:
4 Our inhéritance He chóse,
Jacob's príde, in him delighting.

5 God is gone up, and wíth a shout,
With the vóice of trump, victorious;
6 Sing, ye wórshippers devóut!
Sing His déeds, for they are glorious!

7 King of all the éarth, He reigns;
Be with jóy His presence greeted,
8 Who, to rule the nátions, deigns,
On His thróne of glory seated!

9 Lo! to Abraham's Gód they throng;
Princes cóme, of every nation;
For to God earth's Shields belong:
His, be híghest adoration!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 GOD is great! His glórious name
In Jerúsalem proclaim:
Highly to be práised is He,
In His Móunt of Sanctity!

2 3 Beautiful! a chósen site!
Zion's Móunt is earth's delight;
On the north-side Sálem stands,
Glory óf surrounding lands!

There the King Immórtal dwells,
Known in áll her citadels
As Jerúsalem's high Tówer,
Sure defénce in battle-hour!

4 For behold the Kíngs drew nigh,
Lo! togéther they passed by;
5 Leaders, with their ármies dread,
Saw and márvelled, quailed and fled!

6 Fear took hold upón them there,
Woman's ánguish and despair;
7 Such from Tarshish shíps the shrieks,
When Thy blást its fury wreaks!

8 Like as we had héard of thee,
City óf our God! we see;
For the Lord of Hósts, of old,
Founded thée, and will uphold!

(*Pause.*)

9 In Thy temple, Lórd, we wait,
On Thy lóve to meditate;
10 For Thy name all práise exceeds,
Done in trúth are all Thy deeds!

11 Let Mount Zion thén rejoice;
And Thy júdgments, with glad voice,
Judah's ransomed dáughters sing;
Let them práise the righteous King!

12 Go ye round the sácred Mount,
Taking óf her towers account;
13 Mark ye well her búlwarks bold;
Last, her pálaces behold!

Then to children's chíldren tell,
How no ínjury befell:
14 On this God of óurs rely;
He shall léad us till we die!

Psalm XLIX.

1 Hearken, all nations! únto me;
Let earth's inhábitants draw near!
2 Rich, poor, of high and lów degree;
All people! pónder this and hear!

3 My mouth shall utter trúths divine,
My heart of únderstanding muse,
4 Mine ear to párable inclíne;
Mysterious stráins my harp shall choose!

5 Why should I yield me tó dismay,
And let iníquity astound?
Why tremble in the évil day,
When my supplánters hem me round?

6 Of those who make their wéalth their theme,
And in the príde of affluence live,
7 None can his fellow-mán redeem,
Nor unto Gód a ransom give!

8 For the soul's ransom príceless is,
And man the hópe must quite forego,
9 That life may be for éver his,
And he corrúption never know.

10 For he beholds that wíse men die;
The common rúin they partake;
They with the fool and brútish lie,
And all their súbstance here forsake.

11 Yet, to the last, to éarth he cleaves,
Trusts that his líne will long endure;
Calls by his name the lánds he leaves,
And thinks his tábernacle sure.

12 But man in honour, íf unwise—
Of understánding destitute,
E'en as the beasts that pérish dies;
Dies without hópe, as doth the brute!

13 Their self-delusion ís complete,
In folly théy begin and end;
And the vain maxims théy repeat,
Those that come áfter them commend!

14 They, all, are into Hádes thrust
As sheep, that Déath on them may feed;
And the dominion óf the just
Will, when the mórning dawns, succeed.

Their beauty moulders ín the grave,
In Hades théy their dwelling make;
15 But truly God my sóul will save,
And from the pówer of Hades take!

(*Pause.*)

16 Is one made rich? from féar refrain,
Though his magníficence increase;
17 For nought will he in déath retain,
His glory, whén he dies, will cease!

18 Exult he may; (and flátterers low,
May deem thy sélf-indulgence right:)
19 But to his fathers hé shall go,
Who never wíll behold the light!

20 Man, though in honour, íf unwise—
Of understánding destitute,
E'en as the beasts that pérish dies;
Dies without hópe, as doth the brute!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM L.

1 THE God of gods, Jehóvah, speaks,
And cálls the earth around,
From climes the sun's first rádiance streaks,
To hís far western bound:
2 From Zion, praise of áll the earth,
Its crown of béauty, God shines forth!

3 Jehovah comes, nor sílence keeps,
Our Gód appears in power;
Around a mighty témpest sweeps,
Befóre Him flames devour:
4 Ere sentence on His péople falls,
To heav'n and éarth from high He calls!

5 Gather to Me my sáints, saith He—
(The Lórd in might arrayed!)
Those who a cóvenant with Mé,
By sácrifice have made:—
6 The heav'ns His ríghteousness decláre,
For God Himsélf as Judge is there!

7 Hear, O My people! whén I speák;
To thée I testify:
No other God, O I'srael! seek;
The Lórd thy God am I:
8 Not for Mine altars I' rebuke;
On offerings thére I daily look!

9 I take no bullock fróm thy stall,
Nor hé-goat from thy fold:
10 Mine on a thousand híllsare all
The flócks thine eyes behold:
11 I know each bird of híll and grove,
And the wild-béasts where'er they rove!

12 If hungry, would I súe for meat,
When áll the world is mine?
13 The flesh of bullocks dó I eat,
Or áfter goat's blood pine?
14 With offerings of práise draw nigh,
And pay thy vówsto God Most High!

(Present to Me a héart sincere,
And kéep My righteous ways:)
15 Then, at My mercy-séat appear
In dárk and troublous days,
And thy deliverer I' will be,
And glory thóu shalt give to Me!

16 But to the wicked thús God saith:
Why dóst thou name My laws,
And plead with thy unhállowed breath,
My cóvenant and My cause,
17 While at correction thóu dost spurn,
And from My wórds, contemptuous turn?

18 Whenever thou a thíef hast seen,
Thou tó consent hast dared;
And where adúlterers convéne,
In ínfamy hast shared:

19 Thy mouth to evil thóu hast lent;
To frame decéit thy tongue is bent.

20 Thou on thy brother héap'st abuse;
Yea, thíne own mother's son—
Him, thou in public cánst traduce;
21 Thou, éven this hast done!
And thinkest, if I sílent be,
That the Most Híigh resembles thee!

But I will punish, ánd array
Thy síns before thine eyes;
22 Consider this, while yét ye may,
Ye thóughtless! and be wise;
Lest He, whose warnings nów you brave,
Rend you, and thére be none to save.

23 He honoureth Me, and hé alone,
Who sácrifices praise;
To him My mercy sháll be shown,
Who órdereth well his ways:
This be to men and ángels told,—
He My salvátion shall behold!

PSALM LI.

1 BE gracious, Lord! in mercy héar my cry;
And for Thy loving-kíndness' sake forgive:
To Thee, as rich in mercy, I' draw nigh;
Blot out my sins, and lét the suppliant live!

2 Wash Thou me throughly; make me púre within;
Remove my guilt and áll its fearful stains,
3 For I acknowledge and bewáil my sin,
Before me ever présent it remains!

4 Thee, and Thee only, have I sínned against,
I truly have done évil in Thy sight;
And therefore Thou with justice árt incensed,
Thou, Lord! art clear; Thy júdgments all are right.

5 Behold, I in iníquity was bórn;
Yea, by my mother wás conceived in sin;
6 Thou, Who dost love that truth the héart adorn,
Its secret chambers píerce, and light pour in!

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I sháll be clean,
Wash me till whiter I′ become than snow;
8 Make me to hear of joy, and dáys serene,
That through my bones, now bróken, health may flow!

9 Turn from the sins that have provóked thy rod;
May my transgressions áll be blotted out:
10 Create in me an upright héart, O God!
A steadfast spirit—cónstant and devout!

11 Cast me not off, O God! nor fróm me take
Thy Holy Spirit, gríeved by me so long;
12 My soul with Thy salvation jóyful make,
And lead me, that I néver more go wrong.

Thy help renew, and as in fórmer days,
May Thy free Spirit chéer me and uphold;
13 Then will I teach transgressors, Lórd! Thy ways,
And men shall be convérted to Thy fold.

14 O God, the God of my salvátion! hear,
And from blood-gúiltiness my sóul redéem!
Then with the voice of praise will I′ draw near,
Thy everlasting ríghteousness my theme!

15 Lord! open thou my mouth; my líps inspire;
May all my powers in práising Thee unite:
16 I sacrifice would give, didst Thóu desire,
But in burnt-offerings Thóu hast no delight.

17 A broken spirit, bowed benéath His rod,
Is to the Lord a gráteful sacrifice:—
A broken and a contrite héart, O God!
Thou in thy clémency wilt nót despíse.

(*Pause.*)

18 Do good to Zion, Lord! for hér we plead;
Of Thy good pleasure Sálem's walls rebuild:
Appear for her in this her tíme of need,
And all Thy hallowed rites shall be fulfilled.

19 Then shalt Thou see with favour, át Thy shrine,
Of righteousness the sácrifices paid;
Then offerings—whole burnt-offerings, sháll be Thine,
And bullocks on Thine áltars shall be laid!

PSALM LII.

1 2 WHY boastest thou in mischief, Míghty Man?
The mercy of the Lórd with me abides:
I fear thee not, though thou dost míschief plan,
And though thy tongue, as rázor keen, divides!

3 Instead of good, on evil thóu art bent;
Instead of rígheteousness, on spéaking líes:
4 Thou lovest words of múrderous intént,
Tongue of deceit! benéath that bland disguise.

5 But God will utterly thy príde abase;
Remove thee, though with cúnning fenced about:
Pluck thee for ever from thy dwélling-place;
From among men the Lórd will root thee out!

6 The righteous see with awe the véngeance just,
And the presumptuous ánd his hopes deride:—
7 "Behold the man, that made not Gód his trust,
"But on his riches ánd his craft relied!"

8 But as a verdant ólive-tree am I',—
One planted in the témple of my God:
I on the mercy of the Lórd rely;
He truly is the róck of my abode!

9 I will for ever célebrate Thy fáme,
"This Thou hast done," decláring with delight:
In confidence I wait upón Thy name,
In presence of Thy sáints, for it is right!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm LIII.

1 The fool doth in his váin heart say,
"There *is* no Gód!"—Corrupt are they;
Abominable déeds are done;
None doeth rígh tly, no not one!

2 God, from the heav'ns, His lófty throne,
Hath on the sóns of men looked down,
To see if any óf the race
The wisdom háve to seek His face.

3 All have together túrned aside,
All in pollútion are allied;
There is that understándeth none;
None doeth rightly, no not one!

4 "Have then the workers óf deceit
"No knowledge, whó my people eat
"As they eat bread? Rebéllious all,
"They on Jehóvah cease to call!

5 "Yet shall the fearless bé dismayed;
"Their bones, who síege to thee have laid,
"God will disperse; their énd disgrace;
"For God contémns the impious race!"

(*Pause.*)

6 Oh! that from Zion hélp would come!
When captive I'srael God brings home,
His people Jacob sháll rejoice,
And Israel shóut with rapturous voice!

PSALM LIV.

1 LORD! save me for Thy ówn name' sake,
And by Thy pówer my cause maintain;
2 Give ear unto the práyer I make;
To hear the wórds I utter deign!

3 For strangers are with mé at strife;
Relentless mén against me rise,
Yea, tyrants seek to táke my life;
They set not Gód before their eyes!

(*Pause.*)

4 Behold! my helper ís the Lord;
He truly wíll my life protect,
5 And those that lie in wáit reward:—
Them, in thy trúth, Thou wilt reject!

6 I freely sácrifice to Thée,
And praise Thy náme, for it is sweet:—
7 He from all trouble séts me free,
Mine eyes have séen my foes retreat!

Psalm LV.

1 Lord! hearken to my práyers and cries,
And hide not fróm my supplication:
2 O hear thĕ outpouring óf my sighs,—
I wander ín my meditation!

3 I hear a voice in évery blast,
Their shouts my énemies renew:
Iniquity on mé they cast,
And in malígnant wrath pursue!

4 My inmost heart is sórely pained,
The shades of déath around are falling;
5 Trembling and fear such hóld have gained,
My terrors háve become appalling!

6 Oh! had I pinions, thén I say—
Wings as a dóve, if I possessed,
How would I haste to flée away,—
To flee awáy, and be at rest!

7 Far would I wander óut of sight,
And in the wílderness remain:
8 Outstrip the tempest ín its flight,
And freedom úndisturbed regain!

(*Pause.*)

9 Their counsels mar, their tóngues confound,
For Strife, I sée, and lawless Might,
10 Ranging the City: théy go round
The walls thereóf, by day and night!

There Mischief stalks, and Více unawed,
11 And hardened Prófligacy reigns;
Nor leave her streets Decéit and Fraud,
While victim tó beguile remains.

12 It was no énemy malígned;
From him I míght have borne disgrace:
Had my sworn foe his pówers combined,
I might have sóught some hiding-place.

13 But it was thou, my fríend and guide,
Wont equal ránk with me to share:
14 We took sweet counsel, síde by side,
And entered thús God's House of Prayer.

(*Pause.*)

15 "Death comes, and takes them bý surprise;
"Quick into héll they fall and perish;
"For, in their dwellings, théy devise
"Perfidious pláns and mischief cherish!"

(*Pause.*)

16 17 On God I call, for Hé will save;
I, morning, nóon, and night, draw near:
With earnest cries His Hélp I crave,
For He is wónt my voice to hear!

18 My soul to peace He háth restored,
And many tímes my foes defeated:
19 God hears, and aid will stíll afford;
He on His áncient throne is seated!

They by no warnings áre dismayed,
No fear of Gód is entertained:—
20 He on his friends his hánds hath laid,
And hath his cóvenant profaned!

21 His winning accents móst endeared,
When in his bósom war concealing:
Softer than oil his wórds appeared,
While as drawn swórds destruction dealing!

(*Pause.*)

22 "Thy burden on Jehóvah cast,
"For He sustáins thee, and will cherish:
"He will not let thy tríal last,
"Nor leave the ríghteous man to perish!"

(*Pause.*)

23 The men of cruel, tréacherous ways,
Into the pít, Thou, Lord! wilt thrust:
They will not live out hálf their days,
But I in Thée, Jehovah! trust.

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LVI.

1 BE gracious, Lord! for breathless théy pursue;
Men, daily warring, mý distress renew:
2 They watch me daily, panting fór their prey,
And bear them proudly, fór a host are they!

3 4 But, when alarmed, I put my trúst in Thee;
I glory in the prómise made to me.
I trust and fear not, for His wórd is true,—
What can an arm of flésh against me do?

5 Daily my enemies my wórds pervert;
All their devices áre to do me hurt:
6 About my path, concealed, they cóngregate;
They mark my steps, while fór my soul they wait.

7 Shall they escape, who wíckedly conspíre?
Thrust down, O God! the nátions in Thine ire:
8 My flights are numbered, and the téars I weep;
Thou, in Thy Book, accóunt of them dost keep!

9 In vain my enemies expéct my fall;
They will turn backward ín the day I call:
This know I well, for God is ón my side;
His word is pledged, and I′ therein confide!

10 I glory in His word, Who réigns supreme;
The promise of Jehóvah is my theme:
11 I trust and fear not, for His wórd is true,—
What can the power of mán against me do?

12 13 My vows, O God! I'll pay Thee whíle I've breath,
And give thee thanks for pást escapes from death:
I shall again be rescued bý Thy might,
To walk before the Lórd in life and light!

Psalm LVII.

1 O God! be gracious stíll to me;
Be gracious, fór I trust in Thee:
Beneath the shadow óf Thy wings
I refuge táke, O King of Kings!
I hide me there, while périls last,—
Till every stórm be over-past!

2 On God Most High, Who pérfects all
I take in hánd,—on Him I call;
3 For He from heav'n will hélp bestow,
And save me fróm the taunting foe,
Who would his fury ón me spend;
His truth and mércy God will send!

4 My soul is in the líons' den;
I sojourn hére with ruthless men,
Who follow me with thréat'nings dire,—
The sons of mén, who breathe out fire:
Their teeth as spears and árrows pierce;
As sharpened swórds their tongues are fierce!

5 Above the heav'ns exált Thy throne,
Thy praise throughóut the world be known:
6 They for my steps a nét prepare;
My soul is bówëd down with care:
A pit they dig, my féet to thrall,
And in the mídst of it they fall!

7 My heart, O God! on Thée is stayed,
My heart is fíxt, and undismayed;
No longer shall my lýre be mute;
8 Awake, my glóry! harp and lute,
Forth into strains of tránsport break;
I'll with the éarly dawn awake!

9 Among all people, Lórd! I'll raise—
Among all nátions, shouts of praise;
10 Thy mercy as the héav'ns is high,
Thy truth transcénds the lofty sky;
11 Above the heav'ns exált Thy throne;
Thy praise throughóut the world be known!

PSALM LVII. *Second Version.*

1 "O GOD! be gracious unto me;
"Be gracious, for I trust in Thee,

"To Thee my heart outpour:
"Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
"I refuge take, O King of Kings!
"Till these dark clouds pass o'er!"

2 Thus, unto God Most High, I cried;
To God, who doth for me decide,
None able to prevent;
3 And down from heav'n, to end the strife,
And him rebuke, who sought my life,
His Truth and Love He sent!

4 My soul was in the lions' den;
I sojourned among ruthless men,—
With men who breathed out fire:
As spears and arrows were their teeth,
Their tongues as swords the fierce unsheathe,
And sharpen in their ire!

5 O God! be Thou exalted high
Above the regions of the sky;
Thy glory fill the world!
6 They for my steps a snare had laid;
A pit for me, bow'd down, they made,
And to its depths are hurled!

7 My heart is bent, my heart is bent,
To praise Thy name, O God! intent;
I'll hymns of triumph take:
8 Awake, my Glory! harp and lute,
Awake, nor let your chords be mute;
Right early I'll awake!

9 10 I'll give Thee thanks, my God and King!
To Thee among the nations sing,
For great, as heav'n is great,
Thy mercy and Thy truth remain;
11 Above the heav'ns exalted reign,
And earth irradiate!

PSALM LVIII.

1 Is Justice really dumb, and cánnot speak?
Ye sons of men! make yé to truth pretence?
2 Truly, to practise wíckedness ye séek,
And violence on éarth your hands dispense!

3 E'en from the womb the wicked gó astray;
They from the birth are próne to utter lies:
4 5 A race malignant, vénomous are théy;
Their poison with a sérpent's poison vies!

Like the deaf adder, that hath stópt its ear,
(One that the charmer stríves to soothe in vain,
For though he wisely charm, it wíll not hear,)
They to the last implácable remain.

6 Destroy their teeth within their móuths, O Lord!
Break down their fangs, who wóuld as lions rend:
7 Let them become as water whén outpoured;
Their shafts be blunted, whén their bow they bend!

8 As melting wax, so will the wícked melt;
Like to the womb's untímely fruit are they:
9 Before your pots the crackling thórns have felt,
The green and dry will bóth be swept away!

10 The Righteous Man with joy the véngeance sees;
He bathes his feet, as víctor, in their blood;
11 And men exclaim: "The just rewárded is!"
"To rule the earth, there ís indeed a God!"

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm LIX.

1 Save me, my God! from fóes defend;
Set me on hígh above the flood:
2 Thine arm to succour mé extend;
Deliver mé from men of blood!

3 For mark them, how they líe in wait;
The mighty gáther and combine:
Not for my sins they cóngregate,
Not for transgréssions, Lord! of mine.

4 Without offence or fáult in me,
They, with a fúry uncontrolled,
Run and prepare, unáwed by Thee:—
Awake to méet me, and behold!

5 Arise, O Lord of Hósts! arise;
Jehovah, I'srael's God! awake!
The nations visit ánd chastise;
No pity ón the scorners take!

6 7 At eve return the ímpious rout;
As dogs disquíeted they roar:
The City they go róund about;
Hark! from their móuths what threats outpour!

Their lips a deadly wárfare wage;
"Who hears," say théy, "the needy's cries?"
8 But Thou contemnest, Lórd! their rage;
Thou all the nátions dost despise.

9 Thee, O my Strength! I stíll adore;
For a high róck Thou art to me:
10 The God of mercy góes before,
And leads me ón to victory!

11 Yet slay them not; for thén, perverse,
My people máy forgetful grow;
But through Thy mighty pówer disperse,—
O Lord our Shíeld! bring down the foe.

12 In sin their mouths and líps have shared;
They in impénitence abide:
Since they to curse and líe have dared,
Let them be táken in their pride!

13 Consume them till they wáste away;
Consume them, thát all realms may know,
That Jacob's God hath sóvereign sway,
Adjusting áll things here below!

14 At eve return the ímpious rout;
They roar like dógs, and prowl around:
15 In search of food they róve about,
And rest not, íf it be not found.

16 Still, every morning, I' Thy power
And mercy jóyfully confess:
My Rock thou art, my lófty Tower,
Throughout the dáy of my distress!

17 O Lord my Strength! with héart elate,
I sing my hýmns of praise to Thee!
My lofty Tower I célebrate;
A God of mércy Thou to me!

Psalm LX.

1 Jehovah! Thou hast cást us off;
By Thee have wé been broken down:
Thou with Thy people hást been wroth;
O turn agáin, and cease to frown!

2 Earth trembles, stricken bý Thy hand;
'Tis broken, dísunited all:
Heal Thou the breaches óf a land
Convulsed, and tóttering to its fall!

3 Oppression, under whích we sink,
Thou, Lord! hast máde Thy people feel;
Shown us hard things, and máde us drink
The wine of trémbling till we reel!

4 Thou givest those who féar Thy name
The banner óf the Truth to rear:
5 Then rescue Thy Belóved from shame,
Save me with Thý right hand, and hear!

(*Pause.*)

6 God's word is pledged, and I′ confide,
For never wíll His promise fail:
I yet shall Sichem's lánd divide,
And mete out Súccoth's fertile vale.

7 Gilead is mine, Manásseh mine;
Ephraim shall mý defender be,
Foremost himself in fóremost line;
Judah shall législate for me.

8 Moab my washpot I′ have made;
To Edom I′ my sandal throw:
Philistia! thou shalt héar, dismayed,
The blast my mártial trumpets blow!

9 Who, to the City óf the Rock,
Will bring me? whó to Edom lead?
10 Hast thou not, Lord! cast óff Thy flock?
Thou dost not wíth our hosts proceed!

11 Help us, O God! in óur distress,
For vain the hélp that man bestows:
12 Through God, we shall achíeve success,
For He will trámple down our foes!

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD! hear my prayer; consider mý complaint;
From the earth's ends, to Thée for help I cry:
2 Now that my heart is overwhélmed and faint,
Lead to the Rock, that ís for me too high!

3 For Thou a refuge art where I′ may hide;
A tower of strength in présence of my foes:
4 I will for ever in Thy tént abide,
And in the covert óf Thy wings repose.

5 For Thou, O God! my prayers and vówsh hast heard;
(I to the world Thy fáithfulness proclaim:)
A heritage on me Thou hást conferred,
The heritage of thóse that fear Thy name!

6 To the King's days Thou countless dáys wilt add,
His years as generátions shall be known:
7 At the right hand of God, in glóry clad,
For ever shall he sít upon his throne!

Appoint that he a blessing máy be made;
8 In mercy and in trúth may he abound:
So shall my vows to Thee be dáily paid,
And to Thy name shall hýmns of praise resound!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm LXII.

1 Truly on God my soul in péace relies,
For my salvation wíll from Him arise:
2 He truly is my Rock, my Stréngth, my Tower;
Unmoved I stand, confíding in His power!

3 How long such furious warfare wíll ye wage?
How long against a mán direct your rage,
As though he were indeed a bówing wall,
A tottering fence, which, íf ye thrust, will fall?

4 They counsel take, to cast him fróm his height,
And in hypócrisy and liés delíght:
They, to accomplish their desígns perverse,
Bless with their mouth, while ínwardly they curse!

5 Truly on God, my soul in péace relies,
For all the hopes I háve, from Him arise:
6 He truly is my Rock, my Stréngth, my Tower;
Unmoved I stand, confíding in His power!

7 My safety is in God! the práise be His,
For my strong rock, my híding-place He is:
8 To Him, ye people! be your héarts outpoured;
Trust at all times; our réfuge is the Lord!

9 The sons of men,—of low degrée and high—
The sons of men, are vánity, a lie:
A breath would in the balance áll outweigh;
Lighter than vánity itsélf are théy!

10 Put not in wrong and róbbery your trúst,
Nor vainly think to thríve by means unjust:
Doth wealth accumulate? are ríches yours?
Set not your heart on whát no grasp secures!

11 Time after time hath God the trúth made known,—
Oft have I heard, that pówer is His alone;
12 And mercy, too, belongs to Thée, O Lord!
According to men's déeds, Thou wilt reward!

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD! my God Thou art; I séek Thy face,
And thirst and long for Thý refreshing grace;
My soul hath longed for Thee, my flésh hath pined,
As in a weary land, where I' no water find!

2 To see thee in Thy temple, I′ desire;
Thy power to see, Thy glóry to admire:
3 Thy favour life and all its jóys outweighs;
And therefore with my lips, I célebrate Thy praise!

4 Thus, while I live, Thy goodness I′ proclaim,
My hands uplifting dáily in Thy name:
5 My wants are all abúndantly supplíed;
As at the richest feast, my sóul is satisfied!

With grateful lips my mouth shall síng of thee,
With shouts of joy, with búrsts of jubilee,
6 When I remember Thee upón my bed,
Yea, think of Thee by night, when áll is silence dread!

7 Because Thou art my help, O Kíng of Kings!
I triumph in the shádow of Thy wings:
8 My soul hath resolutely cléaved to Thee,
For Thy right hand upholds, Thine árm sustaineth me!

9 But they, alas! who for my sóul inquire—
They, to earth's deepest cáverns will retire;
10 The sword will lay them prostrate bý its power,
And what the carnage leaves, the rávening fox devour.

11 But in Jehovah shall the Kíng rejoice,
With ev'ry one, who, máking God his choice,
Hath sworn by Him, and on His strénght reposed:—
Their lips, who utter lies, for éver will be closed!

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD! hearken to the voice of mý desire;
Preserve my life, by térrors sore beset:
2 Hide me from men who wíckedly conspíre;
In tumult are the évil-minded met!

3 Their tongues are sharpened, and as swórds are keen:
They have prepared their árrows—taunts severe,
4 And at the perfect aim their sháfts unseen;
They shoot their arrows súddenly, nor fear.

5 They bind themselves to do an évil deed;
Are resolute—from áll compunction free:
Of laying snares they talk, and áre agreed,
For who, they say with hárdihood, will see?

6 A search for new devices théy pursue,
And secrecy in áll their counsels keep:
They hide whatever they inténd to do,
For every thought and évery heart is deep!

7 But God Himself will shoot an árrow there,
And suddenly those ímpious scorners smite;
8 So that their tongues will falter wíth despair,
And all who see, betáke themselves to flight!

9 And men shall fear and quake in évery land,
And all exclaim, "It ís the work of God!"
They shall be made to feel and únderstand,
That it is He, that wields thĕ avenging rod!

10 The Righteous in Jehovah sháll rejoice,
For he hath trusted ín Jehovah's name;
And all the upright, with uníted voice,
Shall glory, and Jehóvah's truth proclaim!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm LXV.

1 O God! our homage wé renew;
To Thee in Zíon praise is due:
The vows our lips to Thée have made,
Shall in Jerúsalem be paid!

2 To Thee, O Thou that héarest prayer!
All flesh draws néar, Thy grace to share:
3 "My sins a burden áre too great;
"Lord! our transgréssions expiate!"

4 How are Thy chosen péople blest,
Who in Thy sácred courts find rest!
The goodness of Thy Hóuse supplies
Our souls with bréad that satisfies!

5 In ways of mercy márvellous,
Saviour of mén! Thou answerest us:
All afar off, on lánd or sea,
A refuge háve, who trust in Thee!

6 7 In Him, whose strength set fást the hills;
Girded with pówer! Whose mandate stills
The roaring waves and bóisterous main,
And nations cán as floods restrain!

8 All, to the earth's remótest bound,
Regard Thy sígns with awe profound:
The goings-forth of mórn and eve,
From Thee their ímpulse glad receive.

9 Thou visitest the éarth! Thy rains
Enrich the vállies, mountains, plains:
Greatly Thou dost refrésh the sod;
A river fúll, is Thine, O God!

Thou, too, preparest córn for man,
And workest óut the wondrous plan:
10 The furrows to replétion drink,
The ridges, sáturated, sink.

Thou renderest soft with shówers the germ,
And dost the grówth thereof confirm;
Thy blessing comes with tímely aid,
When it puts fórth the tender blade!

11 12 Thou with Thy goodness crówn'st the year;
The traces óf Thy love appear:
Thy clouds drop fatness dówn; they bless
The pastures óf the wilderness!

The hills, reviving gládness girds;
13 The fields are clóthed with flocks and herds:
The vallies so with córn abound,
That they with júbilee resound!

Psalm LXVI.

1 All ye lands! with óne accord,
Sing with gládness to the Lord;
2 Glory in His hóly name,
And His míghty deeds proclaim!

3 Say to God, in hýmns of praise,
How stupéndous are Thy ways!
Through the greatness óf Thy power,
Shall Thy fóes before Thee cower!

4 All the earth shall wórship Thee,
All in hómage bow the knee,
Celebrate Thy mátchless fame,
Laud and mágnify Thy name!

(*Pause.*)

5 Come, behold the wórks of God!
View His júdgments all abroad!
Wonders, passing húman thought,
For the sóns of men are wrought!

6 He, to set His péople free,
Into drý-land turned the sea;
Through the parted stréams they trod;
There did wé rejoice in God!

7 He, enthroned abóve all height,
Rules for éver by His might:
On the nations rést His eyes;
None shall bý rebellion rise.

8 Bless our God, all lánds around!
Cause His práises to resound:
9 He our soul in lífe sustains,
He our érring feet restrains!

10 Thou Thy people, Lórd! hast tried,
And as sílver purified:
11 Placed us in the húnter's snare;
Grievous búrdens made us bear!

12 Over us our ríders bent;
We through fíre and water went;
But from bondage sóre and drought,
Thou to plénty ledd'st us out!

(*Pause.*)

13 14 "To Thy temple, bénding low,
With burnt-ófferings I will go:
There shall all my vóws be paid,
Vows, my líps in trouble made!

15 "I to Thee will sácrifice,
Rams shall bléed, and incense rise;
I will offer búlls and goats,—
Freely áll, my heart devotes.

(*Pause.*)

16 "Ye that fear Him—évery one!
Hear what Gód for me hath done:
17 With my lips I hád implored,
With my tóngue I had adored!

18 "Had my heart been ínsincere,
God would nót have deigned to hear;
19 But the Lord hath héard from high,
God hath héarkened to my cry.

20 "Blessëd be His hóly name;
All ye lánds! His praise proclaim:
In His mercy stíll I share;
God hath nót cast out my prayer!"

Psalm LXVII.

1 God, of His abóunding love,
Pour down bléssings from above!
May the beams of líght divine
Through the místs of darkness shine;
2 That the way of Thý salvation
May be knówn by every nation!

3 Let the people, jóyful, raise—
All the péople, hymns of praise!
4 Let them render thánks to Thee,
Sing with shóuts of jubilee;
For, as righteous júdge, Jehovah
All the tríbes of earth rules over!

5 Let the people, jóyful, raise—
All the péople, hymns of praise:—
6 7 "Earth her increase háth bestowed,
"God hath blést us—our own God:
"Come we then, and knéel before Him,
"Every tríbe and tongue adore Him!"

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 THE Lord hath arisen! His fóes are in flight!
Before Him His énemies rush like a cloud!
2 As smoke thou dost scatter them, Lórd! in Thy might,
As wax in the fúrnace, so perish the proud!

3 But the righteous, who looked for His cóming, rejoice;
They exult before Gód, and His triumphs proclaim:
They utter of praise and thanksgíving the voice,—
4 "Sing aloud unto Gód, and speak good of His name."

A highway prepare! through the désert careers,
He whose name is in Jáh! hallelujahs outpour!
5 Ye fatherless children! your Fáther appears;
Ye widows! the Gód your avenger adore!

A refuge the Lord in His Témple is found;
6 He a home for the désolate deigns to provide,
And brings forth to liberty thóse that are bound,
While in lands that are párched the rebellious abide!

(*Pause.*)

7 8 When Thou wentest before us, O Gód! in Thy might—
When our Leader Almíghty the wilderness trod,
At His awful appearing earth shóok with affright;
Yea, the heav'ns poured dówn at the presence of God!

At the presence of God even Sínai was moved;
To Jehovah of I'srael witness it gave:
Its tremblings the footsteps of Déity proved, [save!
When He marched through the wílderness, mighty to

9 Thou didst shower on Thy heritage pléntiful rain,
And strengthen Thy péople when faint to endure;
10 In the desert enable Thy flóck to remain,
And provide, of Thy góodness, O God! for the poor.

(*Pause.*)

11 12 The Lord gave the word, and a cómpany vast
Of women bore tídings: "They flee, they recoil!
"The enemy flee! Kings of ármies, aghast!
"And she of the hóusehold divideth the spoil!

13 "Why rest in your sheepfolds, admíring the wings
"Of your silvery dóves, and their feathers of gold?
14 "When for you the Almighty is scáttering Kings,
"Ye the snow on Mount Sálmon, fainthearted, behold!"

15 A mountain of God let huge Báshan remain;
In heights multitúdinous Bashan excels:
16 O mountain of summits! why lóok with disdain
On the mount where Jehóvah abidingly dwells?

17 The chariots of God—twice-ten thousand are they;
By thousands of thousands, yea, myriads they count:
The Lord is among them!—e'en súch the array,
When the Holy-One résted on Sinai's Mount!

18 Thou hast gone up on high, O Lord Gód! Thou hast led
Captivity cáptive! and gifts Thou dost give
Unto men who were rebels, in tréspasses dead;
That they, with Thy péople, Jehovah! might live!

(*Pause.*)

19 To the Lord, let our gratitude dáily be shown!
He afflicts us, but sáves when for pardon we plead:
20 Our God as the God of Salvátion is known,
And the mandates for déath from Jehovah proceed.

21 The God whom we worship is, vérily, one,
Who the heads of His énemies fails not to smite:
If their guilty career they impénitent run,
On the crown of their héads will His vengeance alight!

22 Saith the Lord: "I from Bashan will bríng them again,
"Bring them back, though they híde in the depths of [the sea:
23 "Thy foot in thy enemies' blóod thou shalt stain,
"The tongue of thy dógs shall imbrued in it be!"

(*Pause.*)

24 O God! Thy processions are séen with delight,
The triumphal retúrns of my God and my King,
When they bring back the Ark of the Lórd from the fight,
And the courts of His Témple with jubilee ring!

25 Before go the singers, the mínstrels behind;
The damsels that stríke the loud timbrels keep pace:
26 In the public assemblies be hónour assigned
To Jehovah the Lórd, ye of Israel's race!

27 There Benjamin's tribe with its rúler we view,
The princes of Júdah advance with their host;
28 The princes of Zebulun, Náphtali, too:—
"O God! command stréngth; for in Thee is our boast!"

(*Pause.*)

Confirm, O Lord God! what for ús Thou hast wrought;
From Thy shrine in Jerúsalem hearken and bless:
29 To Thee, then, by Kings shall oblátions be brought,
And Thy greatness all péople and tongues shall confess!

30 Rebuke, as of old, the wild béast of the reeds;
Be the multitudes stróng in calf-idols accursed,
Who with tinklings of silver excíte to base deeds;
Be the nations delíghting in carnage dispersed!

31 Out of Egypt the Chasmonim cóme to Thy shrine,
Unto God Ethiópia puts forth her hands:
32 O ye kingdoms of Earth! in one chórus combine,
Sing aloud to Jehóvah, Who governs all lands!

33 To Him Who from old on the fírmament rides!—
Lo! He sends out a vóice that of majesty tells:
34 Ascribe to Him power, Who in I'srael presides,
For His strength in the héights of the firmament dwells!

35 O God! Thou art terrible: áwful the scene,
When our King cometh fórth from His sacred abode:
He is Israel's God, on Whose prómise we lean
For might and for víctory!—Blessed be God!

EVENING PRAYER.

PSALM LXIX.

1 2 SAVE me, O God!—the floods my lífe assail;
I sink in mire, nor cán my standing keep:
The mighty waters more and móre prevail;
Where I am come, flows óver me the deep!

3 Till faint I call, to burning thírst a prey;
Mine eyes grow dim, while fór my God I wait:
4 More than the hairs upon my héad are they,
Who without cause pursúe my soul with hate!

And they are strong, who causeless háte have shown:
That which I took not fróm them must I yield?
5 To Thee, O God! my fóolishness is knówn,
My trespasses are nót from Thee concealed!

6 Lord God of Hosts! let none that wáit on Thee,
Be put to shame, becáuse to grief I take:
Let none that seek Thy face confóunded be,
O God of Israel! fór Thy servant's sake!

7 For on account of Thee repróach I bear;
Confusion, truly, cóvereth my face:
8 I as a stranger to my bréthren fare,
Denied among my móther's sons a place!

9 Zeal for Thine House hath wasted só my frame,
That Thy blasphemers vént on me their scorn:
10 They at my fasting and my téars exclaim,
And make them a repróach to one forlorn!

11 I even sackcloth have my gárment made,
And am a proverb ás I pass along:
12 Who sit as judges in the gáte upbraid,
And I am matter fór the drunkard's song.

13 But as for me, Jehovah! lét my prayer
Be in a time accéptable to Thee:
In Thy unnumbered mercies lét me share;
The truth of Thy salvátion is my plea.

14 Deliver me from sinking ín the mire—
The depths, where I am plúnged by rancorous foes:
15 Let me not be engulphed at théir desire,
Nor let the pit her móuth upon me close!

16 Answer in Thy benígnity and gráce,
For, Lord! Thy loving kíndnesses abound:
17 No longer from Thy servant híde Thy face,
But hear me spéedily, in sórrow drówned.

18 In my deliverance let Thy pówer be shown;
Preserve the life my énemies demand:
19 My shame, reproach, dishonour, Thóu hast known;
Before Thee all mine ádversaries stand.

(*Pause.*)

20 Reproach my heart hath broken! wórn and spent,
I look for cómforters befóre I sínk,
21 But there are none! For food they gáll present,
And, for my thirst, give vínegar to drink!

(*Pause.*)

22 Alas! their table will becóme a snare,
Yea, prove a trap, what fór their weal should make;
23 Their eyes the light of heav'n will céase to bear,
And of their loins posséssion Trembling take!

24 Thy wrath will fall on those who láte presumed,
Thy flaming anger réach where'er they hide:
25 Their dwellings are to desolátion doomed,
Their tents without inhábitant will bide!

26 For whom Thy hand hath smitten, hím they smite;
Whom Thou hast wounded, théy with taunts assail:
27 On them will vengeance—ills on ílls, alight,
Nor will for them Thy rígheousness avail!

28 They from the Book of Life will bé erased;
Their names will not with rígheous men's appear:
29 But as for me, to lowest dépths abased,
Thy power will raise me úp, Thy presence cheer.

(*Pause.*)

30 My song shall to Jehovah's náme arise,
My thanks to Him Who réscued me forlorn;
31 More pleasing this than costliest sácrifice,
Than bulls or oxen prízed for hoof or horn!

32 Beholding this, the humble wíll rejoice,
Your hearts shall live, who ón Jehovah call;
33 For He will hearken to the néedy's voice,
And not despise His sérvants, though in thrall.

34 Let heav'n and earth and seas resóund His praise
Till with His fame the úniverse is filled,
35 For God will His afflicted Zíon raise;
He Judah's fallen cíties will rebuild:

That His true servants may inhábit there,
And re-possess the lánd their sires possessed:
36 Yea, that their seed the héritage may sháre,
And those who love His náme, therein may rest!

Psalm LXX. *First Version.*

1 Jehovah! to delíver me be pléased,
To help me and delíver me make haste;
2 Who seek my life will then, with térror seized,
Together be confóunded and disgraced!

They will be driven back, and pút to shame,
Who with delight behóld my suffering state:
3 This their sure recompence, who nów exclaim,
"Aha! Aha!"—they wíll be desolate!

4 But full of joy and gladness wíll be they
Who seek Thee as their cómforter and guide;
All those, who Thy salvation lóve, will say,
In ceaseless songs, "The Lórd be magnified!"

5 As poor and needy, at Thy thróne I bow;
Haste Thee to help me fór Thy mercy' sake:
My Strength and my Redeemer, Lórd! art Thou;
No tarrying, O my Gód! no tarrying make!

PSALM LXX. *Second Version.*

1 SAVE me, O God! for my fóes are conspiring;
Haste Thee to hélp, for my steps are surrounded:
2 Enemies daily my sóul are requiring,
Who will themsélves be ashamed and confounded!

Back, in confusion, they áll will be driven,
Who at the íllS I endure are delighted:
3 Soon will to them be a récompence given,
Soon will their críes of "Aha" be requited!

4 But from the meek will be héard exultation,
Gladness and jóy as the storm passes over:
All they that seek Thee and lóve Thy salvation,
Daily will sáy, "Ever praised be Jehovah!"

5 Poor and in misery, whát can I tender?
This my sole pléa: "As for me, I am needy!"
Haste Thee to help me, O Gód my Defender!
Tarry no lónger; Thy succour be speedy!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXI.

1 IN Thee, Jehovah! I my trúst repose;
Let not my hopes in sháme and ruin end:
2 In righteousness redeem me fróm my foes;
Incline Thine ear, O Lórd! deliverance send!

3 O be Thou still the rock of mý abode,
Where I can flee in évery adverse hour;
To Thy behests deliverance I′ have owed;
Thou truly art my Róck, of strength a tower!

4 Deliver me, my God! from wícked hands,
From power unjust, and crúel as unjust;
5 For, Lord, my hope in Thee unsháken stands:
From my youth up, in Thée has been my trust!

6 Thou hast upheld me from my móther's womb;
Yea, from my birth, Thou hást befriended me;
And therefore, both in gladness ánd in gloom,
My praise shall ever bé addressed to Thee!

7 To many as a wonder I′ appear,
But Thou art still to mé a refuge strong:
8 My mouth is filled with praise to Thée sincere;
I celebrate Thy hónour all day long.

9 Cast me not off when I am óld and weak;
When my strength fails, O Gód! forsake me not:
10 For lo! my enemies agáinst me speak;
Those who desire my lífe together plot.

11 God truly hath forsaken hím, they say;
Friendless he is; pursúe and overtake:
12 But be not Thou, Jehovah! fár away;
Haste Thee to help; my Gód! no tarrying make!

13 Confounded will be they who nów presume;
My foes perverse will pérish as with fire:
Reproach, contempt, dishonour, ís the doom
Of all, who evil tó my soul desire.

14 But I, in steadfast hope, my tríals bear,
And add new hymns of práise to all Thy praise;
15 I with my lips Thy rígheteousness decláre,
And tell of Thy salvátion all my days!

No limits truly to Thy lóve I know;
Thy mercies are as númberless as great:
16 The Lord Jehovah's mighty pówer I show,—
Thy righteousness alóne commemorate!

17 Thou, Lord! hast taught me from my yóuth till now,
And daily I Thy wóndrous works declare:
18 Thy faithfulness and truth I wíll avow
E'en to old age, and únto hoary hair!

O God! forsake me not till I' Thy might
To this and all succéeding times have shown:
19 Thy righteousness is far abóve all height;
Thou doest wondrous thíngs; like Thee there's none!

20 21 Thou, who hast shown me troubles gréat and sore,
Wilt turn and quicken mé that I may live;
From depths of misery raise me ánd restore;
Increase my greatness; rést and solace give!

22 I therefore now with psaltery hýmn Thy praise,
And celebrate Thy trúth, my God and King!
I with the harp, of all Thy wóndrous ways,
O Holy One of I'sräel! will sing.

23 24 My lips rejoice; my soul, redéemed by Thee,
Shall sing aloud; my tóngue Thy truth proclaim;
Thy righteousness my daily théme shall be,
For those who sought my lífe are put to shame!

Psalm LXXII.

1 O God! unto the King Thy júdgments give;
To the King's Son Thy ríghteousness extend:
2 That as a righteous ruler Hé may live,
To judge Thy people, ánd Thy poor defend!

3 The mountains to the people públish peace,
The hills announce the réign of righteousness;
4 He comes to cause the needy's wróngs to cease,
And crush the tyrants, whó His poor oppress!

5 Thou shalt be feared while sun and móon remain,
From age to age revéred with awe profound:—
6 His words will drop as doth the géntle rain,
As fruitful showers that fértilize the ground!

7 The righteous, in His days, shall prósperous be,
And peace abound till móons shall be no more:
8 Dominion He will have from séa to sea,
And from the river tó earth's utmost shore!

9 To Him the desert-tribes will hómage pay,
And prostrate fall His fóes before their King:
10 The Tarshish and the island-Prínces—they,
And Sheba's Kings and Séba's, gifts will bring.

11 All Kings will low before His fóotstool bend,
All people will to dó Him service run;
12 For to the wretched He an éar will lend,
And save the poor, who hád for helper none!

13 He with compassion on the póor will beam,
And will preserve their líves from lawless might;
14 From fraud and violence their sóuls redeem,
And precious will their blóod be, in His sight!

15 That so the poor and needy mán may live,
And prosper under Hís impartial sway:—
He to the poor will gold of Shéba give,
And pray for him, and bléss him night and day!

16 Then will the earth in harvests rích abound;
E'en on the mountain-súmmits corn will thrive;
As Lebanon the crops will wáve around:
They of the City wíll as grass revive!

17 Endure for ever will His glórious name;
His name had been prepáred before the sun:
"Blessed in Him are we," shall mén exclaim;
And Him all nations cáll, "The Blessëd One!"

(*Pause.*)

18 Give to Jehovah, God of I'srael, praise,
For He alone in wóndrous works is skilled:
19 For ever to His name hosánnas raise,
And with His glory lét the earth be filled!
Amen! Amen!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm LXXIII.

1 To Israel, verily, the Lórd is good,—
To those that are of úpright heart and pure:
2 But as for me, in jéopardy I stóod,
So slippery were my stéps, so insecure:
3 For I the arrogant with énvy eyed;
I saw the impious próspering in their pride.

4 They are exempt from sickness ánd from pain,
And glory in a fráme robust and sound;
5 No cares they have, no sorrows tó sustain,
No heavy trials, ás the world around:
6 Hence, pride about them, as a cháin, they bear;
And, as a garment, víolence they wear!

7 Their swollen eyes their glúttony betráy,
More than they hoped or lóoked for they possess:
8 They jeer and scoff, and things audácious say,
And, from on high, insúlt while they oppress:
9 Their mouth against the heav'ns is thúndering forth;
A tongue they have, that ránges through the earth!

10 To this His people, therefore, óft revert,
Till from their eyes the wáters are wrung out:—
11 How can God know, and thus His cáuse desert?
Doth the Most High His knówledge leave in doubt?
12 Behold the impious; view their pálmy state;
These are the men, who wéalth accumulate!

13 If this be all, then have I cléansed my heart,
And washed my hands in ínnocence, in vain:
14 For all day long beneath the scóurge I smart,
And morn by morn fresh chástisement sustain:
15 But if to thoughts like these I útterance lend,
Lo! Thy believing chíldren I offend.

16 The mystery to solve, I stróve intent,
But all remained impénetrable gloom,
17 Till to the House of God my stéps I bent,
And there was made to únderstand their doom:
18 In slippery places Thou hast sét them all,
From whence, as from a précipice, they fall!

19 How into desolation áre they brought!
How, on a sudden áre they swept away!
The mighty are reduced at ónce to nought,
They are extinct with térror and dismay:
20 'Tis as a dream, that on awáking, flies;—
Thou, Lord! their shadowy gréatness dost despise!

21 When thus my heart was mórtified and gríeved,
Till through my inmost réins the poison ran,
22 I was as one of íntellect beréaved,
A brute before Thee, ráther than a man:
23 But, as for me, I present ám with Thee;
Thou, ever with Thy hánd, upholdest me!

24 Thou, Lord! wilt counsel me, and bé my guide,
And to a glorious rést hereafter take:
25 Oh, whom have I in heav'n or éarth beside?
All else for Thee I jóyfully forsake:

26 My flesh may fail, my trembling héart decay,
But God my portion ís, my strength and stay!

27 Those who continue far from Thée, will fall;
Thou wilt destroy all thóse that swerve from Thee:
28 But, as for me, I on Jehóvah call,
For to be near to Gód is good for me:
I on the Lord Jehovah cást my care,
And all Thy works, in Zíon's Gates declare!

Psalm LXXIV.

1 Why, O God! are wé rejected?
Why doth Thý compassion sleep?
Wherefore is Thy wráth directed
'Gainst Thy pásture and Thy sheep?

2 Call to mind Thy cóngregation,
Purchased ánd redeemed of old;
Zion, once Thy hábitation,
Thine inhéritance behold!

3 Rise, and o'er the rúins ponder,
All the éndless havoc trace;
View the deeds of óutrage yonder,
Done to Thý Most Holy Place!

4 They through all restráint have broken:
Hark! how ín the midst they roar,
Planting Victory's blóod-stained token,
Where Thy bánners waved before!

5 They are like a mán contending
With the tóugh and gnarlëd oaks:
6 All the sculpture théy are rending
With their rúde and barbarous strokes!

7 In their fury théy are flinging
Flaming bránds on all around;
Thy Most Holy Témple bringing—
Profanátion!—to the ground!

8 This their language: "Léave no traces!
"Make the óverthrow complete!"—
Thus they burn down áll the places,
Where Thy sáints were wont to meet.

9 Rites have ceased, and céased oblations;
Prophets, wé no more behold:
When will end these désolations,
None amóngst us hath foretold!

10 Lord! how long shall thése aggressors,
Put us tó rebuke and shame?
Shall for ever óur oppressors
Pour contémpt upon Thy name?

11 Why draw back Thy hánd, Jehovah?
From Thy bósom pluck it forth!—
12 God, my King of óld, rules over,
And works wónders in, the earth!

13 Thou, Thy people tó deliver,
Didst divíde the sea in twain;
Thou the dragons' héads didst shiver,
As they plóughed the boisterous main!

14 Thou didst crush the héads uplifted
Of Levíathan that day:
To the desert shóres they drifted,
Food for bírds and beasts of prey!

15 Thou didst cleave the rócks asunder,
That the tórrents might flow down;
And, among Thy déeds of wonder,
Dry up rívers of renown!

16 Day and night Thy wísdom orders,
Light and sún Thy voice obeyed;
17 Thou hast fixt earth's útmost borders,
Summer, wínter, Thou hast made!

18 Think of this: with éxecration
Doth the fóe attack Thy fame;
Think of this: the fóolish nation
Pours contémpt upon Thy name!

19 Of Thy turtle-dóve, then, never
Give the sóul to brutal strife:
Oh! forget not, Lórd! for ever
Of Thy súffering-ones the life!

20 Be the cóvenant respécted;
Look thereón, for earth's dark shades—
Every corner ís infected;
Outrage évery part pervades!

21 Let us not retúrn confounded,
Covered wíth disgrace and shame!
With Thy shield agáin surrounded,
Let the néedy praise Thy name!

22 Rise, O God! agáinst the nations;
Plead Thy cáuse, that taunts may cease:
23 Think Thou of their ímprecations;
Daily dóth the storm increase!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXV.

1 ETERNAL God! we give Thee thánks and praise,
We give Thee thanks, and lóud hosannas raise:
Thy power is present still amóngst us here;
Thy wondrous works decláre Thy name is near!

(*Pause.*)

2 "I truly an appointed tíme will take,
"And just and righteous dístribution make:
3 "The earth and all its myriads mélt away;
"I of its pillars ám alone the stay!"

(*Pause.*)

4 5 Thus, He by whom all earthly prínces reign:
I, therefore, to the fóolish say, "Refrain!"
And I the wicked and presúmptuous warn:
"Be not presumptuous! líft not up your horn!"

Strive not with heav'n; nor, stubborn ánd stiff-necked,
6 Honour from east or wést or south expect,
7 For God is Judge Supreme: He cásts one down,
And raises up anóther to renown!

8 In the Almighty's hand there ís a cup;
The wine is turbid, míxt, and mounteth up:
From thence He pours! the hardened ánd profane—
The wicked of the éarth, the dregs will drain!

9 But I will evermore decláre His ways,
And celebrate the Gód of Jacob's praise,
10 And humble all the wicked ín the dust;
The horn shall be exálted, of the Just!

Psalm LXXVI.

1 In Judah, truly, Gód is known,
His name is gréat in Israël;
2 In Salem hath He fíxt His throne,
In Zion Hé vouchsafes to dwell:
3 The fiery arrows of the bów He breaks;
An end of shields, swords, báttle-axes, makes!

4 Thou, Salem! art more glórious far
Than the strong-hólds of mountain-bands:
5 The stout of heart—despóiled they are;
They sleep, and nóne regain their hands:
6 O God of Jacob! Thy rebúke hath bound
Chariot and horse alíke, in sleep profound!

7 Thou, Thou alone, art tó be feared!
Who can, unscáthed, resist Thy will?
8 Thy judgments from the héav'ns are heard,
And the earth trémbles, and is still,
9 When God arises to avénge the meek,
And save all those, who Hís protection seek.

10 The wrath of man revéals Thy might;
Thou girdest ín at will the storm:
11 In homage, all ye lánds! unite;
Your vows to Hím, your Dread, perform:
12 The spirit of the Mighty, Hé brings down;
To earthly Rulers, térrible His frown!

PSALM LXXVII.

1 I CRY aloud to Gód in prayer,
Aloud to Gód in my distress:
2 I seek the Lord through níghts of care,
With hands stretched óut my suit I press:
My soul hath on its sórrows mused,
And to be cómforted refused!

3 God, present to my mínd, remains,
But thoughts that tróuble me prevail;
Such hold on me dejéction gains,
That, overwhélmed, my spirits fail:
4 Mine eye-lids may no lónger close;
I cannot spéak, for weight of woes!

5 I call to mind the fórmer days,
The years of áges that are fled;
6 Remember, too, the jóyous lays
I sang by níght upon my bed:
Then, in my inmost sóul retire,
And with solícitude inquire:—

7 For ever will the Lórd cast off?
Is there for píty now no place?

8 Is mercy swallowed úp in wrath,
Or fails His wórd to all our race?
9 Can, to be gracious, Gód forget,
Or to His mércy limits set?

10 11 Ah! 'tis my frailty, I′ reply:
Still will I síng the deeds sublime
Of Thy right hand, O Lórd Most High!
Thy wonders óf the olden time;
12 Of all Jehovah's déalings tell,
And on His míght and marvels dwell!

13 Thy ways are holy, júst, and right;
Great—godlike, ís the God we own;
14 A wonder-working Gód, Whose might
Hath to the nátions been made known:
15 Thy arm Thy chosen péople freed,
The sons of Jácob—Joseph's seed!

16 The waters saw Thee, ánd withdrew;
The depths, O Gód! affrighted reeled:
17 Clouds burst; abroad Thine árrows flew;
The skies with féarful voices pealed:
18 19 Thy thunder in the whírlwind came;
Thy lightnings wrápt the world in flame!

Earth trembled—startled ás from sleep;
Thy way, O Gód! was in the sea,
Thy path, amid the fóaming deep,
Thy steps unséen! Led forth were we—
20 Led forth as sheep, at Thý command,
By Moses' ánd by Aaron's hand!

EVENING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 2 HEAR, O my people! to my wórds attend;
Incline your ears to whát my lips unfold:
I to a parable my móuth will lend,
And teach the counsels óf experience old!

3 What from our fathers we have héard and known,
What to their children théy were wont to tell,
4 We will not hide, but publish tó our own,
And on Jehovah's míght and marvels dwell!

5 For this in Jacob He a státute made,
An ordinance in I'srael it became;
He on our fathers strict injúnctions laid
That to their children théy should teach the same!

6 That so the race succeeding néxt might learn,
And to the children bórn to them declare,
The wondrous works of God; and théy, in turn,
To manhood rising úp, still witness bear.

7 That they their confidence in Gód might place,
Nor of the works of Gód forgetful live;
But keep His precepts, His commánds embrace,
And the whole mind in fúll surrender give.

8 Lest, like their Fathers, a rebéllious heart,
They to His gracious wárnings should oppose;
9 And act, like Ephraim's sons, a récreant part, [bows!
Who turned their backs though ármed, and carrying

10 The covenant of God, they sét at nought,
And to His holy láws refused to yield:
11 They e'en forgat the deeds that Hé had wrought,
The wondrous works befóre their eyes revealed!

12 Marvellous things—deeds of astónishment,
His hand had wrought, ánd in their fathers' sight:
Plague after plague on Egypt Hé had sent,
The fields of Zoan hád confessed His might.

13 The sea He had divided!—líke a mound
Had made the waters stánd while they passed through:
14 A cloud all day, a light all níght, they found
To lead them in the páth they should pursue!

15 16 In the lone wilderness the rócks He clave;
Forth from the rocks the stréams were wont to gush:
He gave them drink—as from the dépths He gave;
And made the waters dówn like rivers rush!

17 Yet the Most High they still rebélled against,
Provoking in the désert God Most High:
18 Him in their hearts they tempted ánd incensed,
Desiring meat their lúst to satisfy!

19 Nay, openly, against the Lórd they spake,
And to distrust thĕ Omnípotent could dare:
"Can the High God, to Whom our vóws we make,
"A table in the wílderness prepare?

20 "He smites the rocks indeed, and stréams gush out;
"Of water comes a móre than ample tide:
"Can He give meat? of that He mákes us doubt,—
"Or for His famished péople flesh provide?"

21 At hearing this the Lord indígnant grew,
The fire waxed hot, and kíndled to a flame:
Rebellious Jacob down His ánger drew;
On faithless Israel, véngeance, fury, came!

22 For they confided not in Gód their King,
They in His power to sáve no trust reposed;
23 Though He had caused the clouds reliéf to bring;
And for their sakes the dóors of heav'n unclosed.

24 Though He had rained down manna fróm the skies;
Though from the heav'ns the Lórd had given them [bread:
25 Though man of angels' food had réaped supplies,
Though to the full His péople He had fed!

26 Then in the heav'ns behold a míghty gust;
He makes the south wind cóme at His command:
27 He rains down flesh upon them líke as dust,
And feathĕrĕd fowl, ás of the sea the sand!

28 He makes it fall in showers aróund their tents,
29 They eat and have the útmost they require:
The food they sighed for, He to gíve consents;
30 They are not yet estránged from their desire:

The fragments still within their móuths remain,
31 When on their heads the wráth of God alights:
The great among them and the rích are slain,
The chosen men of I'srael vengeance smites!

32 Yet, for all this, they still to sín presume,
And to His wondrous wórks refuse belief:
33 Therefore in vanity their dáys consume,
Their years are spent in tróuble, turmoil, grief.

34 Whene'er He slays, the remnant óf the flock
Seek after God, and ínstant help implore:
35 Then they remember God is stíll their rock,
And the Most High their Sáviour evermore.

36 Alas! perfidiously with Hím they deal;
Their lips have flattered, ánd their tongues have lied;
37 They in their hearts no true attáchment feel,
Nor will they by His cóvenant abide.

38 Still He—the Merciful, forgíves their sin,
And of His people wíll not make an end:
Time after time He reins His fúry in,
And will not all His rígheteous wrath expend.

39 For He remembers they as flésh are frail,
And that the utmost dáys of feeble men
Are as a breath of wind, a dýing gale,
That goeth forth, and cómeth not again!

40 How oft they in the wílderness incénse,
And in the desert Hís regrets renew!
41 Time after time they tempt Omnípotence,
And doubt what Israel's Hóly-One can do!

42 For they remember not Jehóvah's hand,
The day when He redéemed them from the foe;
43 The miracles He wrought in Mísraim's land,
The field of Zoan, Pháraoh's overthrow!

44 45 How He had turned their rivers ínto blood,
That none could drink thereóf; sent swarms of flies,
Of divers kinds, a désolating bróod,
And made the loathsome frógs in myriads rise!

46 How He their fruit to cáterpillars dóomed,
And to the locust thát for which they toiled;
47 Their vines with hail dismantled ánd consumed,
Their fig-trees with stupéndous hail despoiled!

48 How He consigned their cattle tó the hail,
Their flocks and herds to thúnderbolts of fire;
49 Let the full fury of His wráth prevail,
And sent His angels fórth on missions dire!

50 How He a passage for His fúry made,
Nor spared from death, so díd it burn intense:
How He whose judgments all are dúly weighed,
Resigned them over tó the pestilence!

51 How He, in Egypt, all the fírst-born smote,
Yea, in the tents of Hám, their boast and pride;
52 And made His chosen people tó pass out,
Conducting them as shéep, in deserts wide!

53 He led them, free from terror, thróugh the sea—
The depths in which their énemies were drowned;
54 55 And brought them to His hóly bóundary,
The hill His right-hand púrchased,—hill renowned,—

The mountain of the mercy-séat divine!—
He cast the heathen óut before their face,
And gave them an inhéritance by líne,
The tribes of Israel plánting in their place.

56 Still do they tempt the Highest ánd provoke;
His laws they keep not, Hís behests they spurn:
57 They, like their fathers, murmur át His yoke,
And as a treacherous bów aside they turn.

58 In vain doth He long-suffering, pátient, prove;
That race adúlterous, pervérse, ingráte,
His jealousy with graven ídols move,
And with hill-altars véx—exasperate!

59 Jehovah hears, and sore displéasure takes;
For Israel He abhórrence entertains:
60 His dwelling-place in Shiloh Hé forsakes,
The tent He pitched with mórtals He disdains!

61 The symbol of His power He cáptive yields,
His glory He surrénders to the foe:
62 He His inheritance no lónger shields,
But bids the Sword throughóut the land to go!

63 His youthful warriors perish ás with fire,
And there are left no vírgins to lament:
64 His priests beneath the slaughtering swórd expire,
And widows there are nóne, their tears to vent!

65 At length the Lord as one from sléep awakes,
And as a giant whén refreshed with wine:
66 He of His foes a signal véngeance takes,
Eternal shame their púnishment condign!

67 And He the tents of Joseph pásseth by,
The chosen tribe not éven Ephraim's proves;
68 But Judah's is the chóice of the Most Hígh,
And the Mount Zion ís the Mount He loves!

69 And He hath reared His sánctuary thére,
As the high places stédfast and secure;
A temple beautiful, a búilding rare;
He, as the earth's, made íts foundations sure!

70 His servant David, also,—hím He chose;
Him from the sheep-folds díd He stoop to take;
71 72 From following the ewes with yóung he rose,
Made, pastoral cares for kíngly, to forsake.

His people Jacob he was cálled to feed,
For Israel His inhéritance provide;
And he was wont with upright héart to lead,
And tenderly, with skílful hands, to guide!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 THE heathen enter ín, O God!
They Thy inhéritance invade:
Thy temple under fóot is trod,
Jerúsalem, in rúins láid!

2 They give the bodies óf the slain
To glut the bírds and beasts of prey:
Thy slaughtered saints as méat remain;
None drive the fówls of heav'n away!

3 Thy servants' blood all róund about
Jerúsalem in póols is shéd:
Like water have they póured it out;
Unburied líe in heaps the dead!

4 5 Reproach on us our neíghbours cast,
Contempt and scórn: O Lord, return!
How long will Thy displéasure last?
For ever wíll Thine anger burn?

6 Thy wrath on heathen lánds be poured,
On realms that cáll not on Thy name;
7 For Jacob is by thém devoured,
His dwelling-pláce laid waste with shame.

8 Keep not our former síns in view,
Sins we in áges past have wrought;
But speedily Thy gráce renew,
For we to lów estate are brought.

9 O God our Saviour! hélp, we pray,
Now, for the glóry of Thy name:
Deliver; purge our síns away;
Remember nów Thy ancient fame!

10 Why thus endure those ímpious cries,
Aimed less at ús than Israel's God?
Now signally, befóre our eyes,
Avenge Thy slaúghtered servants' blood!

11 The sighing of the prísoners hear;
Hear Thou the hélpless captive's cry;
And let Thy glorious árm appear,
To save the víctims doomed to die!

12 Our neighbours' insults rénder back
Into their bósoms manifold;
For Thee, Jehovah! théy attack,
At Thee are áimed those insults bold!

13 So we Thy people, wé Thy sheep,
Shall praise etérnally Thy name;
From age to age in mémory keep
Thy mercy, ánd Thy truth proclaim!

PSALM LXXX.

1 GIVE ear, O Thou Shepherd of I'srael! give ear;
Who wert wont as a flóck Thy lov'd Joseph to lead!
Enthroned on the cherubim, héarken and hear;
Shine forth, for assémbled before Thee we plead:
2 Help, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Bénjamin crave;
Re-appear in Thy strénght! come amongst us and save!

3 4 O Lord God of Hosts! the afflícted restore;
Let Thy countenance shíne, and our hopes will return:
How long shall Thy people their sórrows outpour?
Will Thine anger for éver continue to burn?
5 The bread of affliction Thou gív'st us to eat;
The cup that we drínk of, with tears is replete!

6 7 An occasion of strife are Thy péople forlorn,
To their neighbours and áll who inhabit their coasts:
Our merciless enemies láugh us to scorn;
But return and revíve us, O Lord God of Hosts!
Jehovah! the light of Thy cóuntenance show,
And we shall be sáved from the grasp of the foe!

8 9 Out of Egypt, Jehovah! Thou bróughtest a vine;
Thou didst thrust out the nátions and plant it, that root—
10 11 Deep root it might take; and such fávour was thine
That it covered the lánd till the boughs, bearing fruit,
Overshadowed the hills; like the cédars of God
Were its boughs, reaching fórth to the sea and the flood!

12 Ah! why broken down is the fénce Thou hadst placed,
So that all that pass bý her may pluck from her [boughs?
13 The boar of the wood is allówed to lay waste,
The beast of the fiéld on the branches may browse:
14 O Lord God of Hosts! to compássion incline;
Look down from the héav'ns, and revisit this vine!

15 On the stock that Thy right hand hath plánted for Thee,
On the branch that Thou mádest so strong for Thee, look!
16 It is blasted with fire, and swept dówn is that tree;
We perish, destróyed by Thy wrathful rebuke:
17 For the man of Thy right hand Thy pówer be displayed;
For Thy purposes stróng was the son of man made.

18 That we who rebelled may turn báckward no more,
Revive us, and thén we shall call on Thy name:
19 Thy people disconsolate ráise and restore;
O Lord God of Hósts! the backsliders reclaim:
Jehovah! the light of Thy cóuntenance show,
And we shall be sáved from the grasp of the foe!

Psalm LXXXI.

1 Aloud, to God our Strength, for gládness sing;
Your voices to the Gód of Jacob raise:
2 Take ye a psalm, the timbrel híther bring,
The pleasant harp and psáltery tune to praise!

3 In the new moon the sacred trúmpet sound;
At the set time our sólemn feast-day hold:
4 To keep it Israel is by státute bound,
For Jacob's God estáblished it of old!

5 He gave it unto Joseph ín command,
Thus to commémorate, from yéar to yéar,
His going-forth against proud Mísraim's land;—
But hark! a voice unknówn to me I hear!

(*Pause.*)

6 "I eased his shoulder when the búrden galled;
"By Me his hands were fréed from moulding clay:
7 "Thou calledst when in trouble ánd enthralled,
"And I, for thy delíverance, made a way.

"Veiled in the thunder-cloud, I spáke to thee,
"I proved thee at the wáters named from strife:
8 "Hear, O My people! and be wárned by Me;
"Attend, O Israel! tó the words of life!

9 10 "There shall be no strange God in áll thy land;
"To none bow down! The Lórd thy God am I,
"Who out of Egypt led thee bý the hand;
"Open thy mouth, and I' will satisfy!

11 "But Israel would not hearken tó My voice;
"My people were relúctant to obey:
12 "I therefore left them to their ówn heart's choice;
"By their own counsels théy were led astray!

13 "O that My people had inclíned their ear,
"And Israel done the thíngs that I command!
14 "Soon had I stayed their haughty fóes' career,
"And turned against their énemies My hand!

15 "The haters of the Lord had cróuched with dread,
"But evermore their tímes should have remained:
16 "His people He with choicest whéat had fed,
"And with the hóney of the róck sustáined!"

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm LXXXII.

1 God in His Courts of E'quity presídes;
Among the gods He júdges and decides:—
2 "How long to judge unjustly wíll ye dare,
"And the wrong-doers cóuntenance and spare?

3 "Regard the needy's cry, the órphan's suit;
"Do justice to the póor and destitute:
4 "The indigent and all that súffer need,
"From the ungodly's grásp let such be freed!

5 "Exalted as vicegerents ín the land,
"They know not, and they wíll not understand:
"They walk in darkness, stumbling ás they go;
"All earth's foundations tótter to and fro!

6 7 "I called ye gods—sons of the Híghest, all;
"But in one common rúin ye shall fall!"
8 Arise, O God! to judge the éarth arise;
Thy heritage all kíngdoms doth comprise!

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 KEEP not silence, O′ our God!
  Hold Thy péace, O Lord! no longer;
2 For Thy foes grow fiérce and proud,
  Strong in háte, and waxing stronger!

3 They their plots togéther lay,
  And to sláy Thy flock endeavour:
4 "Come and cut them óff," say they,
  "Israel's náme blot out for ever!"

5 They with one consént agree,
  And agáinst Thee are devising:
6 Edom's tents, and I′shmael's see;
  Moab and Hágarene are rising!

7 Gebal, Ammon, A′malek,
  Tyre, Philístia, hurl defiance:
8 Assur hastens párt to take,
  With Lot's chíldren in alliance!

9 As Thou didst to Mídian do;
  Now, as thén, Thy land deliver:
  Thine the power that Sísera slew,
  Jabin, tóo, at Kishon's river!

10 They at Endor dúng became;
  They at E′ndor vilely perished:
  Cover those with équal shame,
  Who an équal scorn have cherished!

11 Make their chiefs and prínces all
Zeeb and O'reb to resemble:
Like Zalmunna lét them fall,
Zeba—thát all lands may tremble!

12 "Take possession—séize," say they,
"All Jehóvah's habitations!"
13 Whirl them, O my Gód! away;
Like the stúbble be the nations!

14 As when flames seize fórests vast,
And the móuntains blaze around them,
15 So pursue them wíll Thy blast,
So Thy whírlwind will confound them!

16 17 That the rest may séek Thy name,
Such their énd, who hatred cherish:
Thou wilt cover thém with shame;
They will bé confounded—perish!

18 Such their doom, that, fár and nigh,
Men may léarn that Thou, Jehovah!
Thou alone, art Gód Most High,
And all kíngdoms rulest over!

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 How goodly are Thy tents! how fair,
O Lord of Hósts! Thy dwellings are!
2 My soul desires, my spírit pines,
To enter whére Thy radiance shines;
My heart and flesh cry óut aloud
For Thee, my Gód—the living God!

3 The sparrow finds a pláce of rest,
The swallow fór her young a nest;
Thine altars should be míne abode,
O Lord of Hósts, my King, my God!
4 How happy they, who thére attend,
And life in ádoration spend!

5 Blest are the men, whose stréngth Thou art,—
All who have Zíon's ways at heart:
6 They that press on with árdour true,
And Baca's válley journeying through,
Make wells of water tó abound,—
Pools that with éarly rain are crowned!

7 They go from strength to stréngth, until
With songs they réach Thy Holy Hill:
In Zion all, their lábour o'er,
The God of Góds appear before:
8 O Lord of Hosts! inclíne Thine ear;
My prayer, O Gód of Jacob! hear.

9 O God our Shield! look dówn on me;
The face of Thíne Anointed see:
10 For in Thy sacred cóurts a day
A thousand, trúly, would repay;
Might I but at the thréshold sit,
I would renóunce all else for it!

11 Jehovah is a sún and shield;
He grace and glóry hath revealed;
And men of upright heárt and mind
All they can wánt or wish for find:

12 O Lord of Hosts! how blést is he,
That puts his cónfidence in Thee!

Psalm LXXXV.

1 Lord! to Thy land Thou didst propítious prove,
And Jacob from captívity restore:
2 Thy people's guilt, O God! Thou dídst remove,
And, their offences, cást a covering o'er:
3 Thou didst allay the fury óf Thine ire,
And make the tempest óf Thy wrath retire!

4 Again, O God of our Salvátion! turn;
Turn, we entreat, and quénch again Thy rage:
5 For ever shall like fire Thy fúry burn?
Wilt Thou be wrath with ús from age to age?
6 Wilt Thou not quicken us, that wé may live?
7 Show us Thy mercy, Lórd! deliverance give!

(*Pause.*)

8 I hear the Lord—the God Jehóvah, speak,
For to His people Hé announces peace;
Peace to His saints, who His forgíveness seek,
But to return to fólly let them cease:
9 If they will fear Him, and no móre rebel,
The Glory in the lánd again shall dwell.

10 11 Mercy and Truth, and Ríghteousness and Péace,
Together meet and kíss: Truth, trampled down,
Will from the earth spring upward ánd increase,
And Righteousness agáin from heav'n look down:

12 God, on our land, will harvests rích bestow,
13 And Righteousness befóre His steps will go!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 INCLINE Thine ear, O Lord! and ánswer me,
For I am déstitute, and sórely tríed:
2 Protect me as a wórshipper of Thée;
Thy servant save, for I′ in Thee confide!

3 Be merciful and hearken tó my voice,
For, all day long to Thée for help I cry:
4 Enable me, Thy servant, tó rejoice,
For unto Thee, my Gód! my soul draws nigh.

5 For kind and ready to forgíve Thou art,
In mercy rich to áll that call on Thee:
6 Give ear unto my prayer, and stréngth impart;
Jehovah! to my críes attentive be!

7 In this, the day of my distréss profound,
On Thee I call, for Thóu wilt hear my prayer:
8 Amongst the gods none is like Thée renowned;
No works there are, that cán with Thine compare!

9 To their Creator shall all nátions bow;
All people shall fall lów before Thy throne,
10 And glorify Thy name, for gréat art Thou,
And doest wonders; Thóu art God alone!

11 I in Thy truth would walk; teach mé Thy ways;
With singleness of héart may I adore:
12 O Lord my God! with my whole héart I'll praise,
And glorify Thy náme for evermore!

13 Thy mercy, truly, has to mé been great;
Thou hast redeemed me fróm the lowest hell:
14 O God! the proud are ris'n; they cóngregate,
Who seek my life and wíckedly rebel.

15 But Thou, Lord! art a God to ánger slow,
Full of compassion, rích in truth and grace:
16 Return, and on Thy servant strénght bestow;
In safety now Thy hándmaid's offspring place!

17 A sign which those who hate me máy behold,
Some token of Thy fávour, now impart;
For Thou, Jehovah! in the dáys of old,
Hast holpen me, and cómforted my heart!

Psalm LXXXVII.

1 Established on the hóly heights,
Jehovah's Cíty all excels:
2 The Lord in Zion's Gátes delights
More than in áll where Jacob dwells!

3 O City of our Gód! of thee,
What glorious thíngs have been foretold:
4 "Among the throngs that wórship Me,
"Rahab and Bábel I behold.

"They in My tender mércy share,
"No longer óutcasts and forlorn;
"Philistia, Tyre, and Cúsh, shall there,
"Each one of thém, to Me be born!"

5 Yes, it of Zion sháll be said,
Lo! these and thése were born in her:
The Highest her foundátions laid,
And will stabílity confer!

6 The Lord account of áll will take,
And to His péople witness bear;
A record of His sérvants make,
And say of éach: "This man born there!"

7 They come, they come—the féstal throng,
With voices swéet and minstrelsy:
And this, the burden óf their song:
"For ever áre my thoughts of Thee!"

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 To Thee, O Lord! the God of mý Salvation!
I day and night presént my supplication:
2 Jehovah! let my prayer as íncense rise;
Incline Thine ear, and héarken to my cries!

3 My soul exceeding sórrowful is réndered,
And on the shades of déath my life has entered:
4 I am as those that to the pít descend,
One without strength, and dráwing near his end!

5 I am abandoned as the déad while dying,
And like the slain, who ín the grave are lying;
Who in Thy lovingkindness céase to share,
And are cut off from Thý protecting care!

6 Thou in the lowest pit, alás! hast laid me,
In darkness—in the dépths—to sojourn made me:
7 Thy wrath rests on me, as a búrden vast,
And all Thy billows óver me have passed!

8 Thou mine acquaintance fár from me hast dríven,
And caused that I offénce to them have given:
I am shut up, and forth I cánnot go;
9 Mine eyes are dim becáuse of all my woe!

(*Pause.*)

Daily, Jehovah! am I thús entreating,
Daily, with hands stretched óut, my cries repeating:
10 Wilt Thou a wonder for the déad devise?
Shall they that sleep in dúst, to praise Thee rise?

11 Of mercy, will there be a déclaration
E'en in the grave? . . . of trúth, in desolation?
12 In darkness will Thy wonder bé made known? . . .
Thy justice, where Oblívion hath its throne?

13 Jehovah! still for succour I' implore Thee,
Early, each morning, cómes my prayer before Thee:
14 Why hast thou cast me off in súch disgrace?
Wherefore, Jehovah! hídest Thou Thy face?

15 Afflicted from my youth, for déath preparing,
I to distraction ám Thy terrors bearing:

16 Thy raging tempests óver me have pást;
I am cut off by Thý terrific blast!

17 They daily like the wáterfloods surróund me,
Together they assémble to confound me:
18 Lover and friend Thou puttest fár away,
Out of my sight—in dárkness hid, are they!

EVENING PRAYER.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 JEHOVAH'S everlasting lóve I sing,—
Thy truth from age to áge, Eternal King!
2 For this I know, Thy mercy stándeth sure;
Thy faithfulness and trúth as heav'n endure!

(*Pause.*)

3 "A covenant with Mine eléct I make,
"An oath I to My sérvant David take:
4 "I to perpetuate thy séed engage,
"And render firm thy thróne from age to age!"

(*Pause.*)

5 The heav'ns extol the wonders óf Thy might,
Thy truth is sung by áll the saints in light:
6 Who, in the clouds, can be compáred to Him?
Who, to the Lord, amóng the seraphim?

7 He by His saints is greatly tó be feared,
By all thĕ assembled sánctities revered:

8 Who, strong like Thee, Jehovah! cán be found?
Thy faithfulness is mánifest around!

9 Thou overrul'st the raging óf the sea;
Its waves when they aríse, are stilled by Thee:
10 Thou hast crushed Rahab, that she gásping lies,
And scattered with Thine árm Thy enemies!

11 The heav'ns are Thine; the earth is álso Thine;
Yea, the round world and áll the things therein:
12 The North and South Thy mighty pówer proclaim;
Tabor and Hermon célebrate Thy name!

13 An arm omnipotent to Thée pertains;
Thy hand is strong, supréme Thy right hand reigns:
14 Thy throne, O God! hath justice fór its base,
And Truth and Mercy gó before Thy face!

15 Happy the people who the cáll obey,
And, with Thy light to léad, pursue their way:
16 They in Thy name are joyful áll day long,
And, trusting in Thy rígheteousness, are strong!

17 The glory of their strength they gíve to Thee:
"Exalted through Thy hélp our horn shall be,
18 "For to Jehovah, as our Shiéld, we cling;
"The Holy-One of I'srael is our King!"

(*Pause.*)

19 Once, in the visions of a fórmer day,
Thou of Thy Hóly-One didst spéak and sáy:
"I help upon a Míghty-One have láid;
"One from the people I' a prince have made!

20 "My servant David I have fóund, and shed
"My own anointing óil upon his head:
21 "I will establish him with Mý right hand;
"I with Mine arm will stréngthen him to stand!

22 "No enemy shall spoil him ánd distress,
"No son of fraud and víolence oppress;
23 "For I will crush his foes befóre his face,
"And heap upon his énemies disgrace!

24 "My truth and mercy shall with hím remain;
"Through Me he shall to dígnity attain:
25 "I will extend his left hand tó the Sea,
"And on the River pláced, his right shall be!

26 "My Father, he shall call Me, ánd shall say,—
"My God Thou art! my súre defence and stay:
27 "Him, verily, the Firstborn I′ will make;
"Above all earthly Kíngs, he rank shall take!

28 "My loving-kindness tówards him shall lást,
"The covenant I máke with him stand fast:
29 "His seed I will establish ánd secure;
"His throne shall as the dáys of heav'n endure!

30 "If his posterity forsáke My law,
"And counsel from My júdgments cease to draw:
31 "If they the statutes that I téach them break,
"And the commandments thát I give forsake:

32 "I their offence will visit wíth a rod,
"And their iníquity with strípes," saith Gód:
33 "Yet will I not withdraw from hím My love,
"Nor to the pledge I gáve him faithless prove!

34 "My covenant with him shall nót be broken,
"Nor will I alter whát My lips have spoken:
35 "Once by My holiness decláred have I,—
"To David I have swórn, and will not lie:

36 "His seed shall be an everlásting one,
"His throne shall be befóre Me as the sun;
37 "Established as the moon shall ít remain,
"And as the faithful wítness after rain!"

38 But now Thy servant is disówned—rejected;
Thy wrath on Thine Anóinted is directed:
39 Thy covenant with him thou hást disdained,
And to the dust his kíngly crown profaned!

40 His bulwarks all in ruins Thóu hast laid,
And his strongholds the háunts of terror made:
41 All plunder him that pass alóng the way;
Reproachful things his néighbours of him say.

42 Thou hast exalted high his fóes' right hand,
And joy diffused through évery hostile land:
43 Thou of his sword hast turned the édge aside,
And nerve to stand in báttle hast denied!

44 His glory is extinct, his stándard furled,
And to the ground his thróne Thyself hast hurled:
45 Thou of his youthful days hast léft no trace,
But overwhelmed Thy sérvant with disgrace!

46 How long, O Lord?—wilt Thou for éver hide?
For ever will Thy wráth unquenched abide?
47 Remember as to me, how shórt my span:
For vanity hast Thóu created man?

48 Lives there a man who death shall néver see,
Or that from Hades' grásp his soul can free?
49 Where is Thy former loving-kíndness now?
For in Thy truth Thou dídst to David vow!

50 Think what reproaches on Thy sérvants fall,
From many nations I′ endure them all;
51 For Thine Anointed they with táunts abuse,
While they his steps of tárdiness accuse!

52 Blessëd for ever be Jehóvah's name!
His faithfulness and stédfast truth proclaim!
Let all His worshippers who wáit around,
With heart and voice, "Amén! Amen!" resound!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XC.

1 LORD! Thou hast been our dwélling-place,
The hope of A′dam's countless race!
2 Before the mountains wére brought forth,
Or ever Thóu hadst formed the earth,
From endless years beyónd the flood,
To everlásting, Thou art God!

3 Thou bringest us to dúst again,
And say'st, Retúrn, ye sons of men!
4 A thousand years, when pássed away,
Are in Thine éyes as yesterday:
All generations, ín Thy sight,
Are but as wátches of the night!

5 6 Swiftly, as driv'n awáy, they pass;
They are a dréam! they change like grass,
That in the morning máy be seen
Luxuriant,—ín the morning green;
But evening comes with blíghting breath,
And cuts it dówn—it withereth!

7 So in Thine anger wé consume,
So perish át Thy wrathful doom:
8 Thou our iníquities dost pláce—
Our secret síns, before Thy face,
9 And to an end our dáys are brought;
Our years are góne as swift as thought!

Afflicted for his síns is man;
10 But threescore yéars and ten his span!
Or, say that he by strénngth attain
To fourscore yéars, the boast how vain:
We but prolong a féverish day,
Then vanish; yéa, we flee away!

11 Who knows Thy wrath? who féels aright
The power and térror of Thy might?
12 So teach us, while Thy wráth delays,
To number óur departing days,
That in obedience wé may live,
And the whole héart to wisdom give!

13 Return, Jehovah!—Lórd! how long?
Take pity ón Thy waiting throng:
14 Thy mercy be no móre deferred,
But early lét our cries be heard;

That we may ever síng Thy praise,
In Thee rejóicing all our days!

15 Oh, make us glad! vouchsáfe relief
According tó the days of grief;
The time we chástisements have bórne,
The years that Thóu hast made us mourn:
Lord! our calámities are gréat;
Be joy with gríef commensurate!

16 Thy work unto Thy sérvants show,
And let their sóns Thy glory know:
Thy favour, Lord! on ús pour down,
And with succéss our efforts crown:
Prosper the work we háve in hand;
Establish ít, that it may stand!

PSALM XCI.

1 WHO the Most High for his protéctor takes,
Beneath thĕ Almighty's wíngs his dwelling makes.—
2 "I call Jehovah my Stronghóld and Tower:
"He is my God; I trúst His grace and power!"

3 "He then will keep thee from the fówler's snare
"And bid the noisome péstilence to spare;
4 "To cover thee His guardian wíngs extend,
"And with the buckler óf His truth defend!

5 "Thou shalt not fear the terrors óf the night,
"Nor shall the shafts that flý by day affright;
6 "Nor pestilence that through the dárkness steals,
"Nor spoiler that at nóon destruction deals!

7 8 "Do thousands on thy left for súccour call,
"And at thy right hand téns of thousands fall? . . .
"Thou shalt be spared, and witness wíth thine eyes,
"The end of those who ín rebellion rise!"—

9 Jehovah! truly Thou my réfuge art!—
"Is the Supreme the sólace of thine heart?
10 "No evil shall befall thee fróm on high,
"Nor any plague thy fámily come nigh!

11 "He gives His angels charge concérning thee,
"To keep thee all thy lífe from danger free:
12 "To bear thee up their arms aróund are thrown,
"Lest thou should'st dash thy fóot against a stone!

13 "Thou on the lion and the ásp shalt tread,
"Young lions trample, crúsh the dragon's head:
14 "Because he loves Me, I will ínterpose;
"I will exalt him, fór My name he knows!

15 16 "Since upon Me in trouble hé relies,
"I will be near, and ánswer when he cries:
"Raise him to honour, length of dáys bestow,
"And in its fulness Mý salvation show!"

Psalm XCII.

1 To give Thee thanks, 'tis méet and right,
And hymn Thy náme, O thou Most High!
2 To sing Thy love by mórning light,
Thy truth when dárkness veils the sky;
3 With lyre, and ten-stringed lúte, to raise,
And deep-toned hárp, the song of praise!

4 The themes that on my mémory crowd,
With gladness fíll this heart of mine:
Jehovah! I will síng aloud
The wonders óf a hand divine;
5 Sing—while the tuneful chórds I sweep—
How great Thy wórks! Thy thoughts how deep!

6 The brutish on, unhéeding, pass,
Nor can the símple understand,
7 That when the wicked spríng like grass,
Their final rúin is at hand:
8 But Thou, whom heav'n and éarth adore,
Art throned on hígh for evermore!

9 For lo! Thy énemies shall fáll,
Lo! they shall pérish who presume;
The wicked, who rejéct Thy call,
Thou to depárt from Thee wilt doom;
10 But as the horn of únicorn,
Thou, Lord! hast lífted up my horn!

I am anointed wíth fresh oil,
And forward ín Thy strength I go:
11 Mine eyes have seen my fóes recoil,
Their rising ánd their overthrow;
Mine ears have heard the féarful blast,
That over míne oppressors past!

12 Jehovah's wórshippers sincére—
The righteous, évery storm survive;
They like the spreading pálm appear,
As trees of Lébanon they thrive:

13 Those planted in the Hóuse of God,
Bloom in the cóurts of His abode!

14 E'en in old age they flóurish there,
And are as trées for ever green:
15 They by repeated próofs declare,
How true the Lórd my Rock hath been;
And with their lips and líves confess,
In Him is nó unrighteousness!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XCIII. *First Version.*

1 Girt with omnipotence, enróbed in light,
Jehovah reigns, high-thróned above all height;
By wisdom so established Hé the world,
That it can never fróm its place be hurled:—
2 From everlasting stedfast wás Thy throne;
To everlasting Thóu art God alone!

3 The floods, O Lord! have lifted úp their voice,
The mountain-torrents ín their strength rejoice:
4 Mighty they are, but mightier fár is He,—
Yea, than the mighty bréakers of the sea:
5 Thy testimonies, Lord! are véry sure;
Thy House to all etérnity is pure!

Psalm XCIII. *Second Version.*

1 Jehovah in májesty reigns,
He creáted the world, and sustains;
He is girded with might and rádiant with light,—
2 Thy thróne was of old, and remains!

3 The floods have arísen around,
The flóods of great waters resound:
They loftily soar; they tumúltuously roar;
4 The séa and its breakers rebound!

They are many—the wáves of the sea,
And míghty; but mightier is He:—
5 Thy statutes endure; Thy témple is pure,
And hóly for ever will be!

PSALM XCIV.

1 O GOD of vengeance! God of véngeance! hear;
Jehovah! for Thy súffering-ones appear:
2 Judge of the earth! arise in théir defence,
And render to the próud a recompence!

3 How long, Jehovah! shall the wícked vaunt?
How long indulge in néver-ceasing taunt?
4 How long say cruel things agáinst the meek?
How long, as evil-dóers, proudly speak?

5 6 They grind Thy people; they Thy lánd oppress;
They slay the widow, stránger, fatherless;
7 And say, Jehovah sees not whát they do,
The God of Jacob gíves no thought thereto!

8 Reflect! or are ye brutes in mán's disguise?
When, fools and slow of héart! will ye be wise?
9 Is He Who formed and planted éye and ear
Unable—He Himsélf—to see and hear?

10 Will He that rules the nations spáre the proud?
Who but Himself with knówledge man endowed?
11 All the devices mortals éntertain
Jehovah knows, and knóws them to be vain!

12 Happy the man Thou deignest tó conduct,
And in Thy Law, Jehóvah! to instruct;
13 That so to Thee his cause he máy commit,
While deepening for the wícked is the pit!

14 For God His people will not cást away,
Nor leave His own inhéritance a prey;
15 Judgment to justice will retúrn again,
And be looked up to bý all upright men.

16 Who will rise up for me agáinst my foes?
Who their attempts iníquitous oppose?
17 Unless Jehovah had been nígh to save,
I soon had dwelt in sílence and the grave!

18 When in alarm I said, my fóot had swerved,
Thy mercy, Lord! uphéld me and preserved:
19 When multitudes of thoughts distréss my mind,
Heartfelt delight I ín Thy comforts find!

20 The judgment-seat, where sits Iníquity—
Can it have part or féllowship with Thee?
21 Against the righteous, lo! they gáther them,
And in their rage the gúiltless blood condemn!

22 But God my refuge is, my lófty tower;
23 He their own curses ón their heads will shower:
Jehovah's vengeance soon will óvertake;
The Lord our God an énd of them will make!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM XCV. *First Version.*

1 O COME, and let us sing untó the Lord,
And shout unto the Róck of our salvation!
2 Before His presence come with óne accord,
And to Jehovah síng with exultation!

3 For a great God Jehovah wás of old;
As a great King abóve all Kings He reigneth;
4 He in His hand doth earth's deep pláces hold,
And the high mountains Hé by strength sustaineth!

5 The sea is His, for He creáted it,
And the dry land was bý His wisdom founded:
6 Kneel then to Him, and to His láws submit;
Before Him kneel, and lét His praise be sounded!

7 For verily, Jehovah ís our God,
And we the flock He ín his pasture feedeth;
We are as sheep, led by His stáff and rod:—
"To-day then hear His vóice, for thus He pleadeth!"

8-10 "Let not within your hearts rebéllion lurk!
"At Meribah and Mássah, provocation
"Your fathers gave Me: they behéld My work;
"But grieved Me forty yéars—that generation!

"I therefore said: They in their héarts do err!—
"Since to revolt and múrmur thus they venture,
11 "I, in Mine anger, sólemnly avér,
"Into My rest they, nóne of them, shall enter!"

Psalm XCV. *Second Version.*

(*Slightly paraphrased.*)

1 Come, and with uníted voice,
Sing we sóngs of exultation;
Let us héartily rejóice
In the Róck of our salvation!

2 With thanksgivings cóngregate;
Chant your méasured lays before Him,
3 For the Lord our Gód is great;
As the Gód of Gods adore Him!

4 In the hollow óf His hand,
Earth's profúndity He measures;
There the lofty móuntains stand,
There the hílls with all their treasures!

5 His thĕ unfáthomable séa;
'Tis Jehóvah's, for He made it;
Dry land, too, creáted He,
And in lóveliness arrayed it!

6 7 Come we, and befóre Him fall,
On our bénded knees declaring
Him the Maker óf us all;
We are Hís, His pasture sharing.

(*Pause.*)

"Hear, to-day, His wárning then:
8 "Not, as ín the provocation,
"Harden ye your héarts again,—
"Day of tríal and vexation!

9 "For, alas! that élder race
"Saw my wórks; but, disbelieving,
10 "Tempted me, and spúrned my grace;
"Forty yéars my spirit grieving!

"I through lonely wílds had led,
"And with fíre and cloud conducted;
"Till, at length, incénsed I said,
"They are brútish, uninstructed!

11 "Unto whom in wráth I sware,—
"Those who thús to trifle venture,
"And to doubt and múrmur dare,
"Into blíss shall never enter!"

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord an ánthem new,
Sing to Jehóvah, all the earth!
2 Give to His name the hónour due,
His great salvátion sounding forth;
3 His glory far and wíde declare;
To every lánd the tidings bear!

4 Great is Jehovah, ánd renowned,
Above all Góds to be revered:
5 The gods of all the réalms around
Are idols, bút the heav'ns He reared;
6 And majesty, and lófty state,
And power and spléndour, on Him wait!

7 Give glory, all ye tríbes of earth!
Give strength and glóry to your King;
8 Extol His name, confess His worth,
And to His cóurts oblations bring;
9 In holy garments bów before Him;
Let the earth trémble, and adore Him!

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehóvah reigns,
And publish ít in Gentile lands;
Immoveable the world remains,
Established bý Jehovah's hands;
And He that gave it íts decree,
Will judge the nátions righteously!

11 Sing, O ye Heavens! and E'arth! be glad;
Let the Sea róar, and all therein:
12 13 Ye Fields and Trees! in vérdure clad,
With shouts of júbilee begin;
For lo! He comes, all lánds to bless,
And reign in trúth and righteousness!

Psalm XCVII.

1 Jehovah reigns; let éarth rejoice,
And its unnúmbered isles be glad!
2 From clouds and darkness cómes His voice;
There He of óld His seat hath had:
His throne on pillars fírm is placed,
On justice ánd on judgment based!

3 A fire His énemies consúmes,
Devouring fláme before Him goes;

4 His lightning all aróund illumes;
  Earth sees, and héaves convulsive throes:
5 The hills before Jehóvah melt,
  His presence ás earth's Lord is felt!

6 The heav'ns His ríghteousness decláre,
  His glory áll the nations see:
7 Confounded be all thóse who dare
  In idol-wórship bow the knee,—
  Who graven ímages implóre;
  Him, all ye séraphim! adore.

8 Mount Zion hears, and évery chord
  And every vóice to rapture wake:
  Thy judgments for their théme, O Lord!
  Judah's exúlting daughters take:
9 "O'er the whole earth exténds Thy might,
  "Above all Góds, all realms, all height!"

(*Pause.*)

10 Be ye that love Jehóvah known
  By hating sín; from sin depart;
11 Light for the righteous mán is sown,
  And gladness fór the pure in heart:
12 Rejoice, ye righteous! ín the Lord;
  His holy náme in hymns record!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm XCVIII. *First Version.*

1 Sing to the Lord an ánthem new,
For márvels He hath done:
With His right hand and hóly arm,
The víctory He hath won!

2 The Lord Jehovah háth made known
To áll His saving might:
His truth to Israel Hé hath shown,
Yea, ín the heathen's sight!

3 He keeps the prómises bestówed
On I'srael's seed of old;
For the salvation óf our God,
Earth's útmost ends behold!

4 Shout the whole earth untó the Lord;
Give thánks to Him, and sing:
5 6 With harp and voice in swéet accord,
Sing tó the Lord your King!

Let trumpet and loud clárion's voice,
Jehóvah's triumphs tell;
7 The sea exult, the éarth rejoice,
And áll that therein dwell!

8 Ye floods! clap hands, and shóut, ye hills!
His sóvereignty confess;
9 He comes, Who jarring cháos stills,
To réign in righteousness!

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Version.*

1 O SING to the Lórd a new song,
For márvellous things He hath done:
With His own right-hand and His hóly arm,
The Lórd hath the victory won!

2 In loud hallelújahs unite,
For Hé His salvation makes known:
The Lord to the Gentiles—e'en nów in their sight—
Hath His ríghteousness openly shown!

3 He remembers His mércy and truth
To I'srael, as ever of old:
All the ends of the earth have befóre them the proof;
The salvátion of God they behold!

4 Sing aloud, all ye lánds! to the Lord;
Sing alóud, for Jehovah is King:
Break ye forth and with gladness His práises record;
To Jehóvah sweet melodies sing!

5 With psalms in His présence rejoice,
With psálms and with harpings devout;
6 Let the trumpet resound, and the córnet's glad voice;
To Jehóvah your King raise a shout!

7 Let the sea in its májesty roar,
The wórld and the things that are there:
8 Ye floods! clap your hands, and ye móuntains! adore;
Togéther His advent declare!

9 For He comes the oppréssed to redeem,
And jústice and truth to maintain:
Jehovah will govern the wórld as Supreme,
O'er the nátions in righteousness reign!

Psalm XCIX.

1 Jehovah reigns—the nations feár and quake;
His seat the chérubim—earth's píllars sháke!
2 Great is Jehovah, who in Zíon dwells;
His power and might all éarthly power excels:
3 The Gentiles praise Thy great and feárful name;
"Holy He is," they réverently exclaim!

4 They praise His might, for équity He lóves;
The Lord to Jacob trúe and faithful proves:
On righteousness the King hath básed His throne;
5 Exalt the Lord our Gód, and Him alone;
Together at His footstool próstrate fall:—
"Holy He is—Jehóvah, Lord of all!"

6 Moses and Aaron intercéssion made,
And Samuel sought with férvency His aid:
When thus they called upon Jehóvah's name,
7 An answer from the clóudy pillar came;
For they His statutes kept, His wórd obeyed,
And to the laws He gáve them, reverence paid.

8 O Lord our God! Thou art a párdoning God,
But visiting offénces with a rod:
9 Ascribe unto the Lord our Gód renown,
And at His holy Híll with us bow down:
With awe profound, let every tóngue confess,
Jehovah is a Gód of holiness!

PSALM C. *First Version.*

1 2 BE joyful in Jehovah, áll ye lands!
And come before His présence with a song:
3 Own Him as God, for worship Hé demands;
To Him, as our Creátor, we belong:
We are the people that Jehóvah leads,
The flock that in His pástures fair He feeds!

4 With joy and gladness enter yé His gates,
And in His courts with práise His deeds proclaim:
He in His temple for your hómage waits;
Be thankful unto Hím, and bless His name,
5 For He is gracious, and His mércy sure;
His truth throughout all áges will endure!

PSALM C. *Second Version.*

1 2 PRAISE Jehovah, áll ye lands!
And with gládness kneel before Him;
Come, for grátitude demánds,
And with sóngs of praise adore Him!

3 Know the Lord; for ít is He,
That as shéep His people leadeth:
He hath made us; Hís are we,
Whom He ín His pastures feedeth!

4 Enter ye His gátes with praise,
Enter—gíving thanks—His dwelling,
To His name hosánnas raise,
His benéficence forth-telling!

5 For the Lord our Gód is good,
Rich in mércy to the nations;
And His truth, as érst it stood,
Stands throughóut all generations!

Psalm C. *Third Version.*

1 Be joyful in Jehovah, all ye lands!
2 And render Him the homage He demands;
Before Him come with songs of exultation!

3 Know that the Lord is God, and He alone;
He made us, and regards us as His own:
To Him we stand in tenderest relation!

4 Enter ye then His gates with thanks and praise,
And in His courts your hallelujahs raise;
Repeat His name in hymns of adoration!

5 For He is good, benignant, full of ruth;
His mercy is for ever, and His truth
From generation lasts to generation!

Psalm CI.

1 Of mercy and of judgment ís my lay:
Oh, may my song to Thée, Jehovah! mount;
2 I would walk wisely, in the pérfect way,
Till Thou shalt come to cáll me to account!

I in my heart will keep a cónscience clear,
3 And set no wicked thíng before mine eyes:
I hate their works who swerve from páths sincere:
None such shall cleave to mé in any wise!

4 He that is froward shall depárt from me,
A wicked person I′ will cease to know;
5 The slanderer of his neighbour sécretly,
Shall from my presence ínto exile go.

A proud and haughty mien I wíll not brook;
6 Those that are true and fáithful in the land—
For them to dwell with me mine éyes shall look;
To minister befóre me they shall stand!

7 Within my house shall no decéivers dwell,
None tarry, who indúlge in lies abhorred;
8 The wicked of the land I wíll expel
Right early from the Cíty of the Lord!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM CII.

1 JEHOVAH! to my earnest práyer attend,
And let my mournful crý to Thee ascend:
2 Hide not Thy face in this afflíctive day,
Nor, when I am in tróuble, turn away!

Now when I call on Thee inclíne Thine ear;
Answer Thy servant spéedily, and hear:
3 For all my days, alas! as smóke consume,
And dry as is a héarth my bones become!

4 My smitten heart as withered gráss is dead;
Through anguish I forgét to eat my bread:
5 By reason of my daily síghs and groans,
My wasted flesh is cléaving to my bones!

6 I as the pelican in shríeks lament,
Or as the owls that rúined haunts frequent:
7 I wakeful am as is a lónely bird,
That, on the roof, discónsolate is heard!

8 All day my open énemies upbráid,
While seeming friends have vówS against me made:
9 Therefore have ashes now becóme my bread,
My drink is mingled wíth the tears I shed!

10 Thy wrath and indignation áre profound;
Thou, who didst raise, hast cást me to the ground:
11 My days as lengthening shadows stéal away;
As withered grass I hásten to decay!

12 But Thou, O Lord! for ever wílt endure;
From age to age are Thý memorials sure:
13 To comfort Zion Thou wilt yét appear;
Thĕ appointed time to fávour her draws near!

14 Thy servants, of a truth, her stónes admire;
They e'en the very dúst thereof desire:
15 But then, the Gentiles shall revére Thy name,
And all earth's Kings Thy májesty proclaim!

16 When Zion's walls, Jehovah sháll rebuild,
Earth with His glorious présence will be filled:
17 He for the poor and déstitute will cáre,
And not despise the méanest sufferer's prayer.

18 This for an after age, in stráins sublime,
Shall be recorded ín the rolls of time:—
A new-created people sháll arise,
And praise, with us, the Lórd of earth and skies!

19 "He truly, from His high and sácred throne,
"Beheld the earth; from héav'n the Lord looked down;
20 "Jehovah hearkened to the prísoners' cry,
"And loosed the bonds of thóse condemned to die!"

21 Thus shall His name in Zion bé renowned,
And in Jerúsalem His práise resóund;
22 Thĕ assembled nations shall His déeds record,
And all the kingdoms jóin to serve the Lord!

(*Pause.*)

23 24 My strength, alas! He weakens ín the way;
But, O my God! remóve me not, I pray,
Now, when but half my thread of lífe is spun:
Thy years the age of áges will outrun!

25 Of old the earth's foundations Thóu hast laid,
And by Thy hands yon shíning orbs were made:
26 They perish; yea, the heav'ns that wé behold,
Shall as a garment, áll of them, wax old!

While, as a vesture, change they úndergo,
27 Thou art the same; Thy yéars no end shall know:
28 The children of Thy servants sháll remain,
And to the promised rést their seed attain!

PSALM CIII.

1 BLESS the Lord, O my Soul! All withín me proclaim,
With gladness of héart, His adorable name:
2 Bless the Lord, O my Soul! bless Jehóvah the Lord,
And His benefits néver forget to record!

3 Thy sins He forgives; thy diséases He heals,
And for all thine infírmities tenderly feels:
4 To save from destruction He sénds from above,
Redeems thee, and crówns thee with mercy and love!

5 He gives thee whatever is néedful for food;
By Him is thy yóuth like the eagle's renewed:
6 Jehovah in righteousness héars the distressed,
And executes júdgment for all the oppressed!

7 His ways unto Moses, of óld, He made known;
To the children of I'srael His wonders were shown:
8 Compassionate, gracious, long-súffering is He;
His mercy is rích, overflowing, and free!

9 He will not for ever contínue to chide,
His anger retáin, and His countenance hide:
10 He doth not afflict us as jústly He might,
Nor, as they deserve, our offences requite.

11 His mercy to all who with réverence draw nigh,
Is great as the héavens above us are high:
12 Our sins and iniquities, móurned and confessed,
He removes far awáy as the east from the west!

13 As a father his children, the Gód we revere
Compassionates thóse that abide in His fear:
14 He sympathy feels, for He knóweth our frame;
To dust man retúrns—to the dust whence he came!

15 "Man's days are as grass!" such the chángeless decree;
As a flower of the fiéld, so flourisheth he:
16 It may bloom; but as soon as the wínd passeth o'er,
It is gone, and the pláce thereof knows it no more!

17 18 But the Lord to His servants His rígheteousness shows;
His mercy for thém everlastingly flows:
Throughout all generations He fávours will heap
On those who His láws and His covenant keep!

19 The Lord in the heav'ns hath estáblished His throne;
The kingdom is Hís, for He ruleth alone:
20 Bless the Lord, ye His angels! excélling in might,
Who hearken, and dó His behests with delight!

21 Bless the Lord, all His hosts, who accómplish His will!
Ye His ministers! whó His high pleasure fulfil:
22 All creatures throughout His domínions, record
The praise of Jehóvah!—My soul, bless the Lord!

EVENING PRAYER.

PSALM CIV.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul! His práise resound!
My God Jehovah! Thóu art very great,
With majesty adorned, with glóry crowned;
2 Arrayed in light ethérial, uncreate! . . . .

Who in His tent the heav'ns His spléndour shrouds,
3 And to the floods His chámber-beams confides;
Who for His chariot takes the thúnder-clouds,
And throned upon the wíngëd whirlwinds rides!

4 He makes His angels spirits—éssence pure,
His ministers, a fláme of fire intense:
5 He fixed the earth upon foundátions sure,
That it may never bé removed from thence.

6 To cover it, Thou didst the déep outspread,
The water-floods abóve the hills were placed:
7 At Thy rebuke, precípitate they fléd,
They, when Thy thunder péaled, withdrew in haste!

8 The mighty waters soar in móuntains vast,
Or sink in vallies; tó their place they go;
9 A bound is set that never máy be past,
A barrier which they cánnot overflow!

10 He sends the springs of water, thát supply
The brooks and streams that rún among the hills:
11 All beasts that graze, to drink thereóf draw nigh;
Her thirst the wild-ass quénches at the rills!

12 The birds of heav'n their haunts besíde them choose,
Among the branches póuring forth their mirth:
13 The mountains from His chambers drínk the dews,—
Thou with Thy fruits replénishest the earth!

14 He causeth, for the cattle óf the field,
The grass to grow; with hérbage they are fed,
That they to man may varied sérvice yield,
And toil to make the éarth produce him bread.

15 'Tis He that makes the earth to bríng forth wine,
The heart of man to gládden and revive;
And oil to make his cóuntenance to shíne,
And bread that man may stréngth of heart derive.

16 Jehovah's stately trees with sáp are fill'd,
Cedars of Lébanon—His plánting théy;
17 Wherein the birds are wont their nésts to build:
The shady fir-trees scréen the stork from day.

18 To range the lofty hills the wíld-goat climbs,
And into sheltering rócks the jerboas go:
19 He taught the moon to keep appóinted times,
And made the sun his góing-down to know!

20 21 Thou makest darkness, that it máy be night,
When by all ravening béasts the wastes are trod:
They sally forth—young lions, stróng in might,
Roar for their prey, and séek their meat from God!

22 The sun arising, as with óne consent,
They to their dens retíre and lay them down:
23 Then man goes forth, on work and lábour bent,
Till grateful evening cómes his toil to crown.

24 O Lord our Lord! Thy works how mánifold!
In wisdom, truly, hást Thou made them all!
Filled with Thy riches we this éarth behold;
Exhaustless stores, wheré'er the eye may fall!

25 So for yon sea—yon world of wáters wide,
He moving things innúmerable makes:
26 There skims the nautilus the glássy tide,
And there leviáthan his pástime tákes!

27 These wait on Thee—all in their órder wait,
And in due time Thou gívest them their food:
28 Thou givest it; they gather—smáll and great;
Opening Thine hand, Thou fíllest all with good!

29 Thy face Thou hidest; they are tróubled then;
They turn to dust, if Thóu their breath recall:
30 Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, ánd again
They are created; Thóu renewest all!

31 The glory of Jehovah sháll remain;
Rejoicing He His púrposes fulfils:
32 The earth—it trembles if a lóok He deign;
And smoke ascends, if Hé but touch the hills!

33 His praises, while I live, I wíll repeat;
While I my being háve, of Him I'll sing:
34 My meditation, truly, sháll be sweet;
I will be joyful ín my God and King!

35 The wicked from the earth will mélt away,
And the ungodly wíll be seen no more:
Bless thou the Lord, my soul! glad hómage pay;
Let all unite to práise Him and adore!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CV.

1 Give thanks to God, and call upón His name;
Jehovah's deeds amóng the nations tell:
2 Sing ye to Him; sing psalms with lóud acclaim,
And on His wondrous wórks delight to dwell;
3 His holy name exúltingly recórd,
And let your hearts rejóice, who seek the Lord!

4 Jehovah and His strength be dáily sought;
Seek ye His face with cónstancy and truth:
5 Commemorate the marvels Hé hath wrought,
His wonders and the júdgments of His mouth:
6 These let His servant Abraham's séed respect,—
Children of Jacob, I'srael, His elect!

7 This God is ours—Jehovah, júst and kind;
He makes His judgments knówn in every land:
8 His promises He ever kéeps in mind;
They to a thousand génerations stand:
9 The covenant in memory Hé hath borne,
With Abraham made, His óath to Isaac sworn.

10 And He confirmed to Jacob Hís decree,
His everlasting cóvenant renewed;
11 He said to Israel: Canaan gíve I thee,
The land as your inhéritance be viewed:
12 This, when our fathers were in númber few,
And strangers in the lánd they journeyed through.

13 When they from nation unto nátion went,
From kingdom unto kíngdom as they moved,
14 Were they oppressed? He did their wróngs resent;
Yea, for their sakes, He éven kings reproved:
15 "Of Mine anointed-ones molést ye none;
"Unto My prophets lét no harm be done!"

16-18 When for a famine on the éarth He called,
And brake the staff of bréad, He sent before
One sold a slave; e'en Joseph, whóm they galled
With fetters, yea, with bónds afflicted sore;
19 Until the time arrived his trúth to try,
And prove he spake the wórds of the Most High!

20 His mandate, then, to loose him, Pháraoh sends;
The Ruler of the nátions sets him free:
21 He gives him power where'er his ówn extends,
Of Pharaoh's house and réalm the Lord is he;

22 His part to bind his princes át his will,
And wisdom into sénators instil!

23 Again, when Israel into E'gypt passed,
And Jacob in the lánd of Ham sojourned,
24 25 He made His people to incréase so fast,
And wax so strong, that énvious hearts were turned
To hate His people; jéalousy they félt,
And with His servants cráftily they dealt.

26 Then He, on purposes of mércy bent,
And Who will ne'er His cóvenant neglect,
His servant Moses on his míssion sent,
And Aaron, honoured ás His own elect:
27 His miracles they wrought in Mísraim's land—
His wonders, wítnessing an únseen hánd!

28 He sent the darkness, and it dárk became;
To do His bidding fórth the shadows flew:
29 Their boasted waters—rivers knówn to fame,
He turned them into blóod; their fish He slew:
30 Their land produced them frogs in swárms immense,
In their King's chambers fóund in myriads dense!

31 He spake the word, and came of flíes a pest,
And lice in all their quárters crawled around;
32 And hail for rain poured down at Hís behest,
And flames of fire that rán along the ground;
33 He smote their fig-trees and their clústering vines,
And brake the trees of áll their boundary-lines!

34 Again He spake, and came the lócust-power
And caterpillars coúntless as the sand;

35 Commissioned all the produce tó devour,
The herbage and the frúit of Misraim's land;
36 And, last of all, through Egypt's bréadth and length,
He smote the first-born, chíef of all their strength!

37 He brought them forth with silver ánd with gold,
Among their tribes none féeble, halting none;
38 Egypt was glad their exit tó behold,
For fear of them had fáll'n on every one:
39 For covering by day a clóud He spread,
And fire by night its rádiance o'er them shed!

40 They asked, and quails He brought, showered róund about,
And with the bread of héav'n replenished man:
41 He clave the rock, that living stréams gushed out;
In the dry places théy like rivers ran;
42 For to His holy Word regárd He paid,
And kept the promise Hé to Abraham made!

43 He brought His people forth with júbilee,
With songs of triumph Hé his chosen led;
44 The Gentile lands He gave them, théirs to be,
The heathen's labours théy inherited;
45 That they might be observant óf His ways,
And keep His laws.—The Gód Jehovah praise!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CVI.

1 Praise ye the Lord! give thanks to Gód the Lord,
For He is good; His éndless mercy sing!
2 Who can Jehovah's mighty ácts record,
Or show forth all the práises of their King?

3 Blest are the men who in allégiance live,
And ne'er the paths of réctitude forsake!
4 To us, a portion with Thy péople give;
In Thy salvation, Lórd! may we partake!

5 O grant us the felícity to sháre
Of Thine elect; that wé, with heart and voice,
In all Thy people's triumphs párt may bear,
And with Thine own inhéritance rejoice!

6 7 We with our sires have sinned—pervérse, repined;
Thy miracles in E′gypt they beheld,
But all with memories tréacherously inclíned,
And at the sea of A′raby rebelled!

8 Yet, for the honour of His glórious name,
He saved them, and revéaled His prowess dread;
9 Rebuked the sea, that it a páss became,
Through which, as through the wílderness, He led!

10 He saved them from the grasp of ráncorous foes,
Redeemed them from the ádversary's hand;
11 And made the floods on their oppréssors close;
Not one of them survíved to reach the strand!—

12 13 Then they believe, and songs to Hím address,
But soon forget, nor fór His counsel wait:
14 They fall a craving in the wílderness,
In the lone desert témpting Him, ingrate!

15 He to their wish impórtunate consénts,
But sends a wasting péstilence to chide:
16 They envy Moses, also, ín their tents,
And Aaron, whom the Lórd had sanctified!

17 Then the earth opens Dathan tó devour,
And all Abiram's cómpany entomb;
18 A fire among them kindles ín that hour,
A flaming fire, the wícked to consume!

(*Pause.*)

19 They made a calf in Horeb; tó a stock,
A molten image, bówing down, alas!
20 They changed their Glory for a sénseless block,
The semblance of an óx that eateth grass!

21 Their Saviour they forgat—the Hóly-One—
Nor of His míracles in E′gypt thóught:
22 He in the land of Ham had wónders done,
At the Red Sea treméndous deeds had wrought!

23 He therefore said, that He would óverthrow,
Had not before His présence Moses stood—
His chosen, in the breach, to wárd the blow,
Lest He should make His feárful threatening good!

24 The land of milk and honey théy disdained,
And gave no credence tó Jehovah's word;
25 But in their tents they murmured ánd complained,
The voice of God—Jehóvah's voice, unheard!

26 He, therefore, with uplifted hánd decreed,
They in the lonesome wílderness should fall;
27 And fall among the Gentiles, shóuld their seed,
Dispersed abroad, in ánguish and in thrall.

28 In Baal-Peor's service théy were yoked,
And ate of offerings máde to idols dead:
29 Thus they His anger with their déeds provoked,
Till plague burst in, and désolation spread!

30 Then Phinehas judgment rose to éxecute,
And of the scourge the rávages were stayed:
31 That, as a righteous act, to hím impute,
From age to age be méntion of it made!

32 At Meribah the Lord to wráth they moved,
And it went ill with Móses for their sake;
33 They to his spirit so provóking proved,
That with his lips intémperately he spake.

34 The nations to extérminate they spáred,
Though, by Jehovah, tó destroy them told:
35 Among the heathen they to míngle dared,
And learnt their works, in prófligacy bold!

36 They of their idols wórshippers becáme,
And rites and customs móst pernicious prized;
37 Yea, their own sons and daughters—lóst to shame,—
They at the shrines of démons sacrificed!

38 Innocent blood they shed; in stréams it gushed;
From their own sons and dáughters poured a flood:
To sacrifice to Canaan's Góds they rushed,
Till the whole land pollúted was with blood!

39 So with their practices defíled were they,—
Their deeds adúlterous, with ídols léwd,—
40 That fiercer grew His anger dáy by day;
His heritage He wíth abhorrence viewed.

41 Then to the Gentile hordes He gáve them up,
And over them their fóes inveterate reigned;
42 Oft their oppressors filled their bítter cup,
While they, subdued, benéath their yoke remained.

43 Time after time He set His péople free,
But they an ear to évil counsels lent;
And, as the meed of their iníquity,
Were humbled, and their dáys in misery spent.

44 Yet still, with yearnings pítiful and kínd,
Did He regard them whén He heard their moan:
45 His holy covenant He képt in mind,
And, in His great benígnity, look'd down!

He so relented when their crý arose,—
So pitied though His chíldren had rebelled,
46 That He obtained them pity from áll those
Who in captívity His péople héld!

47 Save us, O Lord our God! O Lórd Most High!
And from the Gentiles gáther us again,
Thy holy name to praise and mágnify,
And give Thee thanks befóre the sons of men!

(*Pause.*)

43 The God of Israel bless from dáy to day:
His name throughout etérnity adore!
"Amen! Amen!" let all the péople say:
"Praise ye Jehovah! láud Him evermore!"

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CVII.

1 Give to Jehovah thanks, and bléss His name,
For He is good, His mércy stedfast stands:
2 This let the ransomed of the Lórd exclaim,
Whom He delivered óut of Misery's hands:

3 Whom He hath gathered from the lánds around,
From countries north and sóuth, and east and west:
4 5 They roamed the deserts, and no cíty found,
When faint with thirst and húnger, where to rest!

6 Then, in their trouble, to the Lórd they cried,
And He redeemed them fróm the depths of woe:
7 By the right way He deigned their stéps to guide,
That to a prosperous cíty they might go.

8 Give to Jehovah for His góodness praise;
The wonders He hath wróught for men repeat:
9 He of the longing soul the thírst allays,
And satisfies the húngry soul with meat!

(*Pause.*)

10 In darkness and the shades of déath men dwell,
Bound in affliction ánd an iron chain,
11 Because they at the words of Gód rebel,
The counsel of the Lófty One disdain.

His patience and long-suffering théy abuse,
And neither warnings nór entreaties hear,
12 Till with sore trials He their héart subdues;
They stumble and no éarthly help is near.

13 Then to the Lord in their distréss they cry,
And out of trouble Hé the contrite takes:
14 Those who, in darkness bound, to déath draw nigh,
He rescues and their bónds asunder breaks!

15 Be thankful to Jehovah, ánd record
His acts of kindness tó the sons of men:
16 The gates of brass are broken át His word,
The bars of iron are héwn by Him in twain!

(*Pause.*)

17 18 For their transgressions, men pervérsely blind—
Fools, are afflicted—át the point to die:
Their soul abhorreth food of évery kind,
And to the gates of Hádes they draw nigh!

19 Then to the Lord in anguish théy appeal,
And the distressed He réady is to save:
20 He sends His word omnípotent to héal,
And saves them from destrúction and the grave!

21 Give to Jehovah thanks, and tó His ways
Of mercy and His wónders witness bear:
22 Present the grateful sácrifice of práise,
And His high deeds with júbilee declare!

(*Pause.*)

23 They that go down in shíps unto the séa,—
Wont, on the mighty wáters, watch to keep,—
24 These, of His works behold the májesty;
They view, with awe, His wónders in the deep.

25 For, at His word, the stormy wínds arise,
Uplifting wave on wáve in billows vast;
26 27 They mount to heav'n, they sóar as to the skíes,—
Then, to the depths, precípitate are cast!

Their inmost soul with trouble mélts and fear;
The mariners are réeling to and fro;
They stagger, and like drunken mén appear,
At their wits' end, in ágony of woe!

28 They in their trouble Israel's Gód implore,
And He from all their périls extricates;
29 The breakers at His bidding céase to roar,
The hurricane at Hís command abates!

30 Then are they glad; the winds and wáves retire,
And stillness reigns: their cáre-worn hearts revive,
And at the haven of their sóuls' desire,
Conducted by Jehóvah, they arrive!

31 Give to Jehovah thanks! commémorate
His goodness, and His wóndrous works declare:
32 Exalt Him where the people cóngregate,
And from the elders' séats confess His care!

(*Pause.*)

33 He makes a wilderness where rívers ranged,
A desert where the sprígs of water ran:
34 To barrenness a fruitful lánd is changed
In anger, for the wíckedness of man!

35 Again, the wilderness becómes a well
Of living-waters; fóuntains re-appear;
36 And there Jehovah makes the húngry dwell,
The desolate a góodly city rear:

37 And sow the fields, and plant on évery side,—
Plant vineyards that may yield the fruits of peace:
38 He blesseth them, that they are múltiplied,
And suffereth not their cáttle to decrease.

39 Again, they prove self-wanting ás before,
And are brought low through mánifold distress:
40 Contempt on princes He is séen to pour;
They wander in the páthless wilderness!

41 But from the dust the needy mán He takes,
And families, at lénguh, like flocks become:
42 The upright sees and into tránsport breaks,
And all that do iníquity are dumb!

(*Pause.*)

43 Whoso is wise—attentive tó discern,
In these and all evénts, Jehovah's hand,
The loving-kindness of the Lórd shall learn,
The goodness of Jehóvah understand!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CVIII.

1 O God! my heart is túned to praise;
My glory párt therein shall take:
2 Psaltery and harp! begín your lays;
Myself will wíth the dawn awake!

3 Thy praises, Lord! I célebrate,
Among all nátions sing Thy deeds:
4 Thy mercy as the héav'ns is great,
Thy truth the lófty skies exceeds!

5 Above the heav'ns exálted be;
On earth let Thíne effulgence shine:
6 That Thy Belov'd may bé set free,
Thy hand stretch fórth, Thine ear incline!

(*Pause.*)

7 God's word is pledged, and I′ confide;
For never wíll His promise fail:
I yet shall Shechem's lánd divide,
And mete out Súccoth's fertile vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manásseh mine;
Ephraim shall mý defender be,
Foremost himself in fóremost line;
Judah shall législate for me!

9 Moab my wash-pot I′ have made;
To Edom I′ my sandal throw:
Philistia! thou shalt héar, dismayed,
The blast my mártial trumpets blow.

10 Who, to the City óf the Rock
Will bring me? whó, to Edom lead?
11 Hast Thou not, Lord! cast óff Thy flock?
Thou dost not wíth our hosts proceed!

12 Help us, O God! in óur distress;
For vain the hélp that man bestows:
13 Through God, we onward stíll will press;
For He will trámple down our foes!

PSALM CIX.

1 2 GOD of my praise! no longer sílence keep;
For impious men and fálse against me rail:
With open mouth they charges ón me heap,
And with mendacious tóngues my truth assail.

3 They compass me about with wórds of hate,
And fight against me, thóugh I give no cause:
4 5 My love but serves their wrath to ággravate;
It only deeper hátred on me draws.

But for my adversaries stíll I pray,
And over their obdúracy I mourn;
Though daily good with evil théy repay,
And all my love with énmity return!

(*Pause.*)

6 "A wicked man shall óver him be pláced,
"And an accuser stánd at his right hand:
7 "When he is judged he shall retíre disgraced,
"And his appeal as ággravation stand.

8 "The days of his abiding sháll be few;
"Another shall his sácred office take:
9 "His sons their state of órphanage shall rúe,
"His wife to lonesome wídowhood awake!

10 "His sons shall wander—wandering bég their bread,
"And seek it from their rúined homes afar:
11 "Thĕ exactor snares for all he háth shall spread,
"And strangers what his tóil achieved shall mar.

12 "Their hearts who see, of pity sháll be void;
"None shall commíserate his órphan ráce:
13 "Yea, his posterity shall bé destroyed;
"In after times their námes shall have no place!

14 "Before the Lord shall live his fáther's crimes,
"And her's—the mother's, whó had giv'n him birth;
15 "All registered through all succéeding times,
"Though He cut off their mémory from the earth!

16 "For mercy he remembered nót to show,
"But strove to make the déstitute his prey;
"The poor and needy man to óverthrow,
"The broken-hearted résolute to slay!

17 "He cursing loved, and unto ít is doomed;
"He loved not blessing, ánd it far shall flee:
18 "As cursing for his garment Hé assumed,
"Like water in his bówels it shall be!

19 "It shall the robe resemble thát he wears,
"The girdle that abóut his loins he binds:"—
20 This, God my adversaries' dóom declares,
The lot of those whom Hé my slanderers finds.

21 22 Then now, O Lord Jehovah! fór Thy name,
And Thine abundant mércy, take my part:
Deliver me, who Thy compássion claim
As poor and needy—wóunded sore at heart!

23 24 Behold me as a shadow thát declines,
A locust tost abóut; I faltering tread,
Through fasting, and my flesh unmóistened pines:
25 I am their scorn; who sée me, shake the head!

26 Help me, Jehovah! O my Gód, appear,
And for Thy mercy' sáke deliver me;
27 That men may be convinced Thy hánd is here,
And say, "Jehovah! thís is done by Thee!!"—

28 They curse, but Thou wilt bless; Thou wílt abase
My enemies, but máke Thy servant glad:
29 My adversaries' end will bé disgrace;
With shame, as with a clóak, they will be clad.

30 Jehovah with my lips I célebrate,
And in the midst of mány praise His name;
31 For by the poor He stands as ádvocate,
To save from those that séntence him to shame!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CX.

1 Thus, to my Lord, Jehóvah spake:
"Till I Thy fóes Thy footstool make,
"Sit Thou enthroned at Mý right-hand;
"In vain Thy fóes Thy power withstand:
2 "Thy staff, Jehovah out of Zíon sends;
"Rule in the midst, to éarth's remotest ends!

2* "The principálity was Thíne,
"The day Thy pówer proclaimed Thee Mine:
"I truly have begótten Thee,
"Radiant in péerless sanctity:
"Thou hadst Thy birth before the mórning star;
"Yea, than the womb of mórning earlier far!

3 "When forth to battle Thóu wouldst go,
"Thy people únto Thee shall flow
"Freely, as when the ráin-drops fall;
"And in their sácred vestments all:
"Thy youths themselves shall offer ín their bloom,
"Fresh as the early dew from morning's womb!"

(*Pause.*)

4 Jehovah sware, nor wíll repent;
No tíme can álter His intent:
"An endless priesthood sháll be Thine,
"And as Melchísedec's Thy line."—
5 The Lord who sits exalted át Thy right,
Kings in the day of Hís fierce wrath will smite!

6 The nations that His cláims dispute—
On them He wráth will execute;
Fill their proud báttle-fields with déad,
And smite, of régions vast, the Head:
7 Drink of the brook, in that triúmphant day;
Then, lifting up His héad, pursue His way!

PSALM CXI.

1 WITH my whole heart I mágnify the Lórd,
Where His assembled sáints His name record:
2 Jehovah's works are great; sought óut of all
Who take delight His wónders to recall!

3 His works are great, magníficent, sublíme;
His righteousness endúres throughout all time:
4 His wondrous works are to be képt in mind;
Jehovah is benéficent and kind!

5 For them that fear Him, plenty Hé provides;
He by His ancient cóvenant abides:
6 His mighty power He to His péople showed,
When He the heathen's héritage bestowed.

7 His deeds His truth and équity decláre,
And all His precepts súre and stedfast are:
8 For ever and for ever théy will last;
On truth and justice fóunded, they stand fast!

9 His people out of bondage Hé hath freed;
His covenant for éver He decreed:
With awe profound His wondrous déeds proclaim;
Unutterably hóly is His name!

10 The fear of God—Himself the ónly wise,
At the foundation óf true wisdom lies:
They understand aright, who dó His will;
Their praise endures, who Hís commands fulfil!

Psalm CXII.

A Hymn of Praise to Jehovah.

1 How is the man that fears Jehóvah blest,—
He that hath great delíght in His commands:
2 Of power on earth his seed shall bé possessed,
And meet with blessings át Jehovah's hands.

3 His house with wealth and plenty Héav'n supplies;
His praise endures who púts in God his trust:
4 Light in the darkness will for hím arise;
He loving is, and mérciful, and just.

5 The good man is benévolent, and lénds,
And in the judgment wíll his cause maintain,
6 For on no change of fortune hé depends;
The just in lasting mémory will remain.

7 In vain do evil tidings réach his ear;
His heart is fixt, and ón the Lord relies:
8 His heart established is, and stéeled to fear;
His foes will perish, ánd before his eyes!

9 He hath dispersed, and given tó the poor,
And upon him will bléssings be poured down:
This man's reward for ever wíll endure;
His horn will be exálted with renown.

10 The wicked man will see it, ánd will grieve;
He with his teeth will gnásh, and melt away:
No trace behind him will the sínner leave;
His hopes will end in rúin and dismay!

PSALM CXIII.

A Hymn of Praise to Jehovah.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye servants óf the Lord!
In grateful hymns, Jehóvah's name record:
2 That name by which He only ís addressed,
Now, and to all etérnity, be blest!

3 E'en from the rising to the sétting sun,
His name be praised, for márvels He hath done:
4 Jehovah is above all nátions high,
His glory is beyónd the starry sky!

5 Oh, who is like unto the Gód we own—
Jehovah, that hath fíxt so high His throne;
6 Yet deigns to look far down on scénes below,—
On things in heaven and éarth His glance to throw?

7 8 The poor and needy—to the dúst brought down—
He makes to rank with nóbles of renown;
From off the dunghill lifts him bý the hand,
And sets him with the prínces of His land.

9 The barren woman of the hóuse He hears;
She, as a joyful móther, children rears:
Praise ye the Lord, ye servants óf the Lord!
In grateful hymns, Jehóvah's name record!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXIV.

1 When Israel out of E′gypt went,
And Jacob fróm a barbarous race,
2 He hallowëd Judah ás His tent,
And Israel ás His dwelling-place.

3 The Sea their coming sáw and fled,
And Jordan fróm his banks withdrew:
4 The Mountains leaped like ráms, with dread;
The Hills, like lámbs when wolves pursue!

5 What aileth thee, thou stártled Deep!
And Jordan! léaving dry the ground?
6 Ye Mountains! that like ráms ye leap?
Ye Hills! that líke young lambs ye bound?

7 Tremble, O Earth! befóre your King;
The God of Jácob's presence own,
8 Who, waters from the róck, can bring,
And fountains fróm the flinty stone!

PSALM CXV.

1 2 NOT for our sake, O Lórd! look down,
Not for our ówn, by Thy renown!
Now, for Thy truth and mércy-sake,
Thy name, Jehóvah! glorious make:
Why should the heathen, dáy by day,
"Where is their Gód!" presume to say?

3 As for our God, in héav'n He reigns,
And whatsoé'er He wills, ordains:
4 The gods to whom their vóws are paid,—
Silver and góld—men's hands have made:
5 A mouth and eyes the cárver shapes,
But not a wórd or look escapes!

6 A nose it hath, and éyes and ears,
But neither sméllsl, nor sees, nor hears:
7 8 It handles not, yet háth it hands,
And feet, but mótionless it stands;
Breathless its throat: like thém are all
That make them, ánd on idols call!

9 Let Israel in the Lórd confide,—
Their strength He ís, their buckler tried!
10 Let Aaron's House in Hím confide,—
Their strength He ís, their buckler tried!
11 All ye His saints! in Hím confide,—
Their strength He ís, their buckler tried!

12 He who remembered ús of old,
Will grant us bléssings manifold:

The House of Israel Hé will bless;
The House of A'aron He will bless;
13 All that with reverence ón Him wait,
The Lord will bléss, both small and great!

14 He will increase you móre and more,
On you and yóurs His gifts outpour:
If you to Him your críes address,
You and your chíldren He will bless:
15 The blessëd of the Lórd are ye,—
Of Him that máde heav'n, earth, and sea!

16 Jehovah's is the híghest heav'n,
And He the éarth to men hath giv'n:
17 The dead no part in práise can take,
Nor of their célls the silence break;
18 But we Jehovah wíll adore
From this time fórth, for evermore!
Hallelujah!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CXVI.

1 I earnestly desired the Lórd Most High
Would hearken to my súpplicating cry:
2 Because He graciously inclíned His ear,
I daily to Jehóvah will draw near!

3 4 The snares of death encompassed mé around,
And with the bands of Hádes I was bound:
But on His name I called when sóre bested,—
"Lord! I beseech Thee, sáve my soul," I said.

5 The Lord is gracious, pítiful and kínd,
To mercy and to stédfast truth inclined:
6 He keeps the simple, who on Hím rely;
I was brought low, but Hé to help drew nigh!

7 Return, my soul! retúrn unto thy rést,
For thee thy God hath bóuntifully blest:—
8 Thou, Lord! hast rescued me from áll my fears,
My feet from falling, ánd mine eyes from tears!

9-11 To walk with God while here on éarth I seek;
In Him I have belíeved, and therefore speak:
I greatly was distressed, but sáid and thought,
When most in fear: "All húman help is nought!"

12 What therefore shall I render tó my God
For all His bénefits on mé bestówed?
13 The cup of blessing in my hánds I take,
And mention of His náme devoutly make.

14 The vows that to Jehovah I′ have made,
Now, in His people's présence, shall be paid:
15 He truly of His saints regárds the cries;
The death of each is précious in His eyes!

16 Thy servant, Lord! am I—Thy hándmaid's son;
My bonds are loosed, the córds by Thee undone:
17 The sacrifice of praise I thérefore bring,
And call upon Thy náme, my God and King!

18 19 The vows that to Jehovah I′ have made,
Shall in the presence óf His saints be paid:
In the Lord's House will I give thánks with them,
Now, in the midst of thée, Jerusalem!

Psalm CXVII.

1 Jehovah's boundless love commémorate:
Praise Him, all people! práise Him, all ye nations!
2 For His compassion tówards us is gréat;
His truth endures throughóut all generations!
Let the whole earth unite, with óne accord,
To magnify Jehóvah!—Praise the Lord!

Psalm CXVIII.

1 Be thankful to Jehovah fór His grace;
His mercy is to áll eternity!
2 3 Let Israel now confess, and A'aron's race,
A God of mercy ínfinite is He:
4 Let all who fear Him, of His góodness tell,
And on Jehovah's éndless mercy dwell!

5 In my distress I to Jehóvah cried;
Jehovah heard, and máde my pathway plain:
6 I fear not, for the Lord is ón my side;
What vantage óver me can mórtals gáin?
7 Jehovah is with them that fávour me;
The fall of those who háte me I foresee!

8 'Tis better on Jehóvah to relý,
Than lean on man who crúmbles into dust:
9 'Tis better on Jehóvah to relý,
Than in the prínces of the éarth to trúst:
10 In vain all nations cómpass me abóut,
I in Jehovah's náme their myriads rout!

11 They compass me about their préy to seize,
  But I destroy them ín Jehovah's name:
12 They compass me about, they swárm like bees,
  But are extinguished ás of thorns the flame:
  In vain my foes an arm of flésh employ,
  For in the name Jehóvah, I destroy!

13 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I′ might fall,
  But in Jehovah I′ a helper found:
14 My strength and song, shall be the Lórd of all,
  For He as my delíverer is renowned:
15 Hark! from the righteous shouts of júbilee;
  The right-hand of the Lórd doth valiantly!

16 Exalted is the ríght-hand of the Lórd;
  The right-hand of the Lórd in might exceeds!
17 I shall not die but live, and wíll record
  In hymns of praise Jehóvah's wondrous deeds!
18 The Lord hath chastened me with chástenings sore,
  But unto death He háth not giv'n me o'er.

19 Open to me the gates of rígheousness!
  I will go in thereát, and praise the Lord:
20 This is Jehovah's gate; through ít access
  His righteous servants háve, who trust His word:
21 I give Thee thanks because Thou héarest me;
  My safety and succéss I owe to Thee!

22 The stone the master-builders cóuld despise,
  Is now become the héad and corner-stone:
23 'Tis of the Lord, and wondrous ín our eyes;
  Jehovah's hand in thís is clearly shown:

24 This is the day the Lord Himsélf hath made;
We will rejoice therein, we will be glad!

25 Save us, Jehovah! save us, I′ intreat:
Send, I beseech Thee—sénd us still success!
26 The Conqueror in Jehovah's náme, we greet;
We bless you—from Jehóvah's House we bless!
27 Jehovah is the God of trúth and might;
On us He shines: Jehóvah gives us light!

Bind then with cords the festal sácrifice,
And sprinkle on the áltar's horns the blood:—
28 "Thou art my God; to Thee my sóngs shall rise;
"I truly will exált Thee, O my God!"
29 Give to Jehovah for His góodness praise,
For endless love and mércy He displays!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXIX.

1 2 Blest are the undefilëd ín the way,
Who to the perfect Láw of God adhere:
Blest are the men, who His commánds obey,
And seek Jehovah wíth a heart sincere!

3 They no iniquity or évil do,
But in His ways with stédfastness proceed:
4 Thou hast enjoined, that we Thy páths pursue,
And give to Thy commándments earnest heed.

5 O that my ways established só became,
That I Thy statutes néver might neglect:
6 Then only shall I not be pút to shame,
When I to all Thy précepts have respect!

7 When I have learnt Thy judgments tó admire,
Then shall I praise Thee wíth an upright heart:
8 To keep Thy statutes, Lord! is mý desire;
O never útterly from mé depárt!

---

9 How shall a young man learn to cléanse his way?
By taking heed to áll Thy Word requires:
10 Permit me not from Thy commánds to stray,
For to draw near to Thée my soul desires!

11 I treasure up Thy words withín my heart,
That I may never, Lórd! against Thee sin:
12 Blessëd from all etérnity Thou árt;
Teach me Thy statutes; wríte Thy laws within!

13 I with my lips Thy truth commémorate,
And all the judgments óf Thy mouth make known:
14 My joy in keeping Thy commánds is great
As his who calls a kíngdom's wealth his own!

15 I meditate—I on Thy précepts muse,
And on Thy paths I lóok with stedfast awe:
16 Thy statutes as my chief delíght I choose;
I will not be forgétful of Thy law!

---

17 Lord! with Thy servant bóuntifully déal,
That I may live, and Thý commandments keep:

18 Open mine eyes, and glorious thíngs reveal,
The wonders of Thy láw—its mysteries deep!

19 I am a stranger here, and jóurneying hence;
Hide not the way of Thý commands from me:
20 My spirit fails me, such desíre intense
Have I to keep Thy précepts stedfastly!

21 Thou hast rebuked the proud, and séntence past
On all who from the wáy of truth have erred:
22 Remove the dire reproaches ón me cast;
Contemned am I, becáuse I keep Thy word.

23 Princes have met, and from their séats maligned,
But in Thy law Thy sérvant meditates:
24 Delight I in Thy téstimonies fínd;
My counsellors they áre, in all my straits!

---

25 My soul, alas! is cleaving tó the dust,—
O quicken me accórding to Thy word:
26 "Teach me Thy statutes," for in Thée I trust;
I have declared my wáys and Thou hast heard!

27 Make me to understand Thy ríghteous ways,
And on Thy wonders I' shall meditate:
28 Through heaviness of heart my stréngth decays;
Comfort Thou me, who fór Thy promise wait!

29 The way of falsehood fár from me remóve,
And graciously instrúct me in Thy law:
30 The way of truth I choose; Thy páths I love;
And of Thy judgments háve perpetual awe!

31 I to Thy statutes cleave, and érror shun;
Confound me not, for Thóu my portion art:
32 The way of Thy commandments I′ will run,
When Thou shalt set at líberty my heart.

MORNING PRAYER.

33 "Teach me Thy statutes;" lead me ín Thy way,
And to the end I thén shall persevere:
34 O give me understanding tó obey,
And keep Thy precepts wíth a heart sincere!

35 Guide me, Jehovah! in the páth divine,
For I shall then to jóy and peace attain:
36 To love Thy holy laws my heárt incline,
And let me not be cóvetous of gain.

37 Turn from beholding vánity mine éyes,
And in Thy way, Jehóvah! quicken me:
38 Confirm the word on which my sóul relies,
For I Thy servant féar and reverence Thee.

39 Make the reproach I dread to páss away,
For Thy commands are púre, Thy judgments just:
40 See, how I long Thy precepts tó obey,
And quicken me; for ín Thy word I trust!

---

41 To me, Jehovah! may Thy mércy come,
Thy saving help, accórding to Thy word:
42 So shall I answer, nor repróached be dumb,
For I believe Thy prómises, O Lord!

43 Deprive me not of truth as mý defence,
For on Thy righteous júdgments I depend:
44 So shall I lead a life of ínnocence,
And in Thy law contínue to the end.

45 As I Thy precepts díligently séek,
I feel as one set frée from thraldom base:
46 To kings I of Thy téstimonies spéak,—
Speak unabashed and féarless, face to face!

47 I take delight in keeping Thý commands,
For truly my regárd for them is great:
48 Thy laws I reverence with uplífted hands,
And on Thy statutes lóve to meditate!

---

49 The promise to Thy servant béar in mind,
On which Thou hast enábled me to rest:
50 This I my solace in afflíction find;
Truly Thy word revíves me when depressed!

51 The proud Thy servant in derísion hold,
Yet have I not depárted from Thy law:
52 I think upon Thy judgments, Lórd! of old,
And from Thy righteous déalings comfort draw.

53 I tremble for the wicked, whó, in throngs,
Forsake Thy law and désperate warfare wage:
54 Thy statutes are the subject óf my songs,
While I pursue my éarthly pilgrimage!

55 In the long night of darkness ánd distress,
I think upon Thy náme, and keep Thy law:

56 This consolation truly I′ possess,
For I regard Thy wórd with ceaseless awe!

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57 Jehovah! truly, Thou my pórtion art;
I therefore am resólved to do Thy will:
58 Thy favour I intreat with mý whole heart,—
Thy promises of gráce and love fulfil!

59 I thought upon my ways, my stéps retraced,
And to Thy word and téstimonies went:
60 I tarried not, nor lingered, bút made haste,
To keep Thy precepts résolutely bent!

61 The snares of impious men encómpass me,
Yet am I not forgétful of Thy law:
62 I rise at midnight to give thánks to Thee,
And from Thy righteous júdgments comfort draw.

63 I am a friend of all that féar Thy name
And Thy commandments ín remembrance bear:
64 Thy goodness all things here on éarth proclaim;
"Teach me Thy statutes," ís my daily prayer!

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65 Thou with Thy servant dealest gráciously;
Thy promised help, Jehóvah! I receive:
66 The wisdom that is perfect téach Thou me,
And knowledge, for Thy précepts I believe!

67 Before I was afflicted, I′ was blind,
And went astray; but nów I keep Thy law:
68 Thou, Lord! art good, benéficent and kínd;
"Teach me Thy statutes," I′ repeat with awe!

69 The arrogant have forged agaínst me lies,
But I Thy precepts kéep with my whole heart:
70 Their hearts, puffed up with pride, Thy trúth despise,
But unto me Thy láws delight impart.

71 'Tis good for me, affliction tó have known,
That I might learn Thy státutes to revere:
72 How precious, Lord! Thy word to mé has grown;
Thousands of gold and sílver are less dear!

EVENING PRAYER.

73 Thy hands have made and pérfected my fráme;
That I may learn Thy précepts, wisdom give!
74 With joy they see me, who revére Thy name,
For in dependence ón Thy word I live!

75 That righteous are Thy judgments wéll I know;
In faithfulness Thou hást afflicted me:
76 Thy mercy, Lord! to cómfort me bestów,
For on Thy word Thy sérvant rests his plea.

77 That I may live, Thy mercies rích reveal,
For in Thy law hath mý delight been great:
78 The proud shall be ashamed, who fálsely deal,
But in Thy judgments I' will meditate!

79 They turn to me with sýmpathy profóund,
Who know Thy precepts ánd who fear Thy name:
80 Lord! in Thy precepts may my héart be sound,
That I may not, at lást, be put to shame!

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81 My soul for Thy salvation yéarns and sighs,
Yet on Thy word my húmble hopes I rest:
82 I for Thy promise wait with lónging eyes,—
"When wilt Thou cómfort me," I sáy distréssed!

83 I as a bottle in the smóke become,
Yet have I not forgótten Thy decrees:
84 Of all Thy servant's days how briéf the sum!
On my pursuers whén will judgment seize?

85 The proud for my destruction píts prepare,
For they are grown regárdless of Thy laws:
86 All Thy commandments true and ríghteous are;
Help me, for they pursúe without a cause!

87 An end of me on earth they wéll-nigh made,
But, as for me, I swérved not from Thy truth:
88 Be gracious still, and grant Thy qúickening aid,
That I may keep the précepts of Thy mouth!

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89 Thy word, O God! immútably decídes,
For stedfast as the héav'ns are Thy commands:
90 Thy faithfulness from age to áge abides;
The earth Thou hast estáblished, and it stands!

91 They, as decreed, continue tó this day,
For all Thy servants áre in depth and height:
92 In mine affliction I had píned away,
Had not Thy holy láw been my delight.

93 Thy precepts never more will I' forget,
For Thou, by them, hast képt my soul alive:

94 As I am Thine, O save me, sóre beset,
For I to understánd Thy precepts strive!

95 The wicked to destroy my sóul intend,
But I in memory Thý commandments keep:
96 Of all perfection I have séen an end,
But of Thy law the báse is broad and deep!

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97 O how I love Thy law! my héart dispose,
All the day long, to méditate therein!
98 Thy precepts make me wiser thán my foes,
For they are ever wíth me, lest I sin.

99 I more than all my teachers cán discern,
For on Thy word I cónstantly reflect:
100 More than the ancients, by Thy hélp, I learn,
For I to all Thy précepts have respect.

101 I have refrained from every évil way,
That I Thy holy précepts might fulfil:
102 I from Thy judgments have not góne astray,
For Thou hast taught me tó revere Thy will!

103 How pleasant to my taste Thy wórds remain!
Than honey to my móuth far sweeter they:
104 I, through Thy precepts, understánding gain,
And therefore hate I évery evil way.

MORNING PRAYER.

105, 6 Thy word is as a lámp unto my féet,
And to my path a líght: a vow I made,
And now, with purpose fixt, that vów repeat,—
By me Thy righteous láws shall be obeyed!

107 Thy promise to revive me, Lórd! be kept,
For heavily afflíctions on me weigh:
108 The free-will offerings of my móuth accept,
And teach me Thy commándments to obey.

109 My life is placed in cónstant jéopardy,
Yet do I not forgét Thy holy word:
110 A snare the wicked have prepáred for me,
Yet have I not from Thý commandments erred.

111 As my enduring héritage I cláim
Thy testimonies; théy rejoice my heart:
112 I constantly to keep Thy précepts aim,
And to the end would áct an upright part!

---

113 All vain imaginations, Lórd! I hate,
But love the holy láw Thou hast revealed:
114 In stedfast hope I for Thy prómise wait,
For Thou my refuge árt, my strength and shield!

115 Hence, ye wrong-doers! I no éar will give,
But keep the statutes óf my God unblamed:—
116 Uphold me by Thy word, that I′ may live,
And never of my hópe become ashamed!

117 Hold Thou me up, and I shall bé preserved,
And for Thy precepts réverence retain:
118 All those who from Thy righteous páths have swerved,
Thou wilt reject, for théir deceit is vain!

119 To cease as dross, the wicked Thóu wilt make;
I therefore to Thy téstimonies cleave:
120 Through fear of Thee my very flésh doth quake;
I tremble, for Thy júdgments I believe!

---

121 A just and upright course I háve pursued,—
To mine oppressors léave me not a prey:
122 Be surety for Thy servant, Lórd! for good;
Let not the proud oppréss me day by day!

123 For Thy salvation weary áre mine eyes;
I wait till Thou Thy rígheteous word fulfil:
124 In mercy hearken to Thy sérvant's cries;
"Teach me Thy statutes," I′ intreat Thee still!

125 I am Thy servant: Lord! that I′ may know
Thy testimonies, máke me to reflect:
126 The time will come for Thee Thy pówer to show,
For men have made Thy Láw of none effect!

127 I am Thy servant: therefore I′ esteem
Thy statutes more than góld—beyond fine gold:
128 Thy precepts, ALL, I true and rígheteous deem,
And all false ways I ín abhorrence hold!

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129 Thy testimonies—wónderful are théy,
And therefore I devóted to them live:
130 Thy words, where'er they enter, líght convey;
They to the simple únderstanding give!

131 As one with open mouth and pánting frame,
All eagerness, for Thý commands I wait:
132 As is Thy wont with those that féar Thy name,
Turn Thou to me, who mércy supplicate!

133 By Thy unerring word my stéps direct,
And let no sin domínion o'er me gain:
134 Me from the tyranny of mán protect,
That in Thy paths I stédfast may remain.

135 Lord! on Thy servant cause Thy fáce to beam;
"Teach me Thy statutes," I' repeat with awe:
136 Rivers of water from mine éyelids stream,
Because men keep not, bút transgress, Thy law!

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137 Righteous art Thou, O Lord! Thy wáys are true,
Thy testimonies faíthful and sincere:
138 In all that Thou commandest ús to do,
Thy righteousness and pérfect truth appear.

139 My zeal consumes me, for, confírmed in pride,
My enemies Thy hóly laws forget:
140 Thy word hath to the úttermost been tríed;
Thy servant's heart thereón is therefore set.

141 In low estate, and in contémpt, I pine;
Yet I forget not, bút Thy paths pursue:

142 The righteousness, Jehovah! thát is Thine,
Is everlasting, ánd Thy law is true!

143 Though I encounter trouble ánd distress,
Yet Thy commandments cómfort to me give:
144 Thy precepts are enduring ríghteousness;
Make me to understánd, that I may live!

EVENING PRAYER.

145, 6 With my whole heart I call, and hélp I crave
To keep Thy statutes ánd to do Thy will:
I call on Thee to rescue ánd to save,
That I Thy holy précepts may fulfil!

147 Before the dawn my cries are úpward sent—
Ere break of day—for ón Thy word I wait:
148 Mine eyes the watches of the níght prevent,
That on Thy promise I′ may meditate.

149 My voice, O Lord! in loving-kíndness hear,
And, as Thou faithful árt, revive my soul:
150 Those that on mischief are intént draw near,—
Men over whom Thy láw has no controul.

151 But Thou art near, Jehovah! tó uphold;
Thy precepts, based on trúth, my trust demand:
152 Thy testimonies, I have léarnt of old,
Are founded everlástingly to stand!

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153 See my affliction, and delíver me;
For I forget not whát from Thee I've heard:
154 Plead Thou my cause, and my delíverer be;
O quicken me accórding to Thy word!

155 Salvation from ungodly mén is far;
For they to search Thy óracles disdain:
156 Thy tender mercies, Lord! how gréat they are!
Still let Thy judgments chéer me and sustain!

157 My foes and persecutors fiérce abound,
Yet have I not from Thý commands declined:
158 I the transgressors view with gríef profound,
Because they keep not Thý commands in mind!

159 Think how I love the precepts óf Thy mouth,
And, of Thy mercy, ráise me, weak and poor:
160 The whole of Thy revealëd wórd is truth;
The judgments of Thy ríghteousness endure!

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161 Though princes persecute withóut a cause,
Awed by Thy word, my héart from sin recoils:
162 I have exulted in Thy hóly laws
As one that findeth gréat and precious spoils!

163 I hate and utterly abhór deceit,
But for Thy law retáin a love sincere:
164 Seven times a day Thy praises I' repeat,
For all Thy righteous júdgments I revere!

165 Abundant peace have they that lóve Thy law;
No stumbling-block it óffers to the meek:

166 From Thy salvation all my hópes I draw;
The way of Thy commándments, Lord! I seek.

167 I daily on Thy óracles refléct,
And keep them, for I lóve them fervently:
168 Thy precepts and Thy judgments I′ respect,
For all my ways are mánifest to Thee!

169, 70 Jehovah! let my prayer accéptance meet,—
Instruct me in the thíngs that I have heard:
Let my petition reach Thy mércy-seat,—
"Deliver me accórding to Thy word!"

171 Then shall my lips of all Thy wónders tell,
For Thou wilt teach me whát Thy law contains:
172 My tongue responsive, on Thy wórd shall dwell,
For righteous all the précepts it ordains!

173 Let Thy right hand in my behálf be strong,
For Thy commandments I′ have made my choice:
174 Jehovah! I for Thy salvátion long,
And in Thy law with mý whole heart rejoice!

175 My soul still lives to praise Thee! I′ am weak,
But by Thy judgments hélp'd. In distant lands,
176 As a lost sheep I wander: séek, O seek
Thy servant, who forgéts not Thy commands!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN my distress to Gód I cry,
For to my práyer He will attend:
2 Jehovah! from the líps that lie,
And from the tóngue of guile, defend!

3 What, O false Tongue! will Hé assign?
Yea, what rewárd on thee confer?
4 A murderer's deadly sháfts are thine,
With burning cóals of juniper!

5 Alas! that I am Mésech's guest,
That I in Kédar's tents sojoúrn:
6 7 I dwell with those who péace detest;
For peace I pléad; for war they burn!

PSALM CXXI.

1 UNTO the hills I líft mine eyes,
Whence cómes almighty aid:
2 My help will from the Lórd arise,
Who héav'n and earth hath made!

3 "He will not let thy fóot be moved,
"For hóurly watch He keeps:
4 "He Who hath Israel's gúardian proved—
"When slúmbers He or sleeps?

5 "The Lord will keep thee ín thy way,
"And bé thy shade at noon:
6 "The sun shall not afflíct by day,
"Nor sháll by night the moon!

7 "He from all evil wíll defend,
"All énemies controul:
"The Lord will keep thee tó the end;
"He wíll preserve thy soul!

8 "Jehovah hath thy guárdian been,
"And wíll be watchful o'er
"Thy going-out and cóming-in,
"Now, ánd for evermore!"

Psalm CXXII. *First Version.*

1 My heart rejoices when my bréthren say,
"Come we together tó the House of God:"
2 For I remember with delíght the day
When at thy gates, O Sálem! first I stood.

3 We greet thee, Salem! we with rápture greet
The re-built City, thát unites all ranks:
4 There Israel's law enjoins the tríbes to meet,—
Jehovah's tribes, to gíve Jehovah thanks!

5 The seats of judgment are estáblished there,
The thrones of David ánd of David's seed:
6 For thee, O Salem! lift we úp a prayer;
To them that love thee bléssings are decreed!

7 Peace be within thy walls! and plénty make
Thy palaces her pérmanent abode!
8 9 May'st thou be prospered for my bréthren's sake,
And for the temple's sáke, where dwells our God!

PSALM CXXII. *Second Version.*

1 HOW our hearts withín us burn
When we héar our brethren say,
"To Jehovah's Hóuse return;"—
For we've háiled before the day,
2 And already stóod with them
At thy gátes, Jerusalem!

3 All harmonious ánd complete,
Lo! the ré-built City stands:
4 There the tribes for wórship meet;
Israel's láw no less demands:
There Jehovah's tríbes proclaim
Loud hosánnas to His name!

5 And the judgment-séats are there,
There the thrónes of David's line:
6 Lift we up for hér a prayer,—
"Peace, O Sálem! peace be thine!"
Prospered by the Gód above,
Be they áll who Salem love!

7 Peace her home withín thee make;
Plenty ín thy mansions dwell!
8 For our friends and bréthren's sake,
Ever wíll we wish thee well;

9 Ever plead for thée in prayer,
For Jehóvah's House is there!

Psalm CXXIII.

1 To Thee, uplifted áre mine eyes,
O Thou that dwéllest in the skies!
2 As servants watch their máster's hand,
Or wait their místress's command,
So for the Lord our Gód we wait,
Till He regárd our low estate!

3 4 Jehovah, we for mércy plead,
For help in thís our time of need;
Despised are we, a ráce forlorn,
Our soul is óverwhelmed with scorn;
Derided by the thóughtless crowd,
Spurned by the árrogant and proud!

Psalm CXXIV.

1 Unless the Lord for ús had wrought,
Well nów may Israel say,—
2 Unless the Lord for ús had fought,
When mén rose up to slay:

3 4 Then would the torrents, ín their rage,
Have swállowed us alive:
Such furious warfare díd they wage,
So fór the mastery strive!

5 Then the proud waves had ó'er us past,
And búried us beneath;
6 But praised be God who héld us fast,
Nor gáve us to their teeth!

7 Our soul escapes as dóth a bird
From fówler's snare released:
The snare is broken át His word;
Captívity hath ceased!

(The Lord, the God of Góds proclaim;
To Hím be homage paid:)
8 Our help is in Jehóvah's name,
Who héav'n and earth hath made!

PSALM CXXV.

1 THEY that in God alóne confide,
And of Jehóvah help implore,
As the Mount Zion sháll abide
Firm and unmóved for evermore!

2 As stand the mountains áll around
His chosen séat, Jerusalem,
The Lord is with His péople found,
On every síde defending them!

3 For, on the portion óf the meek,
The tyrant's scéptre shall not rest;
Lest they who now Jehóvah seek,
Resort to ídols when oppressed.

4 Jehovah! of Thy mércy give
Thy blessing tó the pure in heart;
To all who in obédience live,
The treasures óf Thy grace impart!

5 But those who tortuous páths pursue,
The Lord will bánish and destroy
With all who deeds of évil do:—
May Israel péace and rest enjoy!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXXVI.

1 When Zion's captives hóme were brought,
'Twas as a dréam—what God had wrought;
2 Then was our mouth with láughter filled,
Our tongue with shóuts of transport thrilled!

Exclaimed the heathen, fár and wide,
"The Lord was stróng on Israel's side:"
3 Yea! strong for us, and wé were glad;
Great things, indéed, achieved He had!

4 Again may we, who cáptives mourn,
As rivers ín the south return:
5 Thy promise, Lord! in mémory keep,—
"Who sow in téars, in joy shall reap!"

6 He that now, weeping, fórth may go,
In faith, the précious seed to sow,
A harvest in the énd receives:
He comes agáin, and brings his sheaves!

PSALM CXXVII.

1 UNLESS to build Jehóvah deign,
The builders stríve in vain to build;
Unless Jehovah gúard, in vain
The City ís with warders filled!

2 Vain are your cares, who éarly rise,
And o'er whose tóil night's shadows creep;
While ye but eat the bréad of sighs,
He giveth Hís belovëd sleep.

3 Children are blessings fróm above,
And a rewárd, when true they stand;
4 The sons of youthful párents prove
As arrows ín a giant's hand.

5 How happy is the lót of those,
Who have their qúiver full of them!
When in the Gate they méet their foes,
They, fearless, fórce with force will stem!

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 WHOSO pursues the way of Hís commands,
And fears Jehovah, greátly blest is he:—
2 Thou shalt enjoy the labour óf thy hands;
Oh the abundant bléssings promised thee!

3 4 Thy wife shall to the fruitful víne compare,
Within thy walls: thy sóns around thy board,
Shall to young olive-plants résemblance bear:
Thus shall the man be blést, that fears the Lord!

5 Jehovah, out of Zion, ón thee shine!
May'st thou behold Jerúsalem increase!
6 See thy sons' sons, a long-endúring line,
And Israel in prospérity and peace!

Psalm CXXIX.

1 2 They sorely have oppressed me fróm my youth,
Yea, grievously oppréssed me; (of a truth,
May Israel say:) they have indéed assailed
From my youth upward; bút have not prevailed!

3 Oft have the ploughers ploughed upón my back,
And made, of furrows, mány a lengthened track:
4 But righteous is Jehovah, Whó rewards
The wicked, and asúnder cuts their cords!

5 Backward will Zion's énemies be drív'n;
They all will perish, whó with her have striv'n,
6 E'en as the grass upon the hóuse-top sown,
The blade that withers ére it be up-grown;

7 As herbage which the reaper's hánd deceives,
Nor fills the lap of hím that binds the sheaves:
8 No passer-by will greet you, ór exclaim,
"We bless you in the Lórd Jehovah's name!"

Psalm CXXX.

1 2 I call from lowest dépths and dark;
Jehovah! héar my supplication:
3 If Thou iníquities should'st márk,
Oh, who could béar Thine indignation?

4 But Thou art ready tó forgive,
That men may réverence Thee and live!

5 I wait for God: my sóul doth wait,
On His sure prómises relying:
6 My eagerness as théir's is great,
Who for the dáwn of day are sighing;
The watchers for the mórn may pine,
But more for Thée, this heart of mine!

(*Pause.*)

7 "O Israel! in the Lórd confide,
"For He of mércy is the giver:
"He full redemption wíll provide,
"And from thy lóad of guilt deliver:
8 "Jehovah will, in lóve supreme,
"Israel from áll his sins redeem!"

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O LORD! my heart is nót aspiring,
Nor aught the wórld can give desiring:
I on deep matters dó not enter,
Nor on concérns too lofty venture:
2 Truly I have my sóul demeaned
As one his móther long had weaned;
As a wean'd child's is mý behaviour.—
3 "O Israel! trúst in God thy Saviour."

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CXXXII.

1 Remember David and his tróubles, Lord!
All his affliction ín remembrance bear:
2 The vow he vowed, Thou in Thy bóok record,
The oath he to the Stréngth of Jacob sware!

3 I will not to my tábernacle gó,
Enter my house, nor clímb into my bed;
4 I will not let mine eye-lids slúmber knów,
Nor will I rest the témples of my head,—

5 Till for Jehovah I have fóund a place,
A dwelling for the Lórd of earth and skies;
For Jacob's God, the Strength of I'srael's race:
Till then in sleep I wíll not close mine eyes!

6 We tidings heard of it at E'phratah,
We found it in the fórest-fields of Jaar:
7 "Come to His courts and your requésts prefer;
"Bow down before his fóotstool, suppliants there!"

8 Arise, O Lord! aríse into Thy rést,
Thou, and the ark, the sýmbol of Thy might:
9 With robes of righteousness Thy príests invest,
And let Thy saints in shóuts of joy unite!

10 For David—for Thy servant Dávid's sake,
Oh never Thine Anóinted-One disown!
11 The Lord His oath to David wíll not break,—
"I, of thy seed, will sét upon thy throne!

12 "If to My covenant thy sóns take heed,
"And to the statutes thát I teach submit,
"Their sons shall in an endless líne succeed,
"And in the throne prepáred for David, sit!"

13 The Lord hath chosen Zion fór His seat,
He Salem as His dwélling hath admired:
14 "This is My rest—My undistúrbed retreat;
"Here will I dwell, for thís have I desired!

15 "I will abundantly her íncrease bless,
"And satisfy her lónging poor with bread;
16 "Invest her priests with robes of ríghteousness,
"And make her saints triúmphant in their head!

17 "There will I make resplendent Dávid's might;
"To mine Anointed I′ decree renown;
18 "I will His enemies with sháme requite,
"But He shall wear a néver-fading crown!"

PSALM CXXXIII. *First Version.*

1 BEHOLD, what pleasure ánd delight,
Where brethren áll in love unite!
2 'Tis like the precious óil that shed
Its balmy frágrance on the head,
And down the beard, e'en A′aron's, wended,
Yea, to his gárments' skirts descended!

3 Fraternal love, where áll are true,
Is cheering ás the early dew
That falls on Hermon, ór distils
On Zion's párched and sun-burnt hills:

4 The Lord, where love unítes all hearts,
His blessing—éndless life—imparts!

Psalm CXXXIII. *Second Version.*

1 Behold, how pássing sweet
Where áll as brethren meet!
2 'Tis like the pérfume rare,
Outpóured on head revered;
The precious óintment there,
Descénding to the beard,
E'en Aaron's beard, and stíll descending
Till with his gárment's border blending!

3 Or, like the ódorous dews,
That fár their scents diffuse;
As when on Hérmon's heights,
Celéstial balm distils;
Nor only thére alights,
But wátereth Zion's hills:
4 The Lord, where love fratérnal reigneth,
His blessing—éndless life—ordaineth!

Psalm CXXXIV.

1 Bless ye the Lord, ye servants óf the Lord,
Who in Jehovah's témple stand by night!
2 Uplift ye holy hands with óne accord,
And bless Jehovah, Gód of truth and might!

(*Pause.*)

3 "The Maker of the heav'ns and éarth and sea—
"Jehovah, out of Zíon prosper thee!"

PSALM CXXXV.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah! bless Jehóvah's name!
Ye servants of the Lórd! His praise proclaim;
2 All ye that stand within the dréad abode—
Or in the courts aróund it—of our God!

3 Praise ye Jehovah, and His góodness tell;
Sing, for 'tis pleasant ón His name to dwell;
4 For choice of Jacob for Himsélf He makes,
And Israel for His ówn possession takes!

5 Well know I that the Lord our Gód is great,—
Above all Gods, supréme in power and state;
6 Accomplishing whatever Hé doth please,
In heav'n and earth, and ín the depths and seas!

7 From the vast circle bounding éarth and skies,
He makes the clouds in vápoury mists to rise:
He sends the rains, and gives the líghtning wings,
And stormy winds out óf His storehouse brings!

8 The first-born both of man and béast He smote,
And signs and wonders—míracles of note,
9 Into the midst of thee, O E'gypt! sent,
On Pharaoh and his sérvants insolent!

10 He smote great nations, mighty kíngs o'erthrew;
11 12 Sihon the A'morite, and O'g He sléw,
Of Bashan King; and faithful tó His word,
On Israel's tribes all Cánaan's lands conferred.

13 Thy name, O Lord! for ever wíll endure,
From age to age are Thý memorials sure:
14 His people's cause Jehovah wíll maintain,
And to take pity ón His servants deign.

15 Silver and gold the heathen's ídols are,
The work of hands, frail mán thĕ artificer:
16 A mouth they have, that speaks not nór replies;
And eyes they have, but sée not with their eyes!

17 Their ears no consciousness of sóund denote,
Nor is there any bréath within their throat;
18 And they that make are like them: só are all
That trust in idols, ánd on idols call!

19 O House of Israel! bless Jehóvah's name;
O House of Aaron! bléss Jehovah's name;
20 O House of Levi! bless Jehóvah's name;
Let all that fear Jehóvah, bless His name!

21 Praise ye the Lord! Jehovah's náme be praised!
By all in Zion bé hosannas raised
To Him who makes Jerúsalem His séat:
Praise ye the Lord! give thánks, for it is meet!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXXXVI.

1-4 Render to Jehóvah praise—
God of Góds, and King of Kings!
Who is kind in áll His ways,
And alóne doth wondrous things;

Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

5 Sing His praise with héarts devout,
Who the héav'ns by wisdom made;
6 Who the earth itsélf stretched out,
And upón the waters laid;
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

7 He to whom we hómage pay,
Made yon lúminaries bright;
8 9 Gave the sun to rúle the day,
Moon and stárs to rule the night:
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

10 12 He proud Egypt's fírstborn smote,
And, amíd the dire alarm,
Brought His people I'srael out
With strong hánd and out-stretched arm;
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

13-15 He the Red Sea cléft in twain,
And when I'srael had past through,
Gave to the devóuring main
Pharaoh ánd his impious crew:
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

16 He His people máde to thread
Through the wílderness their way;

17 18 He smote mighty kíngs, their dread,
Kings of prówess in their day;
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

19 20 He the A′morite down-cláve,
Sihon—O′g of Bashan, too;
21 22 And to us His sérvants gave
Their posséssions whom He slew;
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

23 24 He, remembering ús in thrall,
Us from óur oppressors bore;
He dispenseth fóod to all,—
God, the Gód of heav'n adore;
Let hosannas lóud ascend,
For His mércy hath no end!

Psalm CXXXVII. *First Version.*

1 By Babel's waters we sat dówn and wept
When we remembered Zíon's widowëd state;
2 Our harps, no more for joy or sólace kept,
We on the willows húng, disconsolate!

3 4 For they that captive carried ús away,
Could mirth amid our héaviness demand:
"Sing one of Zion's mélodies," said théy:—
How could we sing them ín the stranger's land?

5 If I for thee, O Salem! céase to grieve,
Let my right hand her cúnning strait forgét!
6 Yea, to my palate let my párched tongue cleave,
If I on Salem céase my heart to set!

7 Remember, Lord! that day of gríef profound,
When Salem's altars únderfoot were trod!
That cry of "Rase it, rase it tó the ground,"
Remember against E'dom, O Lord God!

8 9 Thy doom impends, Daughter of Bábylon!
Prosper shall he, who, déaf to cries and groans,
Shall do to thee as thou to ús hast done:
E'en dash thy líttle-ones agáinst the stónes!

PSALM CXXXVII. *Second Version.*

(*A Paraphrase.*)

1 2 GAZING on Babylon's tówers, we sat weeping;
Calm lay the wáters, in moonlight resplendent:
Salem, in memory fónd, we were keeping,
Mute hung our hárps, from the willows dependent!

3 There would the tyrants who cáptives had made us,
Call in derísion for mirth and for gladness:
Those who had wasted and spóiled, could upbraid us,
Wonder why héart-broken slaves were in sadness!

"Sing of your Salem a sóng!—ye were vaunting,
"Yours was a Gód that could rescue from danger!"
4 "How can we sing," we replíed to their taunting,
"Songs of the Lórd, in the land of the stranger?"

5 If for my home I should céase to be grieving,
Let my right hánd lose her cunning for ever;
6 To the roof of my mouth let my fálse tongue be cleaving,
If, from my héart, aught Jerusalem sever!

7 Day of Jerusalem! dáy unexampled!
Think, O Lord Gód! of fierce Edom's invasion:
Think of their cry, as on áltars they trampled,
"Down with it! dówn to its very foundation!"

8 9 Daughter of Babylon! píning, forsaken,
Prosper shall hé, who returns thee no pity;
He, in whose grasp are thy líttle-ones taken—
Taken, and dáshed on the stones of thy City!

Psalm CXXXVIII.

1 With my whole heart I sing of Thý renown,
Before the Gods Thy mátchless deeds proclaim:
2 Towards Thy holy temple I′ bow down,
And for Thy truth and mércy praise Thy name:
Beyond it, has Thy promise béen fulfilled;
3 Thou when I called hast héard, and strength instilled!

4 The Rulers of the Earth shall síng of Thee,
When of Thy mouth the grácious words they hear;
5 Jehovah's ways their lofty théme shall be,
For great Jehovah's glóry will appear:
6 Though He is high, the lowly Hé respects,
But, on the proud, far óff, His frown directs!

7 I amid troubles walk, but chéered by Thee;
Though enemies aróund me rage and storm,
Thy hand preserves, Thy right-hand réscues me;
8 All things for me Jehóvah will perform:
Firm as a rock, O Lord! Thy mércy stands;
Forsake not Thou the wórk of Thine own hands!

MORNING PRAYER.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1 JEHOVAH! Thou the séarcher art
And the discérner of the heart:
2 My rising-up and sítting-down,
My thoughts far óff, to Thee are known!

3 Thou art about my páth, my bed;
Before Thee áll is open spread:
4 When not a word my líps disclose,
All my desígns Omniscience knows!

5 Behind, before, in évery place,
Thy hand omnípotent I trace:
6 Such knowledge far my réach transcends;
My daily séarch in wonder ends!

7 Where could I hide mysélf from Thee?
Oh whither fróm Thy Spirit flee?
8 In heav'n Thou art!—if I′ prepare
My bed in Hádes, Thou art there!

9 Could I the wings of mórning take,
And ocean's bóunds my dwelling make,
10 Thy hand would lead me ás of old,
Thy right-hand stíll retain its hold!

11 12 Could I the darkness gáther round,
And wrap me ín its shades profound,
As clear as day the níght would be;
The darkness dárkeneth not from Thee!

As noon-day light to Thée it shines;
One place for bóth Thy will assigns:
13 My reins were fashioned dáy by day,
When in my móther's womb I lay.

14 I, who am márvellously máde,
Revere Thy pówer in me displayed;
And with a grateful héart declare,
Thy works were wróught in mystery there.

15 When in the inmost dépths concealed,
To Thee were áll my bones revealed:
The fine-wov'n covering fór them wrought,
Was there to fúll perfection brought.

16 Thine eyes my unformed súbstance traced,
And in Thy régister was placed
The length of days I hád to run,
Before I hád completed one.

17 How precious are Thy thóughts to me!
What proofs of ténder care I see!
Thy mercies in depárted years—
How vast the súm of them appears!

18 If I would reckon théir amount,
Far sooner I′ the sand could count:
In all my waking hóurs, I find,
Thou, Lord! art présent to my mind!

19 The wicked Thou wilt sláy, O God!
(Leave me, ye mén that thirst for blood!)
20 They talk of Thee, their énds to gain,
And take Thy hóly name in vain!

21 Lord! do not I Thy háters hate?
Am not I gríeved with them, ingrate?
22 Mine to a hatred déep is grown;
I count Thy énemies my own.

23 Search me, O God! my héart and mind;
Be every thóught from sin refined!
24 See if in aught I gó astray,
And lead me ín the living way!

PSALM CXL.

1 DELIVER from the evil mán, O Lord!
And from the víolent preserve my lífe:
2 They in their hearts imagine déeds abhorred,
All the day long intént to stir up strife:
3 As serpents they prepare their tóngues to strike;
The poison of their líps is adder-like!

4 5 Keep me, O Lord! from wicked hánds defend;
To Thee I from the víolent appeal:
To overthrow my goings théy intend,
A snare for me and córds the proud conceal:

By the way-side they spread for mé a net;
They with their toils my évery path beset!

6 My God Thou art! I to Jehóvah say;
My supplications héar, Thy shield outspread:
7 O Lord Jehovah! of my stréngth the stay,
Who coverest in báttle-hour my head,
8 Let not the wicked their desíres obtain;
Prosper them not; permít them not to reign!

9 10 Their doom is fixt, who cómpass me abóut;
On them will fall, of théir own lips the curse:
For covering, burning coals will bé poured out
In torrents on the héads of those perverse;
Into deep pits the útterers of líes
Will be cast headlong, néver more to rise!

11 No root on earth the slánderer will gáin;
Him, Evil will pursúe and overthrow:
12 Jehovah will the sufferer's cáuse maintain—
The right of the afflícted; this I know.
13 The righteous, truly, thanks to Thée shall give,
The upright, in Thy blíssful presence live!

Psalm CXLI.

1 I call, Jehovah! hasten únto me;
Give ear unto my vóice, invoking Thee:
2 For as the daily incense ís my prayer,
My cries for help unínterrupted are:
My hands in earr est supplicátion rise
As duly as the évening sacrifice!

3 A watch, O Lord! upon my móuth be placed;
Let no rash word escápe my lips through haste:
4 Let me not harbour any íll design,
Nor to their evil práctices incline
Whose lives are spent in treachery ánd deceit;
Nor let me of their cóstly dainties eat!

5 The Just-One smites me, yea, the Ríghteous-One,
But all I feel in mércy to be done:
I from His chastisement will nót recoil;
It shall be welcome ás the precious oil;
My head doth not refuse it! Dáy by day,
For them in their calámities I pray.

6 E'en when their leaders—searching tó and fro—
Were suffered into cléfts of rocks to go,
And had a danger ímminent incúrred,
No words from me but géntle words they heard;
7 And yet, as when one cuts and cléaves the ground,
At the pit's mouth our bónes lie strewed around!

8 To Thee I look, Jehovah! mý Lord God!
In Thee I trust: Oh póur not out my blood!
9 Preserve me from the snares which théy have laid,
And from the pits that wícked men have made:
10 Into their own, will evil dóers fall,
While we, together, sháll escape them all!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXLII.

1 I TO the Lord my críes address,
And make my éarnest supplication;
2 Present before Him mý distress,
And breathe my móurnful meditation!

3 When my lone spirit sínks dismayed,
Thine eye the wánderer's track is viewing:
A snare they prívily have láid
E'en in the páth I am pursuing!

4 I on my right-hand lóok to see,
But there is nó man that will know me;
All hope of refuge fáileth me,
Compassion nó one cares to show me!

5 But still I call upón Thy name,
Full credence tó Thy promise giving:
Thou art my refuge, I′ exclaim,
My portion, Lórd! among the living.

6 Hear me, Jehovah! whén I cry;
Brought down I ám, my strength is failing:
Stronger my énemies than I′,
And earthly hélp is unavailing!

7 O Lord! from prison bríng me out,
And to Thy náme I thanks will render:
Thy saints will cómpass me abóut,
For Thou wilt stíll be my defender!

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD! hear my prayer, my supplicátion hear;
Answer in truth, in fáithfulness draw near:
2 And let not Justice on my dóom decide,
For, in Thy sight, shall nóne be justified!

3 The enemy is with my sóul at strife:
He to the earth has smítten down my life,
And made me dwell in darkness, óut of sight,
As those long dead, who néver see the light!

4 And therefore doth my spirit táke no rest;
My heart is désolate, and sóre oppréssed:
5 I meditate on all Thy wórks of old,
The wondrous works of whích our fathers told!

6 In anguish I stretch forth to Thée the hand;
My soul is thirsting ás a weary land:
7 Haste, Lord! my spirit fails; hide nót Thy face,
Lest to the grave I sínk, and leave no trace!

8 Thy mercy in the morning lét me hear,
For I to Thee in stéadfast faith draw near;
Cause me to know the way that I′ should take,
For unto Thee I súpplication make.

9 Save me, Jehovah! for to Thée I flee;
10 Teach me to do the thíng that pleaseth thee:
My God thou art, and wilt supplý my need;
In a right path, let Thý good Spirit lead!

11 Lord! for Thy name's sake keep my sóul alive,
In faithfulness my dróoping heart revive:
12 Thou, for Thy servant's help wilt ínterpose,
And, in Thy mercy, wílt destroy my foes!

MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm CXLIV.

1 Jehovah, God my Róck, be praised;
My voice in gráteful hymns be raised:
To teach my hands to wár He deigns,
My fingers fór the conflict trains!

2 My friend He is, my fórtress, tower,
Deliverer, shíeld in battle-hour:
In Him I put my trúst, for He
Subdues the nátions under me!

3 Lord! what is man to cláim Thy care,
The son of mán Thy thoughts to share:
4 He as a vapour dísappears;
As fleeting shádows flee his years!

5 6 But bow thy heav'ns, that át Thy tread
The hills may smóke; with lightnings dread,
Scatter, discomfit ánd disperse;
Thine arrows shówer on those perverse!

7 Send down Thine hand, and sét me free;
From the great wáters rescue me,
8 From the strange children úttering lies,
Whose right-hand fálsely testifies!

9 Then a new song will I′ present,
A psalm with tén-stringed instrument;
10 To Him who gives succéss to kings,
And out of péril David brings.

11 The alien's sons my life demand,
But rid me fróm their ruthless hand:
For with their mouth they útter lies;
Their right-hand fálsely testifies!

12 Oh that our sons—trained úp in truth—
As plants may flóurish in their youth;
Our daughters, a reséemblance bear
To corner-stónes of buildings rare!

13 Our barns be pléntifully stóred,
And ample sústenance afford;
Our sheep, alike in fóld and field,
Thousands and téns of thousands yield!

14 Our oxen laden máy we see;
No breach, no strífe amongst us be!
No going-forth, to gríeve our eyes;
No murmurs ín our streets arise!

15 Oh the rich blessings thát await
The people foúnd in such a state!
What will not be on thém bestowed,
Who have Jehóvah for their God?

PSALM CXLV.

1 I WILL extol Thee, O my Gód and King!
And praise Thy glorious náme for evermore:
2 Daily I bless Thee, daily óf Thee sing,
And Thy great name etérnally adore!

3 Great is the Lord, and great is Hís renown;
Unsearchable His gréatness, infinite!
4 From age to age Thy deeds are hánded down,
And men recount the márvels of Thy might!

5 Thy glorious majesty, Thy pówer immense,
Thy fame and wondrous wórks will I declare;
6 Thy fearful acts relate with áwe intense,
And Thy magníficence in mémory béar!

7 Men, too, Thy goodness with delíght shall show,
And of Thy truth the rích memorials trace:
8 The Lord is pitiful, to ánger slow,
A God of loving-kíndness and of grace!

9 Jehovah is benéficent to áll;
His mercy over áll His works extends:
10 Thy works, O Lord! to grátitude recáll,
And from Thy saints the vóice of praise ascends.

11 The glory of Thy kingdom théy proclaim,
And to the sons of mén Thy power make known:
12 That Thy great deeds, and that Thy kíngdom's fame—
Its majesty and glóry, men may own!

13 Thy kingdom is an everlásting one,
And Thy dominion néver will decline;
Thy years the age of ages wíll outrun,
A kingdom of etérnities is Thine!

14 The Lord himself upholdeth áll that fall,
And lifteth up all thóse that be brought low:
15 On Thee, Jehovah! wait the éyes of all,
And in due time Thou dóst their meat bestow!

16 Thou openest Thine hand at théir desire,
Dispensing to all líving creatures food:
17 Jehovah's ways to righteous énds conspire,
In all His works the Lórd is kind and good!

18 To all that call on Him the Lórd is nigh,
To all that call on Hím with heart sincere:
19 Their wish who fear Him He will sátisfy,
And when they cry for mércy, He will hear.

20 The Lord preserves all those that lóve His ways,
But He the wicked óverwhelms with shame:
21 My lips shall celebrate Jehóvah's praise,
And let all flesh for éver bless His name!

PSALM CXLVI.

1 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord! praise the Lórd, O my Soul!
Jehovah, as lóng as I live I will praise:
I will sing to my God as my yéars onward roll;
While my being endúres—to the end of my days!

3 In princes and potentates pút not your trust;
In a child of mortálity help there is none:
4 His breath goeth forth, he retúrns to the dust,
And leaves, in that dáy, his devices undone!

5 But blessëd—unspeakably bléssëd, is he,
That trusts Jacob's Gód—trusts Jehovah the Lord,
6 7 Who created the heav'ns and the éarth and the sea,
And all things thereín, by the breath of His word!

Who keepeth the truth; who His prómises heeds,
And executes júdgment for all the oppressed;
Who provides for the hungry; the fámishing feeds,
And to loose men from príson sends forth His behest!

8 9 'Tis Jehovah, that opens the éyes of the blind,
And raises up thém that are bowed down with woes;
To the righteous, Jehovah is lóving and kind;
For the stranger He ténder solicitude shows!

Jehovah the orphan and wídow sustains,
But the plans of the wícked defeats with His frown:
10 O Zion! thy God everlástingly réigns;
Throughout all generátions endures His renown!

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm CXLVII.

1 O praise ye the Lord! for it trúly is meet
To síng to our God evermore:
It is pleasant His marvellous ácts to repeat,
It becómes us to praise and adore!

2 Jehovah the fallen Jerúsalem rears,
And the óutcasts of Israel restores:
3 He healeth the broken in héart, and appears
Ever réady to bind up their sores!

4 The number He tells, of the stárs that give light,
And cálleth each one by its name:
5 That great is our Lord, both in wísdom and might,—
Unspéakably great, they proclaim!

6 Jehovah exalteth the húmble and meek,
But cásteth the proud to the earth:
7 Of Jehovah with love and with grátitude speak;
To our Gód, strike the harp in your mirth!

8 He assembleth the clouds, and prepáreth the rains;
On the gráss of the mountains they fall:
9 He gives to the cattle their fóod, and sustains
The young rávens, that clamorously call.

10 No delight in the strength of the hórse doth He take,
Or in mán, for his swiftness of speed:
11 The Lord His abode with the húmble will make,—
With the cóntrite, His mercy who plead!

12 O Salem! thy thanks to Jehóvah be paid;
O Zíon! thy God be confessed,
13 Who strengthens the bars of thy gátes, and hath made
Thy sóns in the midst of thee blest!

14 Who establishes peace in thy bórders, and fills
Thy bárns with the finest of wheat:
15 Whose commandment the world's jarring élements stills;
Whose wórd as the lightning is fleet!

16 He gives snow as 'twere wool, and dispérses around
His hóar-frost as dust on the land:
17 He casts down as morsels His háil on the ground;
His cóld—who before it can stand?

18 The snow and the ice at His míghty word melt;
He cáuseth His south-wind to blow,
And a power that pervades the huge másses is felt;
He máketh the waters to flow!

19 His statutes to Jacob the Lórd hath made known,
To I'srael His wonderful ways:
20 To no people besides, hath such fávour been shown:
The Lórd God Omnipotent praise!

Psalm CXLVIII.

1 O praise ye the Lord! praise Jehóvah the Lord!
In the heav'ns praise our Gód; in the heights sing His praise:
2 All ye angels of His! His high práises record;
Ye His minist'ring hósts! hymns of gratitude raise.

3 Sun and moon! and ye stars, ever rádiant with light!
To Jehovah your gráteful hosannas outpour:
4 Ye heav'ns of the heav'ns! be proclaiming His might;
Ye waters abóve the heav'ns! praise and adore.

5 His name be extolled, for He gáve the command—
Jehovah our Gód—and created were they:
6 For ever and ever He máde them to stand;
They cease not, the láw that He gave, to obey.

(*Pause.*)

7 8 In the earth praise the Lord!—O ye drágons and deeps,
Fire, hail, snow and míst!—storms, fulfilling His word!
9 Ye mountains and hills! from your vállies and steeps;
Ye fruit-trees and cédars! be praising the Lord!

10 11 Ye beasts! flocks and herds! creeping thíngs! birds on wing!
Kings, people, and prínces! earth's rulers! unite:
12 Ye young men and maidens! His májesty sing;
Ye old men and chíldren! His wonders recite!

13 Be the name of Jehovah for éver your theme!
Let your anthems of práise to Him only arise,
For His name in the heights and the dépths is supreme;
His glory transcénds both the earth and the skies!

14 He exalteth the horn of His péople on high;
And His saints, one and áll, hallelujahs should raise,
As of Israel the sons—as a péople brought nigh:—
Jehovah, the Lórd God Omnipotent praise!

PSALM CXLIX.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord in the gréat congregation!
Where assemble His sáints a new song let us sing!
2 He made thee, O Israel!—the Gód of Creation,
Ye children of Zíon! adore as your King!

3 Extol ye His name to the lúte keeping measure;
With the timbrel and hárp His high praises resound:
4 In the people that fear Him the Lórd taketh pleasure;
The humble and méek with salvation are crowned!

5 Aloud at their feasts let them síng of His glory, [land:
Who freed them from bóndage, and gave them the
6 In the mouths of His saints be the wónderful story,
And the two-edgëd swórd of the Lord in their hand!

7 To execute vengeance, the ríghteous decision,
The punishment Hé to His foes hath assigned:
8 Their kings to enchain,—such Jehóvah's commission,—
And princes and nóbles in fetters to bind!

9 To inflict on the nations the sentence recorded,
Is yours, O ye péople that walk in His ways!
To you, the Most High hath this hónour awarded:
Jehovah, the Lórd God Omnipotent praise!

Psalm CL.

1 Sing aloud unto God! in His témple sing praise!
Let the earth and the fírmament tell of His might!
2 For Jehovah's high deeds, hymns of grátitude raise;
For His infinite gréatness, in praises unite!

3 Let the voice of the trumpet in práises ascend;
Sing praises to Hím with the harp and the lute!
4 Let timbrel and pipe and stringed ínstruments blend
In the chorus of práise, nor let organs be mute!

5 6 Sing praises with cymbals—the sóft and the loud!
Let all breathing thíngs sing Jehovah's high praise!
Let His people the courts of His sánctity crowd,
And loud hallelújahs the universe raise!

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Ab. Ez.	Aben Ezra.
Ag.	Agellius.
Arab.	Arabic.
Ben Mel.	Ben Melech.
B. T.	English Bible, 1611.
Byth.	Bythner (edit. 1847).
Camp.	Campensis.
Cast.	Castellio.
Chald.	Chaldee.
Chrys.	Chrysostom.
C. P.	Book of Common Prayer.
Dathe.	J. A. Dathe (edit. 1794).
Dœd.	Dœderlein.
Ethiop.	Ethiopic.
Ew.	Ewald.
F. & S.	French and Skinner (edit. 1842).
Fab.	Faber.
Ges.	Gesenius.
Glas.	Glassius.
Ham.	Dr. Hammond.
Hare	Bishop Hare.
Heb.	Interlineary Hebrew and English Psalter, published by Messrs. Bagster (edit. 1845).
Heng.	Hengstenberg.
Her.	J. G. Herder.
Hitz.	Hitzig.
Hors.	Bishop Horsley.
Jer.	Jerome.
Ken.	Dr. Kennicott.
Kim.	Kimchi.
Knap.	Knappius.
Lee	Professor Lee.
Lowth	Bishop Lowth.
Luth.	Luther.
LXX.	The Septuagint.
Marg.	Margin of English Bible.
Mend.	Mendelssohn.
Mich.	J. D. Michaelis.
Nold.	Noldius.
Noyes.	Prof. Noyes (edit. Boston, U.S., 1846).
Park.	Parkhurst.
Phil.	Rev. George Phillips. "The Psalms in Hebrew, with a Critical, Exegetical, and Philological Commentary." (Edit. 1846.)
Riv.	Rivetus.
Ros.	Rosenmüller.
Schin.	Schindler.
Schul.	Schultens.
Schnur.	Schnurrer.
Syr.	Syriac.
Targ.	Targum.
Tho.	Tholuck.
Til.	Tilingius.
Vul.	Latin Vulgate.
Yar.	Yarchi.

NOTES.

Psalm I.

First Version.—ver. 3, *he* doeth, B. T.; *it* beareth, Byth., Fab., Knap., Lee, F. & S.——ver. 5, therefore, B. T.; because, that, since, Phil.—*ib.*, in the judgment, B. T.; in the great day, Chald., see Ew., Heng., Phil.——ver. 6, knoweth, B. T.; approves, Byth., Dathe, Phil.

Second Version.—ver. 1, Blessed is the man, B. T.; blessings of the man, Heb.; beatitudes, or how well shall it be with him, Byth., Phil.——ver. 2, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, and, B. T.; vero, Dathe; indeed, Phil.—*ib.*, he doeth, B. T.; see above.——ver. 5, therefore, B. T.; see above.——ver. 6, knoweth, B. T.; see above.

Psalm II.

ver. 1, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.——ver. 6, set, B. T.; anointed, Heb., Marg., Byth., Ew., F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, ver. 11, rejoice with trembling, B. T.; cum tremore dolete, Dathe; quake with trembling, Ew.

Psalm III.

ver. 1, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, I cried, B. T.; I will cry, Heb., Phil.—*ib.*, he heard, B. T.; he will answer, Heb., Phil. ——ver. 5, I laid me down and slept; I awaked, B. T.; Ew. and Phil. use the pres. tense.

Psalm IV.

ver. 1, O God, B. T.; O Judge, Phil.——ver. 2, my glory, B. T.; dignitatem meam, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 3, set apart, B. T.; chosen, C. P.; selected, Byth.—*ib.*, godly, B. T.; pious, honest, Byth.—*ib.*, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, stand in awe, B. T.; tremble, Targ., Byth., Ew., F. & S., Phil.——ver. 5, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, the same.——ver. 8, both, B. T.; at the same time, Byth.

Psalm V.

ver. 1, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, my meditation, B. T.; my cry, LXX, Byth.; my sighing, F. & S. (The word here denotes intense anguish of mind, Phil.) my loud complaining, Ew.——ver. 3, I will direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up, B. T.; I will stand by thee, and thou wilt look on me, LXX, (see Phil.)——ver. 5, in thy sight, B. T., before thine eyes, Marg., Heb., Ew.——ver. 8, mine enemies, B. T.; those which observe me, Marg., Heb., Phil. ——ver. 9, their inward part is very wickedness, B. T.; their heart is all malignity, Noyes.—*ib.*, they flatter with their tongue, B. T.; with their tongue they speak smoothly, F. & S.; they make smooth their tongue, Ew., Phil.——ver. 10, destroy them, B. T.; charge them with guilt, Heb.; make their guilt evident, Hors.; declare them to be guilty, Phil.—*ib.*, their transgressions, B. T.; Hors. says, *transgressions* is a weak word to express the original. See his note.——ver. 12, the righteous, B. T.; the righteous, (sg.) Heb.; the Just One, Hors.

Psalm VI.

First Version.—ver. 1, neither chasten me, B. T.; neither chide me, Byth.——ver. 2, vexed, B. T.; disturbed, Byth., who says, the word implies, quickness of motion; tremunt, Dathe, F. & S.; are greatly shaken, Ew.——ver. 3, sore vexed, B. T.; greatly agitated, F. & S.—*ib.*, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 10, (for imp. moods, fut. tenses, Heb., Ew., F. & S.)—*ib.*, sore vexed, B. T.; greatly troubled, Heb.; immo conturbabuntur graviter, Dathe; vehemently shaken, Ew.; greatly confounded, F. & S.

Second Version.—ver. 2, vexed, B. T.; (see above.)——ver. 3, sore vexed, B. T. (see above.)——ver. 6, all the night, B. T.; every night, Marg., F. & S., Ew.——ver. 9, the Lord. B. T.; Jehovah, Heb. ——ver. 10, see above.

Psalm VII.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, If I have rewarded evil to him that was at peace with me, B. T.; if I have requited evil to a friend, Ew.—*ib.*, yea, B. T.; no, Ew.——ver. 6, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, and awake for me to the judgment which thou hast commanded, B. T.; and awake for me; judgment thou hast commanded, Heb.——ver. 7, the congregation of the people, B. T.; .... of the peoples, Heb.; gentium cœtus, Dathe, Phil.——ver. 8, the Lord shall judge the people, B. T.; Jehovah will

judge the peoples, Heb.——ver. 9, for the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins, B. T.; Tu qui probas corda et renes, Deus juste! Dathe; for thou art a searcher of the heart and reins, O righteous God! F. & S.; for thou, O righteous God, triest the hearts and reins, Phil.——ver. 10, my defence is of God, B. T.; my buckler is upon God, Marg., Heb.; God holdeth a shield before me, F. & S.; ——ver. 11, God judgeth the righteous, B. T.; God is a righteous judge, Marg., Dathe, Ew.——ver. 13, he ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors, B. T.; sagittas aptat ardentes, Dathe; he maketh for himself fiery arrows, F. & S.; he maketh his arrows burning, Ew., Phil.

Psalm VIII.

ver. 3, when I consider, B. T.; when I see, Heb., Byth., Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 5, a little lower, B. T.; for a little time inferior, Nold., Phil.

Psalm IX.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.—*ib.*, the wicked, B. T.; the wicked (sg.), Heb. ——ver. 6, O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end; and thou hast destroyed cities, B. T.; The destructions of the enemy are come to a perpetual end; and their cities hast thou destroyed, Marg.; the enemy have ended destructions for ever; and thou hast plucked up cities, Heb.; the enemy — they are come to an end! an eternal desolation! their cities hast thou uprooted, F. & S.——ver. 7, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 9, a refuge, B. T.; an high place, Marg., Heb., Byth.——ver. 11, the people, B. T.; the nations, Heb., Dathe.——ver. 12, the humble, B. T.; the afflicted, humble, broken in spirit, Byth.——ver. 13, thou that liftest me up, B. T.; O mayest thou lift me up, Phil.——ver. 15, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe, Phil.——ver. 17, into hell, B. T.; into Hades, Heb.; the regions of the dead, F. & S.——ver. 19, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe, Phil.

Psalm X.

ver. 2, persecute, B. T.; hotly pursue, Heb., Byth., Phil.—*ib.*, the poor, B. T.; tenues, Dathe.——ver. 3, and blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth, B. T.; the covetous blesseth himself; he abhorreth the Lord, Marg.; he congratulateth himself upon his unjust gains: he holdeth Jehovah in contempt, F. & S.; . . . . he despised Jehovah, Heb.; he contumeliously despised, etc., Byth.,

——ver. 5, always grievous, B. T.; at all times confident, Hors.; firm, Phil.——ver. 6, never, B. T.; unto generation and generation. Marg., Heb., Byth.; per multas ætates, Dathe; for ages to come, F. & S. ——ver. 8, are privily set, B. T.; hide themselves, Marg.——ver. 10, by his strong ones, B. T.; into his strong parts, Marg.; by the strength of his snares, Chald., (see Phil.)——ver. 11, he hideth his face; he will never see it, B. T.; he hath hid his face, lest he should see for ever, Heb.——ver. 13, Thou wilt not require it, B. T.; he careth not for it, Noyes; thou wilt not inquire, i. e., thou wilt make no inquiry, etc., Phil.——ver. 14, to requite it with thy hand, B. T.; to note them upon thine hand, F. & S., (see Dathe, Phil., and Isa. xlix. 16; and markest it upon thy hand, Noyes.——ver. 16, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe.—*ib.*, are perished out of his land, B. T.; auferentur gentes e terra ejus, Dathe; vanished out of his land, Ew. (see also Phil.) ——ver. 17, prepare, B. T.; establish, Marg., Heb.——ver. 18, that the man of the earth may no more oppress, B. T.; the enemy shall no more oppress man from the earth; i.e., an earthy, frail, impotent man, Phil.

Psalm XI.

ver. 1, to your mountain, B. T.; to the mountains, Vul., Dathe, F. & S.; to the mountain, Phil.——ver. 4, the Lord's, B. T.; Jehovah's, Heb.——ver. 8, the righteous, B. T.; the righteous (sg.), Heb.; the Just One, Hors.——ver. 7, for, B. T.; truly, Hors. (that the Heb. particle used here, will bear to be so translated, Phil. shows, vol. ii. 73.)—*ib.*, the righteous Lord, B. T.; righteous is Jehovah, Ew., F. & S., Noyes.—*ib.*, his countenance shall behold the upright, B. T.; the upright will behold his face, Heb., Ew., Noyes.

Psalm XII.

First Version.—ver. 1, The godly man ceaseth, B. T.; good men are coming to an end, F. & S.——ver. 6, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 7, them, B. T.; Heb., him, i.e. every one of them, Marg., Phil.——ver. 8, the vilest men, B. T.; the vilest of the sons of men, Marg., F. & S.

Second Version.—ver. 1, see above.——vers. 3 & 6, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, in a furnace, B. T.; in the glowing fire, Ew. ——ver. 8, when the vilest men are exalted, B. T.; when the vileness of the sons of men is exalted, Phil., who thus explains: when vice

is rewarded with public honours, the wicked behave themselves arrogantly.

Psalm XIII.

ver. 2, take counsel in my soul, B. T.; i.e. deliberate within myself, Phil.——ver. 5, But I have trusted, B. T.; still I rely, Ew.; yet will I trust, Noyes.——ver. 6, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XIV.

ver. 2, 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, ye have shamed, B. T.; derident, Dathe; ye treat contemptuously, Phil.

Psalm XV.

ver. 2, uprightly, B. T.; without stain, LXX., Byth.; in uprightness or blamelessness, Phil.——ver. 4, in whose eyes a vile person is contemned, B. T.; he is despised, is abhorrent, in his [own] eyes, Kim., Phil.

Psalm XVI.

ver. 2, *O my soul*, thou hast said unto the Lord, B. T.; Dixi Jovæ, Dathe, Hors., Noyes; I say unto Jehovah, F. & S.—*ib.*, my goodness *extendeth* not to thee, B. T.; nulla mihi felicitas præter te contingere potest, Dathe; all my happiness resteth upon thee, F. & S.; thou are my highest good, Chald. & Syr., (see Phil.); thou art my happiness, Mend., (Phil.)——ver. 3, but to the saints that are in the earth, B. T.; Mend. thus translates ver. 2, and part of ver. 3: I said to the Eternal, O my Lord! Thou art my happiness. There is nothing beyond Thee, to the holy in this earth! And in his comment there is this remark upon his translation of the words, *beyond thee.* They are applied to the next verse, as if the speaker had said: And also to the hearts of the saints, who are in the earth, and the excellent in whom is all my delight, there is not any happiness above that which is from Thee; for thou art their portion and their inheritance. See Phil. i. 90.——ver. 4, their sorrows shall be multiplied, B. T.; they multiply their idols, Targ., see Byth.; many are the idols of them, Phil.—*ib.*, that hasten *after* another God, B. T.; that give gifts to another, Marg.; who have hasted after another, Heb.; who hasten elsewhere, Phil.—*ib.*, offer, B. T.; pour out, Heb., Phil.——ver. 9, my glory, B. T.; animus meus, Dathe; my mind, F. & S.—*ib.*, shall rest in hope, B. T.; shall dwell in confidence, Heb., F. & S.

NOTES.

Psalm XVII.

First Version.—ver. 4. For arrangement see F. & S., and Phil. ——ver. 7, show thy marvellous lovingkindness, B. T.; make distinguished, etc., Phil.——ver. 10, they are inclosed in their own fat, B. T.; i.e., surrounded with prosperity, Phil.——ver. 12, that is greedy of his prey, B. T.; which will desire to tear, Heb.——ver. 13, disappoint him, B. T.; prevent his face, Marg., Heb.; confront him, F. & S.——ver. 14, whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure, B. T.; quos tuis bonis reples, Dathe. See Byth.—*ib.*, leave the rest of their substance, B. T.; leave their plenty, Heb.; suas copias reponunt, Dathe.

Second Version.—ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——vers. 3, 4, ... *and* shall find nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress. Concerning the works of men, etc., B. T.; . . . thou findest no wicked device in me. My mouth transgresseth not, in compliance with the doings of men, F. & S.——ver. 7, see above. ——ver. 10, their own fat, B. T. The sacred writers employ this term to signify a body pampered to excess by luxury and self-indulgence, F. & S.——ver. 12, lurking, B. T.; sitting, Marg., Heb. ——ver. 13, which is thy sword, B. T.; by thy sword, Marg., Dathe, Hors., Ew., Noyes.

Psalm XVIII.

ver. 1, I will love thee, B. T.; I love thee, Dathe, Lee, F. & S.; from the bowels I will love thee, Byth.; heart-love have I for thee, Ew. According to Bellarmine, the word signifies to love with the greatest intensity: Amare ex intimis visceribus. See Phil., who concurs.—— ver. 3, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, the sorrows, B. T.; the breakers, Hors., who refers to 2 Sam. xxii. 5, where we have the waves of death.—*ib.*, the floods of ungodly men, B. T.; the streams of Belial, Heb., Byth., Dathe.——ver. 5, the sorrows of hell, B. T.; the cords of hell, Marg.; the cords of Hades, Heb.—*ib.*, the snares of death, B. T.; the cords or net, see Byth.; the toils of death, F. & S.; the nets of death, Ew., Noyes.——ver. 6, on the Lord, B. T.; on Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, out of his temple, B. T.; from his palace, i.e., heaven, F. & S.——ver. 10, a cherub, B. T.; the cherubim, F. & S. ——ver. 11, his pavilion, B. T.; his tabernacle, Byth., Phil.——ver. 13, the Lord also thundered, B. T.; Jehovah thundered, Heb.—— ver. 16, He sent from above, B. T.; reaching from above, Ew.; he put forth his hand, F. & S.——ver. 18, they prevented me, B. T.;

impetum in me fecerunt, Dathe; they confronted me. F. & S.——ver. 19, into a large place, B. T.; into liberty, Ew.;——ver. 20, my righteousness, B. T.; mine innocency, F. & S.——ver. 23, and I kept myself from mine iniquity, B. T., i.e., from iniquity on my part, F. & S.; cavebam mihi a peccatis, Dathe. See also Ken.——ver. 24, for I the way, etc., a repetition, or nearly so, of ver. 21 of this rythmical version.——ver. 28, candle, B. T.; lamp, Marg., Heb.—*ib.*, the Lord my God, B. T.; Jehovah, my God, Heb.——ver. 33, and setteth me, B. T.; and letteth me stand, Ew., who refers to Hab. iii. 19, who maketh me walk.——ver. 34, steel, B. T.; so Byth. and Phil.—*ib.*, broken by mine arms, B.T.; bent by my arms, F. & S., Noyes, Phil.; that my arms draw, Ew.——ver. 35, thy gentleness, B. T.; thy kindness, or benignity, Ges., see Phil.——ver. 37, in Heb. fut. tenses; or rather present, according to Lee.——ver. 44, submit themselves unto me, B. T.; yield feigned obedience, Marg., Byth., Mend., Phil. ——ver. 45, shall fade away, B. T., i.e., shall be like a withered or faded leaf, Phil.—*ib.*, and be afraid, B. T.; and gird themselves for flight, or, *they go forth* tremblingly, as worms creep out of their holes. For the notion of combining *fear* with *motion* in this verb, we have the Chald., ... *trembling, fear.* Mend. renders this hemistich in much the same way. . . . so also Ben Melech. Phil.——ver. 46, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 47, the people, B. T.; the nations, Heb.——ver. 49, among the heathen, B. T.; among the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe, F. & S.

Psalm XIX.

ver. 3, The sense of the verse is this: There is no voice and there are no words (i.e., there are no nations or people, of any language or dialect,) without their voice is heard, i.e., to whom the voices of the expanse of heaven have not come; for with all, this voice of the heavens sounds the same, Byth.——ver. 4, their line is gone out through all the earth, B. T.; their sound is gone out into all lands, C. P.; per totum terrarum orbem diffundit sese eorum sonus, Dathe, who adds, Attamen non displicet alia conciliatio, quam *Knappius* (in versione Psalmorum) tentavit. Nempe קוֹ proprie *funis* etiam *chordam* musici instrumenti significasse existimat, ut מְנִים Ps. cl. 4, utrumque notat. Optionem relinquo lectoribus meis; mutatione lectionis receptæ non opus videtur.—*ib.*, a tabernacle, B. T.; a tent, Heb.——ver. 5, to run a race, B. T.; to run the path, Heb.——ver. 7, converting, B. T.; restoring, Marg., Heb., Byth.; giving life, *or* quickening, Ew.——vers. 7, 8, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver.

10, the honeycomb, B. T.; the droppings of the honeycomb, Marg., Heb., Byth.——ver. 12, his errors, B. T.; his wanderings, Heb.——ver. 14, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.,—*ib.*, my strength, B. T.; my rock, Marg., Heb.

Psalm XX.

ver. 1, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—ver. 9, Save, Lord; let the King hear us when we call, B. T.; Jova serva regem. Audi nos, quando precamur, Dathe; O Jehovah, save the King! May he answer us when we call! F. & S., Noyes.

Psalm XXI.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, for thou hast made him most blessed, B. T.; for thou hast set him to be blessings, Marg.; for thou adornest him with blessings, Phil.—*ib.*, thou hast made him exceedingly glad with thy countenance, B. T.; Thou wilt make him [*or*, thou makest him, Lee,] rejoice with gladness with thy presence, Heb.; . . . with the joy from before Thee, Targ. of Jonathan; see Phil., who says, the joy here mentioned may be the joy of heaven; . . . . to rejoice before thee in bliss, Ew.——ver. 7, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 8, shall find out, B. T.; shall reach, F. & S.; shall be sufficient for, Mend., Kim., Phil.——ver. 9, thou shalt make them as a fiery oven, B. T.; thou wilt place them as a furnace of fire, i.e., thou wilt make them burn as an oven of fire, Phil.; who adds, so Mend., whose remark on these words is as follows: Their appearance shall be changed to the appearance of an oven of fire, i.e., when thou shalt make war upon them, thou shalt burn their cities with fire, and their smoke shall go up as a furnace. So Ag.—*ib.*, the Lord, B.T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, shall swallow them up in his wrath, B. T.; *lit.* He will swallow them, i.e., he will overwhelm them with fire, Phil.——ver. 11, intended evil against thee, B. T.; directed evil against thee, Heb.; have extended evil to thee, Phil., who says, the verb used here, is used concerning the course of water; and if we accept this notion here, it will give greater intensity to the passage. So Ag., etc.

Psalm XXII.

ver. 1, why hast thou forsaken me, B. T.; look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me, C. P., LXX., Vul., Byth.—*ib.*, my roaring, B. T.; my complaint, C. P.——ver. 3, *O thou* that inhabitest the praises of Israel, B. T.; O thou worship of Israel, C. P.; thou sittest enthroned,

the praise of Israel; i.e., the sole object of the praises of thy people, F. & S.; thou art perpetually celebrated with praises by thy people, Byth.——ver. 4, a worm, B. T.; a weak worm and not strong, Targ., Byth.——ver. 7, laugh me to scorn, B. T.; mock at me, Heb.—*ib.*, shoot out the lip, B. T.; pout the lip, see Mend. and Phil.——ver. 9, But thou art he, B. T.; Truly, it was thou, F. & S.; Tu vero, Dathe. —*ib.*, Thou didst make me hope, B. T.; It was thou who gavest me security, F. & S.——ver. 13, they, B. T.; not the bulls, but the speaker's opponents, . . . who having been likened to bulls in the preceding verse, are now compared to a lion, Phil.——ver. 14, out of joint, B. T.; sundered, Marg.; separated, Heb.——ver. 15, jaws, B. T.; palate, Heb., roof of my mouth, Ew., F. & S.——ver. 16, the assembly of the wicked, B. T.; a band of wicked men, Hitz.: see Phil.——ver. 17, stare upon me, B. T.; gaze upon me with satisfaction, F. & S.——ver. 20, my darling, B. T.; my only one, Marg., Heb.; my life, F. & S.; my soul (or life), Phil.——ver. 23, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 26, the meek, B. T.; the poor, C. P., F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, your heart shall live for ever, B. T.; may your hearts live for ever, F. & S.——ver. 27, to the Lord, B. T.; to Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, the kindreds of the nations, B. T.; the families of the Gentiles, Heb., Byth.——ver. 28, the Lord's, B. T.; Jehovah's, Heb.——ver. 29, all they that be fat upon earth, B. T.; all the rich of the earth, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, and none can keep alive his own soul, B. T.; and those who (from affliction, or any cause) are not able to keep their souls alive; i.e., who are on the point of death, Phil.

Psalm XXIII.

First Version.—ver. 1, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah.——ver. 6, of the Lord, B. T.; of Jehovah, Heb.

Second Version.—ver. 4, Thy rod and thy staff, B. T.; thy staff and thy support, F. & S.

Psalm XXIV.

First Version, paraphrased in parts.—ver. 6, O Jacob, B. T.; O God of Jacob, Marg., Syr., F. & S.——ver. 7, Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung; open, ye heavens, your living doors. Milton's Par. Lost. Bk. vii. 565, 6.

Second Version.—(The construction of this psalm does not admit of a close version in regular metre.)——ver. 1, the Lord's, B. T.; Jehovah's, Heb.——ver. 5, from the Lord, B. T.; from Jehovah, Heb.

—*ib.*, righteousness, B. T.; mercy, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 6, thy face O Jacob, B. T.; thy face, O God of Jacob, Marg., F. & S., Syr.: The LXX., Vulg., and Arab. have, the face of the God of Jacob.——ver. 8, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, B. T.; Jehovah, strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in war, Heb.——ver. 10, the Lord of Hosts, B. T.; Jehovah of Hosts, Heb.

Psalm XXV.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 9, in judgment, B. T.; according to the plan of judgment, Hors.——ver. 11, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 13, shall dwell at ease, B. T.; in good shall lodge, Heb.; shall rest in bliss, Hors.; shall abide in goodness; Phil., who says, Many interpreters both Jewish and Christian, have expounded this passage as referable to the happiness of a future state. Thus Yar., Kim., and Mich.——ver. 14, the secret, B. T., the secret-counsel, Heb.—*ib.*, he will show them his covenant, B. T.; his covenant to make them know it, Marg., Heb.; and his covenant is to make them know (his secrets): or, and his covenant of making them know (viz. his secrets) is with those that fear him, Phil.——ver. 19, are many, B. T.; are multiplied, Heb.; are innumerable, Ew. —*ib.*, cruel hatred, B. T.; hatred of violence, Heb., Marg.; violent hatred, Phil.

Psalm XXVI.

ver, 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah Heb.——ver. 11, But as for me, B. T.; Still I, Ew.

Psalm XXVII.

ver. 1, the strength, B. T.; the protection, Mich., Phil.—*ib.*, to eat my flesh, B. T., i. e., to slay me after the manner of wild beasts. See Phil.; to rend me, Ew.——ver. 4, and to inquire in his temple, B. T.; and to visit his temple, C. P.; Mend. takes it *to visit in the morning.* To be every morning in his temple, Phil.——ver. 6, now, B. T.; now, or in a short time, Phil.——ver. 7, O Lord, B. T; O Jehovah, Heb. ——ver. 8, When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, B. T.; To Thee saying, Seek ye my face, F. & S.—*ib.*, Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb. ——ver. 9, Put not thy servant away in anger, B. T.; Do not turn aside in anger from Thy servant, Byth.; Thrust me not away; abandon me not, Ew.——ver. 10, will take me up, B. T.; will gather me, Heb., Phil.——ver. 11, mine enemies, B. T.; those which observe me, Marg., Heb.—*ib.*, the will, B. T.; the longing desire, Ew.——

ver. 12, and such as breathe out cruelty, B. T.; and he who breathes out violence, Heb.; and he breatheth violence: words which are intended to refer especially to some one of the false witnesses; who had signalized himself above the rest for the virulence of his hostility to David, Phil.——ver. 13, *I had fainted, unless* I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, B. T.; Oh, believed I not that I should taste the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living! Ew.; Except I had believed I should see the goodness of Jehovah in the land of the living! Phil.

Psalm XXVIII.

ver. 1, will I cry, B. T.; do I call, Dathe; I am accustomed to call, Phil.—*ib.*, O Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, towards thy holy oracle, B. T.; ad sanctum tuum adytum, Dathe; towards thy holy place (chamber); Ew. . . . . thy holy temple, Phil.; . . . . the holy of holies, Ham.——ver. 5, he shall destroy them, and not build them up, B. T.; Horsley assigns these words to the oracular voice. Perhaps *the whole verse* may be thus assigned.——ver. 7, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XXIX.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb. (and so throughout the Psalm; the word Jehovah occurring eighteen times.)——ver. 2, in the beauty of holiness, B. T., i.e., with holy reverence, Phil.——ver. 3, upon, B. T.; above, F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 6, a young unicorn, B. T.; a young gazelle, F. & S.——ver. 7, divideth the flames of fire, B. T.; cutteth out, Marg., Heb.; is cutting out, Byth., who adds, it is properly said of rocks; riveth asunder with flashes of fire, F. & S., who have the following note: *riveth asunder*—not only trees, but rocks also.——ver. 9, maketh the hinds to calve, B. T.; maketh the oaks to tremble, Syr., Lowth, Fry, etc.; makes havoc of the oaks, Hors.—*ib.*, discovereth, B. T.; strippeth bare, Byth., Hors., F. & S. —*ib.*, in his temple doth every one speak of his glory, B. T.; . . . . every whit of it uttereth, etc., Marg.; throughout his palace it telleth his glory, F. & S.

Psalm XXX.

ver. 1, I will extol thee, B. T.; i.e., with praises; *or*, I will render unto thee praise and thanksgiving, Phil.——ver. 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 11, hast put off, B. T.; hast loosed, Heb.——ver. 12, to the end that, B. T.; therefore, Phil.

Psalm XXXI.

ver. 1, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, I have hated, B. T.; Thou hast hated. Heb., LXX., Syr., Arab., Vulg., Dathe, Ew., Phil. —*ib.*, in the Lord, B. T.; in Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 10, because of mine iniquity, B. T.; propter afflictionem meam, Dathe; in hoc supplicio, Cast.; because of my misfortune, Phil.; under my misery, F. & S.——ver. 15, my times, B. T.; my fortunes, Hors.; my destinies, Noyes.——ver. 17, the two last verbs, fut. tenses, in Heb.——ver. 18, the first verb, fut. tense in Heb.—*ib.*, grievous things, B. T.; a hard thing, Marg., Heb.—*ib.*, against the righteous, B. T.; against the righteous, (sg.,) Heb.; against the Just One, Hors.——ver. 19, before the sons of men, B. T.; before the children of men; i.e., wicked or carnal minded men. See Psalm xxiii. 5, Phil.——ver. 21, in a strong city, B. T.; in a fenced city, Marg.; as though I had been in a fenced city, F. & S.——ver. 22, in my haste, B. T.; in my hastening, i.e., when I hastened, Byth.; when I hastened to fly, Targ.; in my amazement, LXX. (see Byth.); in my fleeing in terror, F. & S.

Psalm XXXII.

ver. 6, every one that is godly, B. T.; every pious man, F. & S., Noyes, Phil.——ver. 8, I will guide thee with mine eye, B. T.; mine eye shall be upon thee, Marg., F. & S., Hors., Phil.—ver. 11, in the Lord, B. T.; in Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XXXIII.

ver. 2, with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings, B. T.; with the psaltery ten-(stringed), Heb.——ver. 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 16, by the multitude of an host, B. T.; by matchless force, Ew.——ver. 17, Prov. xxi. 31.

Psalm XXXIV.

ver. 2, the humble, B. T.; miseri, Dathe; the sufferers, Ew.; persons who are humbled or depressed. See Phil.——ver. 5, They looked unto him, and were lightened, B. T.; they look unto him, and are enlightened; i.e., exhilarated, F. & S.——ver. 7, the angel of the Lord, B. T.; the angels of Jehovah, F. & S. The singular is probably put for the plural (many angels), as hornet is put for hornets in Exod. xxiii. 28, Phil.——ver. 11, of the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb. (The word occurs sixteen times in this Psalm).——

ver. 19, the righteous, B. T.; the Just One, Hors.——ver. 21, the righteous, B. T.; the Just One, Hors.—*ib.*, desolate, B. T.; guilty, Marg., Heb.

Psalm XXXV.

ver. 2, take hold of, B. T.; hold fast, Heb.; seize on, Byth. The notion of speed is here combined with strength, Phil.——ver. 3, draw out, B. T.; stretch out, Heb.—*ib.*, stop *the way*, B. T.; battle-axe, Phil.; who prefers taking the verb as a noun. So also Ges. and Kim.——ver. 4, Let them be confounded, B.T. The verbs are in the fut. tense in Heb., or the present, according to Lee. The same remark applies to the verbs in vers. 5, 6, 8, 11, 26, 27.——ver. 10, Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 12, to the spoiling of my soul, B. T.; depriving, etc., Heb., Marg.; bereaving, etc., Heb. I am left desolate, F. & S.——ver. 13, my prayer returned to my own bosom, B. T.; capite ad sinum incurvato precabar, Dathe, who has a note the substance of which is given by Phil.: The Jews when engaged in devotion were accustomed to place themselves in various postures, and that of bowing the head to the bosom was regarded as the attitude most indicative of great mental distress.——ver. 15, mine adversity, B. T.; my sorrow, Chald.; my suffering, Syr. (See Phil.) —*ib.*, They did tear me, B. T.; they calumniate, Ew.; they revile, F. & S.; they revile *or* slander, Phil.——ver. 16, with hypocritical mockers in feasts, B. T.; with insolent mockeries of slander, Ew. Some prefer attaching to the word here translated *feasts* the sense of mockers, Phil.——ver. 17, my darling, B. T.; my only one, Marg., Heb.; animam meam, Dathe; my life, F. & S.——ver. 25, Ah! so would we have it, B. T.; Ah! Ah! our soul, Marg.; Aha! our soul, Heb.

Psalm XXXVI.

ver. 1, The transgression of the wicked, etc., B. T.; the oracle of transgression to the wicked, Phil., who says, The meaning of the whole verse is in substance as follows: The oracle of transgression to the wicked man dwells in the inmost recesses of his heart; there it exists as a fountain which sends forth its polluted streams; there it is to be found declaring to him the harmlessness of sin; and hence it is that the wicked man has no fear of God before his eyes.——ver. 2, For he flattereth, etc., B. T.; for it maketh smooth, etc.; i.e., the oracle of transgression in the preceding verse prompts the man in whose heart it is dwelling to take a mild view of sin, to look on it as not of that heinous nature of

which it really is; so that when he engages in the important work of examining into the character of his iniquity, he fails to have that abhorrence of it, which every right judging person must possess, etc. —*ib.*, until his iniquity be found to be hateful, B. T.; to find his iniquity to hate (*it*), Heb.——ver. 7, how excellent, B. T.; how precious, Marg., and Heb.——ver. 10, thy righteousness, B. T.; thy mercy, F. & S.——ver. 12, there, B. T.; see there, Hors.—*ib.*, cast down, B. T.; thrust down, Heb., F. & S.

Psalm XXXVII.

ver. 3, verily, B. T.; securely, Schul., Phil., F. & S.—*ib.*, thou shalt be fed, B. T.; thou shalt live, Phil.——ver. 5, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 7, rest in the Lord, B. T.; be silent to the Lord, Marg., Heb.; be silent with respect to Jehovah, i.e., murmur not against him, Phil.——ver. 8, in any wise to do evil, B. T.; so as to do evil, F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 18, the Lord knoweth, B. T.; Jehovah blesseth, Mend., Phil.——ver. 20, but, B. T.; vero, Dathe; truly, F. & S.; yea, *or* indeed, Phil.——ver. 23, ordered, B. T.; established, Marg., Heb., F. & S.; brought to a joyful issue, Phil. —*ib.*, and, B. T.; when, F. & S. (see Park.)——ver. 35, a green bay-tree, B. T.; a green tree that groweth in his own soil, Marg.; a native tree green, Heb.——ver. 38, the end, B. T.; the posterity, Hors., F. & S.——vers. 39, 40, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XXXVIII.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, stick fast, B. T.; have entered deeply, F. & S., Phil.; mihi infixæ sunt, Vulg., Dathe. ——ver. 6, I am troubled, B. T.; I am bowed down, (from a root signifying, he was *curved, oblique*), Byth.; I am distorted, writhed with pain, Hors.——ver. 7, filled with a loathsome disease, B. T.; full of dryness, Heb.; full of burning, Chald. See Phil.——ver. 10, panteth, B. T.; goes round, Byth.; palpitates, Phil.——ver. 15, hear, B. T.; answer, Marg., Heb.——ver. 18, I will be sorry, B. T.; I will be [or am, Lee,] afraid, Heb.; I am in consternation, Hors.; I am in fear, F. & S.——ver. 21, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XXXIX.

ver. 9. The two first verbs in pres. tense, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 13, O spare me, B. T.; look from me, Heb.; desist from me, Byth.; turn from me thy angry look, F. & S.

NOTES.

Psalm XL.

vers. 1, 2, I waited patiently for the Lord, etc., B. T. After an attentive study of these verses in connexion with those which follow, the metrical translator has thought it necessary to put the verbs they contain in the present tense. That, in very many instances, the context alone can determine by what tenses particular Hebrew verbs should be translated, is unquestionable: and that *past* tenses may often be translated by present ones, Mich. clearly shows. See a note in Bishop Lowth's fifteenth lecture on Hebrew Poetry.—*ib.*, and he inclined, B. T. The Heb. part. *vau*, [here translated *and*,] when used as a conjunction, is capable of all the variety of meanings to which such words are subject, Lee. Noldius assigns seventy-four meanings to it.——ver. 6, mine ears hast thou opened, B. T.; thou hast perfected a body for me, LXX., Byth.; thou hast made me obedient (thou hast put my body in its proper state, ready to hear; i.e., obey,) Prof. M'Caul. The sense of the words in this verse is, that thou hast rendered me obedient to thee, Phil.; or with the elder Ros., Thou hast created for me a body to be employed in obediently fulfilling thy will, and yielding it to death. See Phil.——ver. 7, Then said I, B. T.; therefore have I said, F. & S.; a sense approved by many critics, among whom is Gesenius. See Phil.——ver. 9, I have preached, B. T.; I announce, F. & S.——ver. 10, I have not hid, B. T.; I hide not, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 12, mine iniquities, B. T.; my punishments, Mich., Phil.—*ib.*, my heart faileth me, B. T.; my courage has forsaken me, Phil.——ver. 13, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.—vers. 14, 15, 16, all the imperative moods are future (or present) tenses in Heb.——ver. 14, that wish me evil, B. T.; qui malo meo delectantur, Dathe; who delight in my calamity, F. & S.

Psalm XLI.

ver. 1, the poor, B. T.; the weak *or* sick, Marg.; the exhausted, Byth., Hors.; the afflicted poor man, Targ.; the indigent poor man, LXX.; poor or feeble, with respect to bodily power, and therefore sick and afflicted, Phil.; the suffering, Ew.——ver. 4, for I have sinned against thee, B. T.; although, etc., Byth.; surely I bear blame before thee, Hors., who refers to Gen. xliii. 9.——ver. 6, and if he come, B. T.; i.e., if any one of my enemies come, etc. Phil.—*ib.*, his heart gathereth iniquity to itself, B. T.; their hearts gather iniquity; i.e., they devise and collect materials for calumnious

charges against me, F. & S.——ver. 8, an evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him, B. T.; a matter of Belial, Heb., Marg.; some perverse or wicked word or thing. Most of the ancient translators (see Phil., who concurs); some heavy crime, F. & S.——ver. 10, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, that I may requite them, B. T.; and I will pay them, Heb.; and I will recompense them, Phil., who says that Kimchi thinks that the recompense is to be that of good for evil; though in this Phil. differs. See, however, Ps. cix. vers. 3—5.——ver. 13, the Lord God of Israel, B. T.; Jehovah the God of Israel, Heb.—*ib.*, from everlasting to everlasting, B. T.; from eternity unto eternity, Heb.

Psalm XLII.

ver. 1, Like as the hart, C. P.——ver. 4, went with them, B. T.; brought them forth, C. P.; led them in procession, F. & S. See Phil., who says, the discourse is concerning the solemn procession of the Israelites to a sacred place.——ver. 5, cast down, B. T.; bowed down, Heb.—*ib.*, hope, B. T.; wait in confidence, F. & S.—*ib.*, for the help of *his* countenance, B. T. The evidence is strong in favour of the original reading being *my* face, or *my* countenance, as it is in the last verses of this and the following psalm; see Phil.; my helper, De Wette, who says that the Heb. word translated *face*, or *countenance*, is only a mark of the person helped, i.e., it performs the office of a pronoun, as in Ps. lxxx. 17 (ᵖ 16); see Phil.——ver. 6, Mizar, B. T.; Mitzar, Phil., F. & S.——ver. 7, thy waterspouts, B. T.; thy cataracts, LXX., Lowth, Mich., Mend., Phil.——ver. 8, will command, B. T.; is accustomed to command, Phil., who says, This is the force of the future form here.——ver. 10, as with a sword in my bones, B. T.; as if it were a sword piercing my bones, Phil.

Psalm XLIII.

ver. 1, ungodly, B. T.; unmerciful, Marg., Hors., F. & S., Phil. ——ver. 5. See Ps. xlii. 5.

Psalm XLIV.

ver. 2, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.—*ib.*, afflict, B. T.; rather break *or* destroy, Phil.—*ib.*, the people, B. T.; the peoples, Heb.—*ib.*, cast them out, B. T.; send them forth, Heb.; illos vero dilatasti, Dathe; spread them abroad, Ew., F. & S., Phil.——vers.

13, 14, the heathen, B. T.; the gentiles, Heb.——ver. 15, my confusion, B. T.; my dishonour, Heb.; mine ignominy, F. & S.——ver. 16, avenger, B. T.; one taking vengeance; or rather, one who *feigns*, or *makes himself appear* as an avenger, Phil.

Psalm XLV.

First Version.—ver. 1, is inditing, B. T.; boileth, *or* bubbleth up, Marg., Byth.——ver. 2, thou art fairer, B. T.; much more beautiful, Phil.—*ib.*, therefore, B. T.; because that, Phil.——ver. 4, shall teach thee terrible things, B. T.; shall show thee wonders, Hors.; . . . . . dreadful deeds, F. & S.——ver. 8, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad, B. T.; from the ivory palaces of Armenia kings' daughters make thee glad, Mich., Phil.——ver. 9, Thy honourable women, B. T.; thy precious ones, Byth. See also Hors. ——ver. 13, The King's daughter is all glorious within, B. T.; full splendour draweth in the King's daughter, Ew.—*ib.*, her clothing is of wrought gold, B. T.; vestem habet auro intertextam, Dathe; . . . . interwrought with gold, Lee.——ver. 14, in raiment of needlework, B. T.; in needlework, Heb.; in embroidered garments, Byth.; in embroidered robes, *or* garments of various colours, Phil., who says the noun signifies *variegation of colours.* So Noyes.

Second Version.—ver. 1, is inditing, B. T.; is overflowing with. ——ver. 2, Thou art fairer, B. T. See First Version.——ver. 4, ride prosperously, B. T.; prosper thou, ride thou, Marg., Heb.——ver. 6, a right sceptre, B. T.; sceptrum equissimum, Dathe; the staff of rectitude, Ew., F. & S.; Noyes to the same effect.——ver. 8, All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, B. T.; the folds of all thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes, Phil.—*ib.*, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad, B. T.; from the palaces of ivory, the stringed instruments have gladdened thee, Heb., Noyes; e palatiis eburneis fides te exhilarant, Dathe, who follows Dœd., and concludes by saying, Sensus sic est aptissimus: Te adventantem excipit chorus musicorum fidibus canentium.—— ver. 9, Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women, B.T.; with thy precious treasures come the daughters of kings, F. & S., who add the following note: Heb., with thy precious things (come), i.e., with the costly offerings made to Thee, come, etc.——ver. 12, shall intreat thy favour, B. T.; propitiate thy favour, F. & S., who add, Heb., soften thy countenance. See also Byth.——*ib.* the rich among the people, B. T; the rich of the nations, Heb.——ver. 13, wrought, B. T.; interwrought, Dathe, Lee.

Psalm XLVI.

ver. 5, and that right early, B. T.; when the morning appeareth, Marg., Heb., Byth., Phil.——ver. 7, the Lord of Hosts, B. T.; Jehovah of Hosts, Heb.——ver. 9, cutteth, B. T.; knappeth, C. P. ——ver. 10, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.

Psalm XLVII.

ver. 1, unto God, B. T.; to Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, terrible, B. T.; to be feared, Heb.——ver. 9, of the people, B. T.; of the nations, Heb.—*ib.*, gathered together, even the people, etc., B. T.; joined to the people, Phil.—*ib.*, the shields of the earth, B. T.; i.e., the kings and princes who rule the earth, Mend., Phil.

Psalm XLIX.

ver. 1, all ye people, B. T.; all nations, Heb.——ver. 5, of my heels, B. T.; hostium meorum, Dathe; of my supplanters, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 14, laid in the grave, B. T.; appointed to Hades, Heb. ——ver. 15, from the power of the grave, B. T.; from the hand of Hades, Heb.

Psalm L.

ver. 1, The mighty God, even the Lord, B. T.; God, God Jehovah, Heb.; The God of Gods, Jehovah, F. & S.——ver. 8, or thy burnt-offerings to have been continually before me, B. T.; for thy burnt-offerings are ever before me, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 16, instruction, B. T.; chastisement, Heb.; discipline, Byth., Phil.; correction, F. & S.

Psalm LI.

ver. 1, Have mercy upon me, B. T.; be gracious unto me, Heb., F. & S.——ver. 10, right, B. T.; constant, Marg.; stedfast, Dathe, F. & S., Noyes.

Psalm LII.

ver. 4, devouring words, B. T.; words of destruction, Byth., Phil. ——ver. 6, fear, B. T.; reverence, F & S.; reverential fear, Phil.

Psalm LIII.

ver. 2, understand, B. T.; behave wisely, F. & S.——ver. 5, There were they in great fear, where no fear was, B. T.; then shall those,

who had no fear, be greatly afraid, F. & S.; tandem vehementer timebunt, qui nihil timebant, Dathe.

Psalm LIV.

ver. 1, judge me, B. T.; i.e., regard my cause and avenge me, Phil.; maintain my cause, F. & S.——ver. 4, with them that uphold my soul, B. T.; among them that sustain my soul, Phil., who says, The sense in this place is not that God is one among a number of supporters, but that He is the only supporter; and the construction, which is somewhat peculiar, bears out the interpretation by the usage it obtains in other places.——ver. 6, mine enemies, B. T.; those who observe me, Marg., Heb.; who watch me, F. & S.

Psalm LV.

ver. 2, I mourn in my complaint, B. T.; I wander in my meditation, Phil.——ver. 9, destroy, B. T.; frustrate, Phil.; confound, Noyes.—*ib.*, their tongues, B. T., i.e., their counsels, Phil.——ver. 10, mischief, also, and sorrow, B. T.; scelera et iniquitas, Dathe; iniquity and mischief, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 11, wickedness, B. T., profligacy, Hors.——ver. 12, for, B. T.; truly, F. & S.; Dathe.—*ib.*, reproached me, B. T.; disgraceth me, Phil.——ver. 13, a man mine equal, B. T.; a man according to my rank, Marg., Heb.; .... according to the esteeming of myself, *or* according to my proportion; i.e., I treated thee as my equal, Phil.; .... as a second self, Byth.——ver 14, unto, B. T.; into, Byth., F. & S.——ver. 15, Let death seize upon them, B. T.; Death shall seize upon them, Heb.; Death will seize them unawares, Byth.—*ib.*, let them go down quick into hell, B. T.; *or* the grave, Marg.; they shall descend to Hades living, Heb.—*ib.*, wickedness, B. T.; evils, Heb., i.e., evil arts and perverse counsels, which originate in their houses, the places of their assembling, Phil.——ver. 16, as for me; I will call upon God, B. T.; I unto God will call, Heb.——ver. 17, cry aloud, B. T.; ardenter precabor, Dathe.——ver. 18, for there were many with me, B. T.; Phil. understands the passage thus: God hath redeemed my soul many times, when my enemies were attempting to do me evil, and therefore I believe that God will help me now, and in all seasons of calamity.——ver. 19, God shall hear, and afflict them, B. T.; God will hear and answer me, Heb.—*ib.*, He that abideth of old, B. T.; He who sitteth enthroned from of old, F. & S.; the inhabitant of

antiquity, *or* eternity, Phil.—*ib.*, Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God, B. T.; qui mores suos non mutant et Deum non reverentur, Dathe; with whom there are no changes, i.e., those whom God punisheth, continue unchanged in their rebellion. They change not from a state of impiety to one of obedience to God. Phil., who adds: so the Chaldee: They change not their evil ways. ——ver. 20, He hath put forth his hands against, etc., B. T.; He hath laid his hands upon, etc., C. P.—*ib.*, he hath broken, B. T.; he hath profaned, Marg., Heb., Byth.——ver. 22, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 23, bring them down, B. T.; make them come down, Heb.; force them down, Byth.

Psalm LVI.

ver. 1, Be merciful, B. T.; be gracious, Heb., F. & S., Ew.—*ib.*, man would swallow me up, B. T.; man breathes upon me, Ew.; man panteth after me, F. & S.——ver. 2, that fight against me, O thou most High, B. T.; (that) are fighting against me loftily, Heb.; me superbe oppugnant, Dathe; who proudly assault me, F. & S.; who assault me insolently, Phil.——ver. 4, I will not fear what flesh can do unto me, B. T.; I will not fear: What shall flesh do to me? Heb.——ver. 7, cast down the people, B. T.; make to come down the nations, Heb.——ver. 8, my wanderings, B. T.; i.e., my flights and exiles, Phil., (so Byth.)——ver. 9, This I know, B. T.; this I certainly know, Phil.——ver. 10, in the Lord, B. T.; in Jehovah, Heb. ——ver. 11, I will not be afraid what man can do unto me, B. T.; I will not fear: What shall man do to me? Heb.——ver. 12, Thy vows are upon me, B.T.; i.e., the vows made to Thee are to be performed, Phil.; my vows unto Thee, O God! are upon me, F. & S.

Psalm LVII.

First Version.—ver. 1, Be merciful, B. T.; be gracious, Heb., F. & S.—*ib.*, until these calamities be past, B. T.; until every one of these calamities is gone by, Phil.——ver. 4, that are set on fire, B. T.; that breathe out flames, Ges.; that breathe out fire, Noyes. ——ver. 7, fixed, B. T.; established, Heb.; fixed, *i.e.*, strong and enduring, Mend., Phil.——ver. 8, psaltery, B.T.; lute, C. P.—*ib.*, early, B. T.; at dawn, Heb.; with the early dawn, F. & S.——ver. 10, unto the clouds, B. T.; unto the skies, Heb.

Second Version.—Several of the notes to the First Version, are equally applicable to this.

NOTES.

Psalm LVIII.

ver. 1, Do ye indeed speak righteousness, O congregation? B. T.; Indeed the silence of righteousness will ye speak? Heb.; Does then justice really grow dumb? Ges.; An revera obmutescentia justitiæ? *i.e.*, silet justitia? Ros.——ver. 2, Ye weigh, B. T.; ye weigh out *or* dispense, Phil.; see also F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 6, break, B. T.; destroy, Heb.—*ib.*, break out, B. T.; break down, Heb.——ver. 7, as waters which run continually, B.T.; as water which passeth away, F. & S.; as water which is poured forth, *i.e.*, let these wicked men and persecutors be accounted of no worth or importance, Phil.—*ib.*, cut in pieces, B. T.; pointless, F. & S.; blunted, Ew., Phil.——ver. 8, as a snail which melteth, B. T.; as melting wax, Phil., following the LXX., Syr., Vulg., Arab., and Ethiop.—*ib.*, let every one of them pass away, B. T.; they shall go away, Heb.——ver. 9, Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living and in his wrath, B. T.; before your pots feel the fire, may a tempest scatter the thorns, the green and the dry, F. & S.; before your pots feel the thorn, whether green or dry, the tempest will sweep it away, Phil.——ver. 10, shall wash his feet, etc., B. T. The washing his feet in the blood of the wicked implies victory, and alludes to the practice of pursuing the vanquished over the battle-field; the pursuers, necessarily as it were, dipping their feet in the blood of the slain, with which the ground is covered, Phil.

Psalm LIX.

ver. 1, defend me, B. T.; set me on high, Marg., Heb.——ver. 4, to help me, B. T.; to meet me, Marg., Heb., F. & S.——ver. 5, all the heathen, B. T.; all the Gentiles, Heb., F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 6, they make a noise, B. T.; they will be disquieted, Heb.; they will roar, Phil.——ver. 7, they belch, B. T.; they utter, Heb., Phil.; they pour forth, F. & S.——ver. 8, (See ver. 5.)——ver. 9, because of his strength will I wait upon thee, B. T.; robur meum, etc., Dathe; O my Strength! Hors., F. & S., Ew., Phil.—*ib.*, my defence, B. T.; my high place, Marg., Heb.——ver. 10, shall prevent me, B. T.; *i.e.*, will stand before me as a protector, Phil.; will place himself before me, F. & S.——ver. 15, Let them wander, B. T.; they shall wander, Heb.; they wander, Phil.—*ib.*, grudge if they be not satisfied, B. T. The whole verse may be understood as follows: They wander about for food: if they be not satisfied (with food), then they will not

lodge quietly during the night, will not sleep; but will be restless like dogs when they are hungry, Phil.——vers. 16, 17, my defence, B. T.; a high place for me, Heb.; a tower of refuge for me, F. & S.

Psalm LX.

ver. 1, scattered us, B. T.; broken us, Marg.; broken us down, Heb.; broken us up, Byth.——ver. 3, astonishment, B. T.; trembling, Heb., Byth.; agitation, Syr. (See Phil.)——ver. 6, spoken in his holiness, B. T.; sworn solemnly. See Phil.——ver. 7, the strength of my head, B. T.; tribus validissima mea, Dathe; the defence of my life, F. & S. (See also Phil.)——ver. 8, Philistia, triumph thou because of me, B. T.; . . . . triumph over me (by an irony), Marg.; upon me, O Philistia, is my triumphing, Heb.; super Philistæis triumphum cano, Dathe; upon Philistia I will raise the shout of triumph, Syr., (see Phil.)

Psalm LXI.

ver. 2, when my heart is overwhelmed, B. T.; in the faintness of my heart, Dathe, Ew., F. & S.—*ib.*, higher than I, B. T.; too high for me, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 4, thy tabernacle, B. T.; thy tent, Heb.——ver. 5, my vows, B. T., *i.e.*, my prayers to which vows are annexed, Phil., Ros., (see LXX. and Vulg.)——ver. 6, He shall abide, B. T.; he shall sit, Heb.; he is enthroned, Ew.; he sitteth, *or* reigneth before, *or*, in the presence of God, for ever. So Phil. explains the passage.—*ib.*, O prepare mercy and truth, etc., B. T.; appoint that mercy and truth may keep him, *i.e.*, may he abound in mercy and truth, Phil.

Psalm LXII.

ver. 1, waiteth upon, B. T.; is silent, Marg., Heb.; is in silence, *i.e.*, in silent expectation, confidence, patient waiting, Phil.——ver. 2, He only, B. T.; he surely, Heb., F. & S.—*ib.*, my defence, B. T.; my high place, Marg., Heb.; my tower of refuge, F. & S.——ver. 3, imagine mischief, B. T.; rush in upon, LXX., Vulg.; come together, rush upon, Phil.; assault, F. & S.——vers. 5, 6, only, B. T.; surely, Heb., F. & S., Dathe.——ver. 6, my defence, B. T.; my high place, Heb.; my tower of refuge, F. & S.——ver. 7, my glory, B. T.; *i.e.*, my safety is in God; therefore I glory in him, etc., Phil. ——ver. 9, to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity, B. T.; si simul in statera ponerentur, næ sint vapore

leviores! Dathe. Thus paraphrased by Mend.: If all of them were to be put into one scale, they would *together* go up, by means of a mere breath, in the other scale. See Phil.——ver. 11, God hath spoken once; twice I have heard this, B. T.; Deus enim, quod certo scio, sæpe indicavit, Dathe. The phrase *once and twice*, is a Hebraism for *many times*, Phil.

Psalm LXIII.

ver. 1, thirsty, B. T.; weary, Marg., Heb., Byth., F. & S., Phil. ——ver. 8, followeth hard, B. T.; has cleaved, Heb., F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, Thy right hand upholdeth me, B. T.; *because* Thy right hand hath sustained me, Phil.——ver. 10, they shall fall by the sword, B. T.; they shall be made prostrate by the power of the sword, Phil.

Psalm LXIV.

ver. 1, in my prayer, B. T.; in my meditation, Heb.; of my complaint, F.&S.——ver. 2, the insurrection, B. T.; the tumultuous meeting, Byth., F. & S.; the tumult, Phil.——ver. 5, encourage themselves, B. T.; strengthen themselves, Phil.; confirm themselves, F. & S.; hold fast together, Ew.——ver. 6, they accomplish a diligent search, B. T.; a search searched, Marg.; perficiunt consilia solerter excogitata, Dathe; they have investigated secretly, Phil.——ver. 9, for they shall wisely consider of his doing, B. T.; and his work they have [been] made to understand, Heb.; for they shall discern it to be his doing, F. & S.——ver. 10, in the Lord, B. T.; in Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm LXV.

ver. 1, Praise waiteth for thee, O God, B. T.; to Thee, O God, praise is due, Ew.; trust and songs of praise appertain to Thee, etc., Ges., Phil.——ver. 3, Iniquities prevail against me, B.T.; my sins are too great for me, F. & S.; iniquities greater than I, i.e., greater than I can bear, Phil.—*ib.*, purge them away, B.T.; expiate them, Byth.——ver. 4, Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, B. T.; put elliptically for, Blessed are the people whom Thou choosest, Phil.——ver. 5, By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, B. T.; thou showest us wonderful lovingkindness, Ew.; wonderfully in mercy dost thou answer us, F. & S.——ver. 7, the people, B. T.; the peoples, Heb.——ver. 9, when thou hast so provided for it, B. T.; for so thou wilt establish it, Heb.; for so thou preparest it, Phil.——ver. 10, Thou waterest the ridges thereof

abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof, B.T.; its furrows thou waterest, to break down its ridges, Heb.; saturating her furrows, lowering her ridges, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, Thou blessest the springing thereof, B. T.; its budding Thou wilt bless, Heb. . . . . its germ, Byth.; Thou blessest when she putteth forth her shoots, F. & S.——ver. 11, Thy paths, B.T.; thy clouds, C. P.; thy tracks, Heb. "The exposition of Geier, which is followed by others, is as follows: Introducitur Deus instar divitis cujusdam domini; cujus vestigia non madent sanguine, quod fit apud tyrannos, nec quæ lædunt sterilemve reddunt terram, ... sed quæ *stillant pinguedinem* salutarem, omnia fœcundantem." See Phil.——ver. 12, the little hills, B. T.; the hills, Heb., Byth., Ew.—*ib.*, rejoice on every side, B.T.; are girded with joy, Marg., Heb., Phil.; girded, i.e., clothed with joyous grass, grapes, etc., which make man's heart rejoice, Byth.

Psalm LXVI.

vers. 3-5, terrible, B. T.; stupenda, Dathe; wonderful, F. & S.; holy, exalted, dignified, Ew.——ver. 7, Let not the rebellious exalt themselves, B.T.; *lit.*, they (the rebellious) shall not exalt themselves with respect to them; i. e., shall not exalt themselves, Phil.; nec contumaces sese effere possunt, Dathe.——ver. 8, ye people, B.T.; ye nations, Heb.——ver. 10, Thou hast tried us as silver is tried, B.T.; thou hast refined us, as the refining of silver, Heb.; thou hast thoroughly purified us as silver, Ew.——ver. 12, Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads, B. T.; thou hast made to ride, etc., i.e., thou hast made us subject to our enemies. A speech drawn from a horse, which is subdued, or deprived of liberty, by a rider sitting on it, Phil.; so F. & S.

Psalm LXVII.

ver. 6, Then shall the earth yield, B.T.; the earth has given, Heb., Hors., Phil.

Psalm LXVIII.

ver. 1, Let God arise, B.T. (The fut. tense, according to Byth. & Phil.; the pres. according to F. & S. and Prof. Lee.)——ver. 3, Let the righteous be glad, B. T. (The remark on ver. 1, applies here also.)——ver. 4, Extol him that rideth upon the heavens, B.T.; extol him who rides in the plains, Heb.; viam ei parate, qui per deserta

incedit, Dathe; cast up a way for him that is riding through the wilderness, Hors.; præparate viam ascendenti per deserta, Jerome, Möller, (see Phil.), F. & S., Ew.—*ib.*, by his name Jah, B. T.; in Jah is his name, Hors.; also Phil., who says that Jah is only an abbreviation of Jehovah. For the meaning of the expression 'in Jah,' see Hors., and Phil.——ver. 8, dropped, B.T.; dropped rain, F. & S.; poured forth rain, Phil.——ver. 9, didst send, B.T.; shake out, Marg., Heb.; distil a shower (violent rain), Byth.——ver. 10, hast prepared, B.T.; didst provide, F. & S.——ver. 11, gave, B. T.; will give, Heb.; giveth, F. & S., Prof. Lee.—*ib.*, of those that published it, B.T.; of the announcers, i.e., women who extolled success with songs and music: Exod. xv. 20, 1 Sam. xviii. 6, Byth.; (a great company) of women announce the glad tidings, F. & S., Phil., Dathe. ——ver. 12, did flee apace? B. T.; *fut.* tense, Heb.; or rather *pres.* according to Prof. Lee, Ew., and F. & S.—*ib.*, she that tarried at home, B. T.; she who dwelt in the house, Heb.; the female inhabitant, Phil.—*ib.*, divided the spoil, B.T.; fut. tense, Heb.; or rather present according to Prof. Lee: so also F. & S. and Noyes.——ver. 13, the pots, B. T.; the cattle-pens, Heb.; boundaries, Chald: (see Phil., who admits this to be the primary idea, but prefers 'ridges of hills,') sheepfolds, Judges v. 16, (see Phil.); hurdles or pin-folds, Ew.——ver. 14, When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon, B. T.; or, *for her, she was* white, etc. See Marg. Parkhurst notices this as a very difficult text. Phillips, referring to vers. 13, 14, says: These two verses are exceedingly difficult to understand, in consequence of the uncommon words employed, the general construction of the passage with respect to grammar, and the far from obvious intention of its imagery.—J. G. Herder thinks, that in several verses of this psalm use has been made of ideas and images suggested by the song of Deborah. The passage, the dweller at home has shared the spoil, has, in his opinion, a reference to Deborah herself. Speaking of vers. 13, 14, Herder says: Cette dernière strophe vient sans doute d'un de ces anciens chants de triomphe qui étaient presque toujours des satires. Le tout est visiblement emprunté à l'éclatante victoire remportée par Débora. Alors, la liberté se levait sur Israël, au point le plus septentrional et le plus boisé de la Judée. La saison des pluies favorisa la victoire; il est donc bien naturel qu'en célébrant cette circonstance, on n'oubliât pas de parler de la neige dont la fonte grossissait encore les eaux. . . . . L'ironie concernant ceux qui sont renfermés chez eux au lieu d'aller combattre, est également empruntée à l'hymne

de victoire de Débora, mais elle est rendue en traits plus délicats. La prophétesse reproche, sans détour, aux tribus indolentes, de préférer le bêlement des troupeaux aux cris des batailles, de pousser la pusillanimité jusqu'à rester chez elles, même pendant les jours des plus rudes épreuves, et d'admirer le plumage argenté et les ailes à reflets d'or de leurs pigeons, tandis qu'une femme, *l'habitante de la maison*, Débora (ce nom signifie *abeille*), distribue le butin.

Herder thus explains the allusion to Mt. Salmon: Puisque le Mont-Tsalmon, fort peu élevé et situé dans la partie la plus méridionale de la Judée, était couvert de neige, il devait y en avoir bien d'avantage sur les montagnes plus hautes qui étaient le théatre de la guerre. Tel était le raisonnement des tribus établies au sud de la Judée; aussi sont elles restées tranquilles auprès de leurs pigeons.

The metrical translator, not having at hand the German edition of Herder, On the Poetry of the Hebrews, has availed himself, in the above extracts, of a French translation, admirably executed, by Mdme. la Baronne de Carlowitz. According to Herder, vers. 13, 14, may be thus paraphrased: Que faites vous donc là, tranquilles et paisibles au milieu de vos troupeaux? Vous contemplez, aux rayons du soleil, le plumage éclatant de vos pigeons et le reflet d'or de leurs ailes étincelantes! Lorsque le Dieu des armées vainquit les peuples, lorsqu'il défit les héros de Canaan, oh! alors, oui, alors, j'en conviens, la saison était trop rude pour vous; la neige couvrait les hautes montagnes, elle couvrait même le Mont-Tsalmon.—This paraphrase has suggested the following stanza:

[13] Why rest in your sheep-folds, admiring the wings
Of your silvery doves, and their feathers of gold?
[14] When, for you, the Almighty is scattering kings,
Ye the snow on Mount Salmon, faint-hearted, behold!

ver. 15, The hill of God *is as* the hill of Bashan, B. T.; a mountain of God, the mountain of Bashan, Heb., Ew.—*ib.*, an high hill *as* the hill of Bashan, B. T.; a mountain of heights, the mountain of Bashan, Heb.; a summit-mountain is Bashan's mountain, Ew.; a mountain of lofty heights, F. & S.; a mountain of tops, *or*, a gibbous mountain, i.e., consisting of a number of peaks, Phil.——ver. 16, Why leap ye, B.T.; Why do ye regard with envy, F. & S., Dathe, Phil.; Quare dispicitis? Riv., (Phil.)——ver. 17, even thousands, B.T.; even many thousands, Marg.; Thousands of thousands, Hors., F. & S., Phil.——ver. 18, received gifts, B. T.; given gifts, Chald. and Syr., Phil.; see Eph. iv. 8.—*ib.*, that the Lord God might dwell

among them, B.T.; to dwell Jah God, Heb.; Ewald., Phil., and others, find the vocative case here, O Jah God! O Lord God! and refer this habitation to man. Phillips thinks that the inf. mood of the verb, and the general construction, are favourable to this rendering.——ver. 19, Blessed be the Lord, who daily, etc., B.T.; Praised be the Lord daily, C.P., so Ew., and F. & S.—*ib.*, loadeth us with benefits, B.T.; loadeth us with afflictions, Phil., and Mend.; the latter thus expounds the passage: He may load us at times with afflictions to punish us, because of our iniquities; yet this God is our salvation, when we return to Him, and proceed to do good.——ver. 20, issues from death, B.T.; outgoings for death, Heb.; Phil. says, The English version of these words, issues from death, cannot be sustained by the Hebrew; for ל has never the force of *from*, and therefore the expression, as Dr. Hammond observes, must signify the several plagues and judgments inflicted by God on impenitent enemies, etc.——ver. 21, wound, B.T.; crush, Ew., F. & S.——ver. 22, I will bring *my people* again from the depths of the sea, B.T.; I will bring from the depths of the sea, Heb.; reducam eos [hostes] e profundo mari, Dathe, who refers to Amos ix. 1, sqq., and Obad. ver. 4; Mend. thus expounds: I will cause your enemies to return, who have fled from the battle, and wish to escape for their life to the lofty mountains of Basan; and even those who have fled to the depths of the sea, to be hidden from my presence, from thence will I bring them back, Phil.; and Noyes understands the passage in the same way.——ver. 23, be dipped, B.T.; be red, Marg.; stained, dyed, Kim. (See Phil.)——ver. 24, They have seen thy goings, B.T.; vident *omnes* incessum tuum, Dathe; thy processions are seen, F. & S.—*ib.*, *in* the sanctuary, B.T.; *into*, etc., F. & S.——ver. 26, from the fountain of Israel, B.T.; Ye that are of the fountain of Israel, Marg., Heb., Phil.; O ye of the race of Israel, F. & S.——ver. 27, and their council, B.T.; with their company, Marg.; with their band, F. & S.; with their strong band, Ew.——ver. 28, Thy God hath commanded thy strength, B.T.; O God! command strength, Phil.; and with him "all the ancient interpreters with perfect agreement."——ver. 30, the company of spearmen, B.T.; the beasts of the reeds, Marg.; the wild beast of the reeds, F. & S., Noyes, Phil. —*ib.*, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people, B.T.; the congregation of the strong, with the calves of the nations, Heb.; the assembly of those who place their strength in the calves, i.e., who worship calves, and trust in them as their Gods, Hors., who follows Dr. Jebb.—*ib.*, *till every one* submit himself with pieces of

silver, B.T.; the peoples who excite-themselves-to-the-dance, with rattles of silver: *literally* fragments of silver. The little bits of silver hung round the sistrum, Hors.—*ib.*, the people that delight in war, B.T.; the nations, etc., Heb.——ver. 31, Princes shall come out of Egypt, B.T.; shall come Chashmannim from Egypt, Heb.; The Chasmonim shall come out of Egypt, Hors.; Mich., Park., and Hors., strongly contend for this interpretation. Parkhurst commenting on the word in question, concludes his remarks thus: In D'Anville's Maps of Egypt, long. 48′, 35″, lat. 28′, 5″, in the midway between the Nile and Joseph's canal, you will find the city Aschmunein, with a large, and according to the tradition of the Egyptians, a very noble country of the same name. M. Jomard, one of the contributors to the great work entitled "Description de l'Egypte," which was commenced under the auspices of Napoleon Buonaparte, says: "J'ai residé plusieurs jours à Achmouneyn, et j'ai fait trois voyages dans ce canton; chaque fois j'en ai admiré la fertilité: aussi Achmouneyn est-il un village riche et populeux, son territoire étendu, ses habitans riche en chevaux, en bestiaux, en cavaliers; ils sont tous bien armés, et ne craignent pas les insultes des Arabes." ——ver. 34, in the clouds, B. T.; heavens, Marg.; in the skies, Heb., Phil.——ver. 35, out of thy high places, B. T.; from thy sanctuaries, Byth.; when thou comest forth from thy sanctuary, F. & S.

Psalm LXIX.

ver. 3, dried, B. T.; burnt, Heb.; dry, parched, burnt, Phil.——ver. 4, Then I restored that which I took not away, B.T.; I have not plundered: shall I then restore? Phil.——ver. 13, O Lord, B.T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——vers. 22-25, Nearly all these imp. moods in the B.T., are fut. tenses in Heb.——ver. 27, iniquity unto their iniquity, B. T.; punishment of iniquity, Marg.; punishment upon punishment, F. & S. (All the verbs here are taken as prophetic: the great majority are clearly so.)——ver. 28, Let them be blotted out, B. T.; they shall be blotted out, Heb.——ver. 34, For imp. moods, read fut. tenses, Heb.

Psalm LXX.

First Version.—ver. 1, O Lord, B.T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, desire my hurt, B.T.; delight in evil to me, Heb.; delight in my calamity, F. & S.——vers. 2-4, for imp. moods, read fut. tenses, except, Let God be magnified, Heb.

Second Version.—See remarks on First Version.

NOTES.

Psalm LXXI.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.—ver. 3, strong habitation, B.T.; rock of habitation, Marg., Heb.; rock—dwelling, F. & S.——ver. 8, Let my mouth be filled, B.T.; my mouth shall be filled, Heb.; *or*, is filled, according to Prof. Lee: so F. & S.——ver. 15, for, B.T.; truly, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 16, I will go in the strength of the Lord God, B.T.; celebrabo potentiam *tuam*, O domine Jova, Dathe; I will dwell upon the mighty deeds of the Lord Jehovah, i.e., the strength of Jehovah shall be the constant subject of my meditation, and my sole reliance, F. & S.

Psalm LXXII.

ver. 6, He shall come down as rain, etc., B.T.; i.e., His word shall descend, etc.; so paraphrased by Yarchi and approved by Phil.——ver. 9, shall lick the dust, B.T.; i.e., shall prostrate themselves so as to seem to lick the dust, Byth.——ver. 13, spare, B.T.; have pity upon, Heb., F. & S.——ver. 15, and he shall live, B.T.; that he (the poor man) may live, Phil., Prof. M'Caul.—*ib.*, yea, He (this King) shall give to him the gold of Sheba, and pray for him continually, and daily shall He (the King) bless him, Prof. M'Caul.——ver. 16, There shall be a handful, B.T.; there shall be abundance, Rosenmüller, De Wette, Fürst, and others; see Phil.—*ib.*, shall shake like Lebanon, B.T.; i.e., shall wave backwards and forwards with the wind; like the tall cedars of Lebanon, F. & S.——ver. 17, His name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him, B.T.; before the sun had been created, His name had been prepared, and all nations will be blessed in His merits, Targ.; see Byth. and Phil.——ver. 18, the Lord God, B.T.; Jehovah God, Heb.

Psalm LXXIII.

ver. 3, the foolish, B. T.; the arrogant, Dathe, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 4, there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm, B.T.; they have no pains; their body is well and fat, Ew., Phil.——ver. 7, they have more than heart can wish, B.T.; they pass the thoughts of the heart, Marg.; they have passed beyond the imaginations of their heart, Phil.——ver. 8, they are corrupt, B.T.; derident alios, Dathe; they scoff, F. & S.; they mock, *or* deride, Chald., Syr., Phil.—*ib.*, concerning oppression: they speak loftily, B.T.;

(diff. arr.) they speak haughtily of oppression, Phil., who adds, they speak malevolently of those who suffer from their oppression.——ver. 17, *then* understood I their end, B.T.; I was led to understand their latter end, Phil.——ver. 18, in slippery places, B.T., i.e., those high places which they have occupied, are nothing more than precipices, whence they are cast down, and brought to certain destruction, Phil.—*ib.*, Thou castest them down into destruction, B.T.; and in their elevation thou castest them down, Hors., who adds the following note: *in their elevation;* so the LXX. understand the word here and in other places. See also Phil., who considers that the meaning of *precipices* may be extracted from it.——ver. 20, as a dream when one awaketh, B.T.; as a dream after that one has awaked, Phil.—*ib.*, When thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image, B.T.; when thou hast caused them to awake; i.e., as a dream vanishes, so on their awaking thou shalt mock, or make to vanish, their imaginary prosperity; or .... more literally, *Thou wilt despise;* .... this imaginary greatness the Lord will treat contemptuously, Phil.——ver. 21, Thus my heart, B.T.; when my heart, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 24, receive me, B.T.; take me, Heb., Mend., Phil.——ver. 28, It is good for me to draw near to God, B.T.; as for me, to be near unto God is good for me, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, that I may declare all thy works, B.T.; and to speak of all thy works in the gates of the daughter of Sion, C.P.; .... in the gates of the daughter of Sion, LXX.

Psalm LXXIV.

ver. 3, all that the enemy hath done wickedly, B.T.; the enemy has done all evil, Heb.; confregit omnia, etc., Dathe; the enemy break in pieces all things, F. & S.——ver. 4, for signs, B.T.; for signals, i.e., of victory, F. & S.——ver. 5, A man was famous according as he lifted up axes upon the thick trees, B.T.; they appear like men bringing up axes against a tangled forest, F. & S.; . . . as a man who lifts his hand against the perplexity of wood, that he may cut it with axes, Targ.; see Byth.——ver. 6, carved work, B.T.; sculptures, Byth.——ver. 9, our signs, B.T., i.e., our ceremonies, religious rites, such as sacrifices, circumcision, etc.; see Phil.——ver. 14, to the people inhabiting the wilderness, B.T.; to those of the wilderness, Heb.; i.e., the wild beasts and birds which frequent the sea-shore, and feed on the dead bodies which are cast there by the sea, Ros. See Phil.; but especially Ezek. xxix. 3-6, and xxxii. 3-6.——ver. 19, the congregation of thy poor, B.T.; the life of thy

suffering-ones, Ew.; thine afflicted people, F. & S.——ver. 20, the dark places, B.T.; the corners *or* nooks, Ew.

Psalm LXXV.

ver. 2, When I shall receive the congregation, B.T.; when I shall take a set time, Marg.; truly I will take a time, Phil.——ver. 5, on high, B.T.; to the height, Heb.; against heaven, Phil.——ver. 7, But God is judge, B.T.; for God is judge, Heb.; the last word here denotes something more than a judge among us; for it implies not only one who administers justice, but one who also bestows honours and rewards, Phil.——ver. 8, red, B.T.; turbid, Heb., Ab. Ez., L. de Dieu.——ver. 10, all the horns of the wicked, ... will I cut off, B.T. Here, *to cut off the horns*, etc., is to bring to nothing their pride, to render them powerless, Phil.—*ib.*, the horns of the righteous, B.T.; the horns of the righteous (sg.), Heb.; the horns of the Just One, Hors.; the Midrash refers this to the King Messiah, and directs attention to 1 Sam. ii. 10, last clause. See Phil.

Psalm LXXVI.

ver. 3, the arrows, B.T.; the fiery darts, Heb., Park., Mon.; the live coals of the bow, i.e., the iron heads of arrows which glow like charcoal, Byth.—*ib.*, the battle, B.T.; *rather*, omnia bellica instrumenta, Ros., Phil.; the weapons of war, F. & S.——ver. 4, Thou art more glorious, B.T.; an apostrophe to Mount Zion. See Her., Dathe, Hare.——ver. 7, Thou, even thou, art to be feared, B.T.; thou (*art*) terrible, (*even*) thou, Heb.; thou thyself, thou alone art terrible; and besides thee there is no other, Phil.——ver. 8, Thou didst cause, etc., B.T.; verbs in the present tense: see F. & S.——ver. 11, that ought to be feared, B.T.; to the fear, Heb.——ver. 12, He shall cut off, B.T.; he subdues, Ew.; he controlleth, F. & S.

Psalm LXXVII.

ver. 1, I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice, B.T.; now will I cry aloud unto God, yea, aloud unto God, Ew., Dathe, F. & S., and Noyes. (These all use the pres. tense in this, and the two following verses.)——ver. 2, My sore ran in the night, B.T.; my hand in the night was (?*is*) stretched out, Heb., Dathe, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 4, Thou holdest mine eyes waking, B.T.; thou hast hold on the watches of my eyes, Heb.; . . . . the

guards, i.e., eyelids, that I could not close them to sleep, Byth.——ver. 5, the years of ancient times, B.T.; the years of ages, Heb.——ver. 6, made diligent search, B. T.; inquired silently, Ew.——ver. 11, thy wonders of old, B.T.; thy wonder, etc., Heb.——ver. 13, Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary, B.T.; i.e., is holy; whatever thou doest is holy, Phil.; O God, holy are thy ways, Chald., F. & S., Noyes.—*ib.*, Who is so great a God as our God! B.T.; Who is a great God, godlike? Heb.——ver. 14, Thou art a God that doest wonders, B.T.; thou art the God working a wonder, Heb.——ver. 17, the skies sent out a sound, B.T.; the skies give a voice, Heb.; the skies uttered a voice, F. & S.——ver. 18, in the heavens, B.T.; in the circuit, Heb.; the word is from the root *to roll, to revolve.* See Byth., and Phil.; in the whirlwind, Hors., Noyes, Phil.

Psalm LXXVIII.

ver. 5, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children, B.T.; i.e., they were to make known his strength and his wonderful works, mentioned in the preceding verse. See Schnurrer, as quoted by Phil., who coincides.——ver. 15, He clave the rocks, B.T.; he was accustomed to cleave, etc., Phil., who adds, that the object of the sacred penman is to state that as often as water was wanted by the Israelites in the wilderness, the rock was cleft.——ver. 17, And they sinned yet more against him, B.T.; yet they went on to sin against him, F. & S.——ver. 20, Can he give bread also? B.T.; Can he also give food? F. & S.; or rather, *flesh*, as understood by Mend., who supposes the word to be equivalent to *meat.* See Phil. (In the metrical translation, the words flesh and meat are transposed for the sake of euphony.)——ver. 28, habitations, B.T.; tabernacles, Heb.——ver. 31, the fattest of them, B.T., i.e., the great ones of the camp, and the rich, who gave themselves to pleasure, Ab. Ez., Phil.——ver. 36, that passeth away, B.T.; which goeth forth, F. & S.——ver. 41, Yea, they turned back and tempted God, B.T.; again and again they tempted God, F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 44, and had turned, B.T.; when he changed, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 45, destroyed them, B.T.; infected them, F. & S., who add in a note: Heb., corrupted them; i.e., made loathsome their dwellings.——ver. 47, and their sycamore-trees with frost, B.T.; . . . . with great hailstones, Marg.; and their fig-trees with great hailstones, F. & S.; see also the Chaldee, as quoted by Phil.——ver. 50, He made a way to His anger, B.T.; Heb., He

weighed a path, etc., Marg.; he weighed a path for his anger, i.e., he maketh a path with discretion, ordereth with wisdom the penalties of their disobedience, Phil.——ver. 54, to the border of his sanctuary, B.T.; ad terminos sibi sacros, Dathe; within his holy boundary, F. & S.; to his holy border, Phil.——ver. 60, He placed, B.T.; he pitched, Heb.——ver. 61, his strength, ... his glory, B. T.; his power . . . . his splendour. These are terms descriptive of the Ark of God, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 63, The fire consumed, B.T.; in the way of figure, *war* is called *fire*, in the same way as, *a fire* goeth forth from Heshbon, Mend. (see Phil.)—*ib.*, their young men, B.T.; his young men, F. & S., Ew., Phil.: the latter adds, those who are fit for war, etc.; the young men are called *his*, as being a portion of his peculiar people.——ver. 64, their priests, ... their widows, B.T.; his priests, ... his widows, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 67, the tabernacle, B.T.; the tent, Heb.; the tents, F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 69, like high palaces, B.T.; like exalted (places,) Heb.; in the heavens, Yar., Schnur., F. & S.

Psalm LXXIX.

vers. 1, 6, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.; gentes, Dathe. ——ver. 8, former iniquities, B. T.; the iniquities of them that were before us, Marg. To the same effect the Chald. and Phil.——ver. 11, of thy power, B.T.; of thine arm, Marg., Heb.——ver. 12, sevenfold, B.T.; seven times, i.e., several times, Phil.; manifold, F. & S.

Psalm LXXX.

ver. 1, Joseph, B.T.; Josephi posteros, Dathe.——ver. 3, turn us again, B.T.; recrea nos, Dathe; restore us, F. & S.——ver. 10, the goodly cedars, B.T.; the cedars of God, Marg., Heb., LXX., Vulg. ——ver. 13, doth devour it, B.T.; browseth upon it, F. & S.; will feed on it, Heb.——ver. 15, the vineyard, B.T.; the plant, F. & S.; a *root* or *stock*, such as is planted, Syr., Phil.——vers. 15, 17, strong for thyself, B. T., i.e., raised up to be a great people for thine especial purposes, F. & S.——ver. 16, it is cut down, B.T.; everritur, Dathe, Michaelis . . . . *it is burnt with fire, and brushed over;* viz., by the wind: nearly in this sense it is interpreted by Mend., Phil. —*ib.*, the rebuke of thy countenance, B. T.; . . . . of thy anger, Phil.——ver. 19, cause thy face to shine, B. T.; show the light of thy countenance, F. & S.

Psalm LXXXI.

ver. 5, through the land of Egypt, B. T.; against, etc., Marg., Dathe, F. & S.—*ib.*, *where* I heard, B. T.; I shall hear, Heb., or rather, I hear, Prof. Lee; audio, Dathe and Dœderlein. (De Dieu and Mend. make *the language* to be God's, and the first person to represent the whole of the Israelitish people, Phil.)——ver. 7, in the secret place of thunder, B. T.; in the covering of the thundercloud, Phil.—*ib.*, of Meribah, B. T.; of strife, Marg.; of contradiction, Byth.——ver. 8, testify, B. T.; warn, F. & S.; admonish, Noyes.—*ib.*, if thou wilt hearken unto me, B. T.; utinam me audires, Dathe; O that thou wouldest hearken unto me, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 15, have submitted themselves, B. T.; lied, Marg.; should submit to him, i.e., through fear make at least a feigned submission to his government, Phil.

Psalm LXXXII.

ver. 1, in the congregation of the mighty, B. T.; in the congregation of God, Heb.; in suo concessu, Dathe; who adds, Heb., in cœtu Dei.——ver. 3, Defend, B. T.; judge, Marg., Heb.; take the cause of the poor and fatherless into your hands, Phil.——ver. 5, are out of course, B. T.; are moved, Marg., Heb.; vacillant, Dathe; are moved to and fro, Phil.; totter, Ew.——ver. 7, like one of the princes, B. T.; like other princes, F. & S.; together, O ye princes, Hors.; at once, etc., Ew.

Psalm LXXXIII.

ver. 3, They have taken crafty counsel, B. T.; they heap together counsel after counsel, Mend., Phil.——ver. 12, the houses, B. T.; the habitations, Heb., F. & S., Phil.——ver. 13, like a wheel, B. T.; as chaff, F. & S., who add, Heb., any small particle whirled about by the wind; like whirling chaff, Noyes; as the whirlwind, Phil.——ver. 15, persecute, B. T.; pursue, Heb.—*ib.*, thy storm, B. T.; thy whirlwind, Heb.——ver. 16, fill, B. T.; cover, F. & S., Noyes.—*ib.*, Let them be confounded and troubled, B. T.; they shall be confounded and perish, Heb.

Psalm LXXXIV.

ver. 3, Even thine altars, etc., B. T.; id mihi tua altaria sunt, Dathe; I—thy altars my King and my God: i.e., my great object is

to find thy altars, etc., Phil.; Herder to the same effect.——ver. 5, in whose heart *are* the ways *of them*, B. T.; qui perpetuo de viis *ad ædem tuam* cogitat, Dathe. In their hearts are the paths to the sanctuary, F. & S.; in whose heart are the ways to Zion, Her., Ham., Noyes.——ver. 7, before God, B. T.; unto the God of Gods, C. P.——ver. 9, Behold, O God, our shield, B. T.; our shield, see thou, O God, Heb.——ver. 10, I would rather be a door-keeper, B. T.; I would choose rather to sit at the threshold, Marg., Heb., Byth.

The third and fourth stanzas of the Metrical Version, with some variations.

[5] Blest are the men, whose strength Thou art;
All who have Zion's ways at heart!
[6] For, when they thread the vale of tears,
It filled with springs and pools appears:
And their instructor—blest is he,
Whom marching at their head they see!

[7] They, too, that go from band to band,
And take the weary by the hand:
In Zion all, their labour o'er,
The God of Gods appear before:
[8] O Lord of Hosts! incline thine ear;
My prayer, O God of Jacob! hear!

Notes explanatory of the above stanzas, as altered.

ver. 6, Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well, B. T.; . . . . the valley of weeping, etc., Targ.; see Byth. and Phil.; . . . . the vale of tears, etc., F. & S.—*ib.*, the rain also filleth the pools, B. T.; for rain, the LXX. have, the lawgiver will give blessings; see Byth.; Qu'il soit béni aussi, celui qui marche à leur tête, Herder (French trans.), who says of the word here commonly translated rain, or former-rain, that it signifies guide, or leader of the caravan,—the ghafir, as the pilgrims who journey to Mecca call him; the teacher, Heng.——ver. 7, They go from strength to strength, B. T.; . . . . from band to band, Marg. (To this last interpretation, an eminent Hebrew Scholar drew the translator's attention several years ago; and the latter has endeavoured faithfully to give his friend's idea of the passage. He takes this opportunity of acknowledging the great obligation he is under to this friend, the late William Bridges, of the Bounty Office, Westminster; who watched over this work for many years.)

Psalm LXXXV.

ver. 2, Thou hast forgiven, B. T.; thou hast taken away, Heb. ——ver. 3, taken away all thy wrath, B. T.; gathered in all thy rage, Heb.; collected together (so as to remove it all at once), Phil.——ver. 4, turn us, B. T.; turn to us, Chald.; refresh, restore, quicken us; others, including Luther, Phil.——ver. 8, God the Lord, B. T.; the God Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, for, B. T.; immo vero, Dathe; truly, Noyes, Hors.——ver. 9, glory, B. T.; symbolum illud majestatis divinæ, Dathe, F. & S., Phil.

Psalm LXXXVI.

ver. 2, I am holy, B. T.; one whom thou favourest, Marg.; pius sum, Dathe; I am thy pious worshipper, F. & S.; I am devoted to thee, Noyes; good, pious, devoted to the service of God, Phil.——ver. 11, unite my heart, B. T.; give me singleness of heart, Heb.; make one my heart, F. & S.——ver. 17, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm LXXXVII.

ver. 4, Babylon, B. T.; Babel, Byth.—*ib.*, Ethiopia, B. T.; Cush, Heb.—*ib.*, This man was born there, B. T.; these shall be born there, F. & S., who, on the word *these*, remark: Heb., *this*, i. e., each one of the inhabitants of the countries just enumerated; and on the words, *be born there*, they have the following note: i. e., shall become proselytes in Zion, and be admitted to the privileges of the true worshippers of Jehovah.——ver. 5, this and that man, B. T.; homines diversissimarum nationum, Dathe; men of every nation, Noyes.——ver. 7, all my springs are in thee, B. T.; all my thoughts are of thee, Mend.; see Phil.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

ver. 3, the grave, B. T.; Hades, Heb.——ver. 5, free among the dead, B. T.; as the dead I am discarded, F. & S.; . . . . deserted, *or* abandoned, Luth., Phil.—*ib.*, cut off from thy hand, B. T.; cut off from thy protection, F. & S.; Phil. observes that this is spoken of them with reference to this life, as being no longer objects of God's providence upon earth.——ver. 7, lieth hard upon me, B. T.; resteth upon me, F. & S.; presseth upon me as a heavy burden, Phil.——ver. 10, show wonders, B. T.; do a wonder, Heb.——ver. 12, thy wonders, B. T.; thy wonder, Heb.——ver. 13, But unto thee have I cried, O

Lord, B. T.; as for me, unto thee, O Jehovah! do I cry, F. & S.; still I say unto thee, O Jehovah! Ew.—*ib.*, prevent thee, B. T.; come before thee, Heb., F. & S.

Psalm LXXXIX.

ver. 1, I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever, B. T. . . . . of Jehovah, Heb.; Dei benignitatem æternam cantabo, Dathe; who thinks that the Hebrew word translated *for ever* should be construed with the benignity of Jehovah; and not with the verb, I will sing. So Hors.; I will sing of the perpetual mercies of Jehovah. Dathe appeals to vers. 4, 28, 29, 33, in support of this interpretation.——ver. 2, in the very heavens, B.T.; as the heavens, F. & S., Noyes, Phil.——ver. 4, build up, B. T.; make firm, F. & S.——ver. 5, thy wonders, O Lord, B. T.; thy wonder, O Jehovah, Heb.; the wonders of thy Godhead, Hors.—*ib.*, the congregation of the saints, B. T.; (usually rendered,) congregation of angels, Phil.; the holy ones in their assembly, i.e., the angels, F. & S.——ver. 6, the heaven, B. T.; the clouds, C. P., F. & S.; the cloud, or heaven, Phil.—*ib.*, the sons of the mighty, B. T.; the sons of God, Heb.; the angels, Phil.; the sons of the mighty, i.e., the inhabitants of heaven, F. & S.——ver. 7, in the assembly of the saints, B. T.; in the council of the holy ones, F. & S.; in the great council of angels, Yar., (see Phil.)——ver. 8, or to thy faithfulness round about thee, B. T.; and thy faithfulness is round about thee, LXX., Vulg., Chald., Syr., F. & S.; undiquaque te ungit veritas; Muis, as quoted by Phil., who considers this to be the correct sense, and thus paraphrases it: On all sides are infallible evidences of thy truth and faithfulness, both as regards thy promises of grace, and also thy threats of judgment.——ver. 10, Thou hast broken, B.T.; thou hast crushed, Heb., F. & S.; broken in pieces, (from *crushed, bruised*), Byth.—*ib.*, as one that is slain, B. T.; as one wounded, Heb.; that she lies gasping with her wounds, Hors. (see his elaborate note on the passage); as one mortally wounded, F. & S.——ver. 14, the habitation, B. T.; the establishment, Marg.; the settlement, Heb.; the foundation *or* base, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 15, the joyful sound, B. T.; the shouting, Heb.; the sound of the trumpets, F. & S.; the shout, *or* noise, viz., of trumpets, which were blown when the Jews were called together to keep the festivals, Phil., who refers to Lev. xxiii. 24.——ver. 18, our defence, B. T.; our shield, Heb., F. & S., Phil.——ver. 19, Then, B.T.; olim, Dathe; once, F. & S.—*ib.*, to the Holy One, B. T.; concerning Thy Holy One, Phil.——ver. 21, with whom my hand shall

be established, B.T.; hunc manu mea confirmabo, Dathe; my hand shall firmly sustain him, F. & S.; with whom my hand shall be stable, Phil.——ver. 22, shall not exact upon him, B.T.; shall not be able to do him violence, C.P.; shall not oppress him, Phil.——ver. 23, beat down, B.T.; crush, Byth.——ver. 27, *my* first-born, B.T.; first-born, Heb.; primogenitum, Dathe; the first-born, Mich., Phil.——ver. 33, will I not utterly take from him, B.T.; ei non subtraham, Dathe; will I not withdraw, F. & S.; will I not violate, Hors.——ver. 37, as a faithful witness in heaven, B.T.; as the faithful witness in the cloud, Phil.; who thinks (with Dathe) that there is an allusion to the rainbow.——ver. 38, abhorred, B.T.; rejected, F. & S.——ver. 39, Thou hast made void, B.T.; thou hast rejected, Phil.; thou abhorrest, Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 40, his hedges, B.T.; his fences, Heb.; i.e., the boundaries of his kingdom, or capital city, which serve also as defences, or fortifications of the empire, Phil.—*ib.*, Thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin, B.T.; Phil. says: This noun (translated *ruin*) may signify *terror* or *destruction.* ——ver. 50, how I do bear in my bosom the reproach of all the mighty people, B.T.; how I bear in my bosom the reproach of all the people, F. & S.; how I have carried in my bosom all the reproaches of many people, Chald., Targ. (See Phil.)——ver. 51, wherewith, B.T.; because, Phil.—*ib.*, they have reproached the footsteps of thine Anointed, B.T.; they affect with disgrace (or ridicule) the tardiness of the footsteps of Thy anointed; i.e., the tardiness of the advent of Messiah, Chald., Kim., Phil.

Psalm XC.

ver. 3, to destruction, B.T.; to dust, Phil.; in pulverem, Dathe. ——ver. 5, Thou carriest them away as with a flood, B.T.; thou drivest them away, Phil.—*ib.*, as a sleep, B.T.; as a dream, Phil.——ver. 9, as a tale that is told, B.T.; as a meditation, Marg., Heb.; as swift as thought, Ew. The word means either *speech* or *thought*, Phil.

Psalm XCI.

ver. 9, Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, B.T.; truly thou, O God! art my refuge, F. & S.; see Phil.—*ib.*, *even* the Most High, thy habitation, B.T.; thou makest the Most High thy shelter, F. & S.; Yar. and Mend. to the same effect, see Phil.——ver. 10, thy dwelling, B.T.; rather, thy family, Phil.——ver. 13, the adder, B.T.; the asp, Marg., Heb., Dathe.

NOTES.

Psalm XCII.

ver. 9, shall be scattered, B. T.; shall be parted *or* separated, Chald.; also Phil., who says, the sense of mere dispersion . . . . does not seem sufficiently strong.

Psalm XCIII.

First Version.—ver. 1, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, The floods, B. T.; the rivers, Heb.——ver. 4, the noise of many waters, B. T.; the noise of the breakers of the great sea, Mend.; see Phil.

Psalm XCIV.

ver. 3, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, they break in pieces, B. T.; they crush, Heb.; they grind, F. & S.; see Phil., to the same effect.——ver. 10, chastiseth, B. T.; instructeth, LXX.; gives the law to, Chald., Phil.—*ib.*, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.; the nations, LXX.——ver. 11, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 13, until the pit be digged, B. T.; whilst the pit is digging, Hors., Phil.——ver. 15, judgment shall return to righteousness, B. T.; . . . . shall return to justice, i.e., this verse speaks of just judgment, Phil., who says, the drift of the whole is, that an impartial administration shall be established, to which all the upright of heart will give their approval and support.——ver. 16, Who will rise up? B. T.; Who is accustomed to rise up? Phil.——ver. 17, unless the Lord, B. T.; unless Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 17, had almost dwelt, B. T.; had quickly dwelt, Marg.; I should quickly lie down, F. & S.; soon my soul had dwelt, Phil.——ver. 20, Shall the throne, B. T.; Can the throne, Phil.

Psalm XCV.

First Version.—ver. 8, as in the provocation, B. T.; as at Meribah, Heb.—*ib.*, the day of temptation, B. T.; the day of Massah, Heb.

Second Version—ver. 1, Make a joyful noise unto him with psalms, B. T.; let us chant aloud to him the measured lay, Hors.; who takes the word translated *psalms* to mean songs in measured verse, adapted to the bars of a chant.——ver. 4, the strength of the hills, B. T.; the heights of the hills, Marg.; altissimi montes, Dathe and all the elder interpreters; the treasures of the mountains, Mich., Knap., Phil.——ver. 5, formed the dry land, B. T.; prepared the dry land, C. P.——ver. 6, before the Lord, B. T.; before Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm XCVI.

vers. 1, 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 9, fear before him, B. T.; be pained before him, Heb.; tremble ye, etc., Byth., F. & S.——ver. 10, among the heathen, B. T.; among the Gentiles, Heb.

Psalm XCVII.

ver. 2, the habitation, B. T.; the establishment, Marg.; the settlement, Heb.; the foundation, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 4, trembled, B.T.; was pained, Heb.; trembleth as in pangs, F. & S.——ver. 7, all ye gods, B. T.; all ye angels, LXX., Syr., Phil.; all the angels of God, Heb. i. 6.——ver. 10, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 11, the righteous, B. T.; The righteous (sg.), Heb.; the Just One, Hors. ——ver. 12, give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness, B. T.; . . . . to the memorial, etc., Marg.; praise ye his holy name, F. & S., Noyes.

Psalm XCVIII.

First Version—ver. 2, of the heathen, B. T.; of the Gentiles, Heb. ——ver. 6, with trumpets and sound of cornet, B. T.; with clarions and the sound of trumpets, Noyes.—*ib.*, before the Lord the King, B. T.; before the King Jehovah, Heb.

Second Version.—ver. 2, see above.——ver. 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, see above.

Psalm XCIX.

ver. 1, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, let the people tremble, B. T.; nations shall be troubled, Heb. (pres. tense, Lee.)—— ver. 2, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, let them praise, B. T.; they shall praise, Heb. (pres. tense, Lee.)——ver. 4, The King's strength also loveth judgment, B. T.; they praise the strength of the King, because he loveth judgment, Phil., who says, the verb *they praise*, of the preceding verse, must be repeated here before *the strength of the King.*——ver. 6, his priests, B. T.; his ministers, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, the Lord, B.T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 8, a God that forgavest them, B.T.; a pardoning God to them, Heb., F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 9, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah. Heb.

NOTES.

Psalm C.

ver. 1, unto the Lord, B. T.; to Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, and not we ourselves, B.T.; and his are we, Marg., Hors., F. & S., Phil.

Psalm CI.

ver. 1, O Lord, B.T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, O when wilt thou come to me, B. T.; till thou shalt come to call me to account, see Phil.——ver. 5, him will I cut off, B. T.; him will I exterminate; which Phil. says, some explain by *banishing him from my presence*, so as to prevent his ever returning.——ver. 8, I will early destroy . . . . that I may cut off, B. T. These verbs do not in this verse express entire destruction, but only a temporary separation or cutting off, Phil.

Psalm CII.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 7, am as a sparrow alone, B. T.; like the solitary bird, Hors., F. & S.——ver. 8, they that are mad against me, B. T.; those who make a pretence of praising me, Phil.——ver. 9, for I have eaten, B. T.; wherefore, etc., Phil. ——ver. 14, for thy servants, B. T.; of a truth thy servants, F. & S. ——ver. 15, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe, F. & S. —*ib.*, thy glory, B. T.; i.e., thy glorious deeds, thy most exalted majesty, Phil.

Psalm CIII.

ver. 6, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 19, hath prepared, B. T.; hath established, Heb., F. & S.

Psalm CIV.

ver. 1, O Lord my God, B. T.; O Jehovah my God, Heb.——ver. 3, walketh upon, B. T.; rideth upon, Noyes; walketh *or* goeth, Phil. ——ver. 8, they go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys, B. T.; the mountains ascend, the valleys descend, Marg.; they rise as mountains, they descend as valleys, F. & S.——ver. 10, into the valleys, B. T.; into the streams, Heb.; rivers *or* brooks, Ros., see Phil.; he sendeth forth the springs of water in brooks, Noyes.——ver. 14, He causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth, B. T.; Phil. says, *Herb* may be taken with *grass*, and then the

verse will have the following meaning: He causeth grass to grow for cattle, and also herbs, in order that they may be fit for the service of man, to plough, and to do whatever else is necessary to make the earth to bring forth bread.——ver. 16, The trees of the Lord, B. T.; .... of Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 18, the conies, B. T.; the jerboas, Hors., F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 19, for seasons, B. T.; for set times, Heb.; for certain seasons, Phil.——ver. 20, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth, B. T.; all the beasts thereof do trample on the forest, Marg.; then do all the wild beasts of the forest prowl, F. & S.——ver. 25, things creeping, B. T.; moving things, Heb.——ver. 26, there go the ships, B. T.; there swimmeth the nautilus, F. &. S.—*ib.*, to play therein, B. T.; to take his pastime therein, C. P.——ver. 35, Let the sinners be consumed, B. T.; sinners shall come to an end, Heb., Hors., F. & S.

Psalm CV.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.* the people, B. T.; the nations, Heb.——ver. 4, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 7, the Lord our God, B. T.; Jehovah our God, Heb.——ver. 15, mine anointed, B. T.; my anointed ones, Heb., F. & S.——ver. 16, upon the land, B. T.; upon the earth, Heb.——ver. 20, of the people, B. T.; of the nations, Heb.——ver. 21, of all his substance, B. T.; possession, Marg.; of all his possession, Heb., F & S.——ver. 25, He turned their heart, B. T.; their heart is turned, Chald., Arab., Kim. (See Phil.); he permitted their heart to turn, Chrys. (Phil.)——ver. 31, in all their coasts, B. T.; in all their borders, F. & S.; in omnibus finibus eorum, Vulg., i.e., throughout the whole country, Phil.——ver. 32, in their land, B. T.; *on* their land: see Exod. ix. 23, and the fire ran along upon the ground.——ver. 33, of their coasts, B. T.; of their border, Heb.; finium, Dathe; of their borders, F. & S., Ew.

Psalm CVI.

ver. 3, and he that doeth righteousness, B. T.; and do righteousness, Hors., who reads in the plural with the Syr. Also Heng., (see Phil.)——ver. 4, remember me, B. T.; memento nostri, Dathe. The people here taken collectively, should be regarded as the speaker. Hence the LXX., Syr., Arab., and Ethiop., have the plural object. pron.; see Phil.——ver. 5, the good, B. T.; the felicity, C. P.; the prosperity, Phil.——ver. 7, at the Red Sea, B. T.; at the sea of Suph, Heb.; ad sinum Arabicum, Dathe.——ver. 15, sent leanness

into their soul, B. T.; sent a wasting disease against them, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 16, the saint of the Lord, B. T.; the holy-one of Jehovah, Heb.; the consecrated, see F. & S., and Phil.——ver. 24, the pleasant land, B. T.; a land of desires, Marg.; the land desirable, Heb. (See Numb. xiv. 8.)——ver. 26, to overthrow them, B.T.; to make them fall, Marg., Heb.——ver. 27, to overthrow their seed, B. T.; to make fall their seed, Heb.——ver. 28, the sacrifices of the dead, B. T.; sacrifices offered to the dead, i.e., idols, F. & S.; sacrifices offered to lifeless idols, Noyes.——ver. 29, their inventions, B. T.; their actions, Heb.; their doings, Ew., Noyes, F. & S.——ver. 32, of strife, B. T.; of Meribah, Heb.——ver. 34, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 35, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb., Dathe.——ver. 37, unto devils, B. T.; to demons, Heb., Dathe, F. & S.——ver. 39, and went a whoring with their own inventions, B. T.; and served other Gods, after their practices, F. & S.; and played the harlot with their practices, Noyes.——ver. 41, of the heathen, B. T.; of the Gentiles, Heb.——ver. 43, were brought low, B. T.; were weakened, Heb.; miserrimi facti, Camp.; were humbled, Phil.——ver. 47, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.——ver. 48, Praise ye the Lord, B. T.; praise ye Jah, Heb.

Psalm CVII.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, the enemy, B. T.; the distresser, Heb.; want, Luth.; also Heng. and Phil.——ver. 8, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 10, sit, B. T.; dwell, Heb. ——ver. 12, with labour, B. T.; with grievousness, Heb.; calamitate, Dathe; by hardships, F. & S.—*ib.*, fell down, B. T.; stumbled, Heb., Hors., F. & S.——ver. 13, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 21, the same.——ver. 22, with rejoicing, B. T.; with shouting, Heb. ——ver. 31, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 32, the assembly, B. T.; the seat, Heb.——ver. 35, a standing water, B. T.; a waterland, Ew.——ver. 39, again they are minished and brought low, B. T.; but still self-wanting, they sink again, Ew.

Psalm CVIII.

ver. 1, my heart is fixed, B. T.; . . . . established, Heb.; . . . . right, Phil.——ver. 2, early, B. T.; at dawn, Heb.; with the red morn, Ew.——ver. 4, the clouds, B. T.; the skies, Marg., Heb.——ver. 8,

the strength of my head, B. T.; the defence of my life, F. & S.; tribus validissima mea est, Dathe; the defence of my head, Ew.

Psalm CIX.

vers. 6-15, In these ten verses about four-fifths of the Heb. verbs are in the fut. tense.——vers. 16-20, In these five verses the Heb. verbs are chiefly præterites or futures; not one imperative mood occurs.——ver. 6, Satan, B. T.; an adversary, Marg., Heb.; an accuser, Phil.——ver. 7, Let him be condemned, B. T.; he shall go forth condemned, Chald., Syr., Yar., Phil.——ver. 8, his office, B. T.; his charge, Marg.; his bishopric, Phil.——ver. 10, Let his children be continually vagabonds, B. T.; his sons wandering, shall wander, Heb.—*ib.*, let them seek, B. T.; and shall seek, Chald. (See Phil.) ——ver. 11, let the extortioner catch, B. T.; the exactor shall exact, Chald. (See Phil.) . . . . shall catch, or seize on, Phil., who says, It seems to denote to lay snares.——ver. 13, let his posterity be cut off, B. T.; his posterity shall be cut off, Phil.——ver. 21, O God the Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah Lord, Heb.——ver. 24, my knees are weak, B. T.; my knees totter, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, fatness, B. T.; oil, i.e., radical moisture, Phil.——ver. 26, O Lord my God, B. T.; O Jehovah my God, Heb.——ver. 27, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 28, let them curse, but bless thou, B. T.; fut. tenses, Heb.——ver. 29, let mine adversaries be clothed, etc., B. T.; fut. tenses, Heb.

Psalm CX.

ver. 1, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, the same.—*ib.*, the rod, B. T.; the staff, Heb.——ver. 2,* with thee is the chief rule, in the day of thy virtue, in the splendours of sanctities, from the womb before the morning star I have begotten thee; the LXX., as translated in Bythner's Lyra, by Dee. Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ in splendoribus sanctorum: ex utero ante Luciferum genui te, Lat. Vul. The same in Bishop Bruno's Psalter, imp. 1494, who has the following note: Ex utero, i.e., ex archano substantiæ meæ, by which he understands, the Godhead. The Syriac has: With thee was the principality, in the day of thy conception, in the splendours of holiness; earlier than the womb of the morning thou hadst the dew of thy birth.——ver. 3, thy people shall be willing, B. T.; thy people shall be as copious showers, Ab. Ez., Mend., Phil.—*ib.*, in the day of thy power, B. T.; in the day that

thou shalt wage war, Chald.; in the day when thou makest (or collectest) an army to fight against them, Kim.; Quando exercitum colliges, Schin.; in the day when thou desirest to go to battle, Phil. —*ib.*, in the beauties of holiness, B. T.; in beautiful garments, i.e., ... in splendid military attire, *or rather* in holy vestments, as the words are understood by Ges. and Tho., see Phil.—*ib.*, from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth, B. T.; thy young men *shall go forth* as dew from the womb of the morning, Phil.; Ab. Ez. and Mend., to the same effect. Phillips therefore, and the authors on whom he relies, appear to understand the Heb. text thus:

Thy people shall be as copious showers
  In the day when Thou desirest to go to battle:
In holy vestments, Thy young men shall go forth
  As dew from the womb of the morning.

May not the remarkable discrepancy that exists between the Septuagint and Hebrew Versions of this Psalm, be accounted for by supposing that the ancient copyists have in each case omitted a verse, but a different one? The errors being of such antiquity that they have affected all the MSS. that have reached us. If so, it follows that both the passages should be retained. [Since this last note was written, a Heb. scholar of eminence has informed me that the ancient Hebrew text, in this instance, admits of two such different modes of *pointing*, that both the above meanings may be deduced from it.]——ver. 4, The Lord hath sworn, B. T.; Jehovah, etc., Heb. ——ver. 6, the heathen, B. T.; the Gentiles, Heb.—*ib.*, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies, B. T.; he shall fill with dead bodies, *namely*, the earth, Chald., Phil.; Schnurrer (see Phil.) considers the expression equivalent to "every nation shall be full of dead bodies."—*ib.*, wound, B. T.; crush, F. & S.; dash in pieces, Ew.; smite, Phil.—*ib.*, the heads over many countries, B. T.; . . . . great countries, Marg.; the head over much earth, Heb.; the head of a great country, Hors.; the head over much land, Phil., who thinks that the word *head* here expresses the appointed head, or prince of a large district, or (he says) it may be taken collectively; and so the phrase may be translated *princes* of extensive lands, *or* territories. ——ver. 7, He shall drink of the brook in the way, B. T.; from-the-brook in-the-way he-shall-drink, Heb.; from the brook He shall drink in the way, Phil., who says, Not that he shall drink from the

brook which is in the way. The accents show that the first two words are not to be thus connected together. [The Hebrew order is here referred to.]

Psalm CXI.

ver. 1, Praise ye the Lord, B. T. This psalm being written with respect to the order of the letters of the alphabet, shows very decidedly that the above words can form no part of the text, Phil. (They are equivalent to A Hymn of praise to Jehovah.)—*ib.*, I will praise the Lord, B. T.; I will give thanks to Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, His work is honourable and glorious, B. T.; glory and honour are His work, i.e., all the works which He hath done, are glorious and magnificent, Phil.——ver. 7, sure, B. T.; firm and unalterable, F. & S. ——ver. 9, holy and reverend, B. T.; unutterably holy, Ew.——ver. 10, The fear of the Lord, B. T.; . . . . of Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, his praise, B. T.; The ו alludes to each of those mentioned in the preceding phrase as doing the commandments; . . . . his praise shall be in the mouths of many generations, Kim., Phil.

Psalm CXII.

ver. 1, Praise ye the Lord, B. T.; see first note to Ps. cxi.—*ib.*, that feareth the Lord, B. T.; . . . . Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, His righteousness, B. T.; Phil. understands the Heb. word, as used here, in the sense in which Ros. takes it, who observes that the parallelism shows it to be put for *the reward of piety;* for thus it corresponds with *wealth and riches.* So, Phil. adds, we have *iniquity* and the reward of iniquity.——ver. 5, *a* good man, B. T.; *the* good man, Phil.—*ib.*, discretion, B. T.; judgment, Marg., Heb.——ver. 8, until, B. T.; whilst, Phil.; who, however, adds, This particle is not to be regarded here as one of time, but simply as connecting the two parts of the verse, 1 Sam. xiv. 19.

Psalm CXIII.

ver. 1, Praise ye the Lord, B. T. See first note to Ps. cxi.—*ib.*, of the Lord, B. T.; of Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth, B. T.; who throweth his glance far down upon the heavens and the earth, Ew.

NOTES.

Psalm CXIV.

ver. 1, from a people of strange language, B. T.; e populo barbaro, Dathe; see also Hors. and Park.——ver. 5, was driven back, B. T.; turned back, F. & S.; went back, Ew.

Psalm CXV.

ver. 1, Not unto us, etc., B. T.; not for our sake, F. & S.; see also Phil.——ver. 3, But our God, B. T.; as for our God, Hors.——ver. 7, speak, B. T.; breathe, Ham., F. & S.——vers. 9-18, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXVI.

ver. 1, I love the Lord, because he hath heard, B. T.; I desired (*or* wished) that the Lord would hear, Mend., Phil.—*ib.*, my voice and my supplication, B. T.; i.e., my supplicating voice, Phil.——ver. 3, the sorrows, B. T.; the cords, Heb.; the snares, F. & S.——ver. 11, I said in my haste, All men are liars, B. T.; in trepidatione mea dicebam, Vanum est auxilium humanum, Dathe; in my trepidation, etc., Phil.——ver. 12, What shall I render, B. T.; quid igitur rependam, Dathe.——ver. 13, the cup of salvation, B. T.; the cup of blessing, Mend., Phil.——ver. 18, my vows unto the Lord, B. T.; . . . to Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXVII.

ver. 1, Praise ye the Lord, B. T.; . . . . Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXVIII.

vers. 1, 5, 11, 13, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 20, This gate of the Lord, B. T.; This is the gate of Jehovah, Heb., F. & S. ——ver. 22, the builders, B. T.; the master-builders, Ew.; architecti, Dathe.——ver. 23, the Lord's, B. T.; Jehovah's, Heb.——vers. 24-29, In these six verses the word Jehovah occurs eight times.——ver. 27, Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar, B. T.; *bind a lamb for the* festival sacrifice with cords, until ye have sacrificed it and sprinkled the blood upon the horns of the altar, Chald.; Phil. thinks we have here the correct sense.

Psalm CXIX.

ver. 1, the law of the Lord, B. T.; . . . . of Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 11, hid, B. T.; treasured, F. & S.——ver. 15, have respect unto, B. T.; look at, Heb.——ver. 21, Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed, B. T.; thou hast rebuked the proud cursed, Heb.; the cursing, ... is the rebuke before spoken of, Phil.——ver. 27, talk, B. T.; meditate, Heb.——ver. 29, grant me thy law graciously, B. T.; graciously afford me thine instruction, F. & S.; see also Phil. ——ver. 32, enlarge, B. T.; set at liberty, Phil.——ver. 41, Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, B. T.; thy mercy shall come to me, O Jehovah, Heb.; may thy lovingkindness come unto me, O Jehovah, F. & S.——ver. 43, take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth, B. T.; noli permittere, ut justa defensio mihi eripiatur, Dathe; do not entirely deprive me of a true answer, F. & S.——ver. 54, my songs, B. T.; *or here rather*, the subjects of songs, Phil.——ver. 55, in the night, B. T.; in the time of trouble and darkness, Yar., Phil.——ver. 56, This I had, B. T.; hæc consolatio est mihi, Camp., Glas.; see Phil.——ver. 57, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 61, the bands, B. T.; the snares, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 65, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 66, good judgment and knowledge, B. T.; goodness of judgment and knowledge, Heb.; the excellency of understanding and knowledge, F. & S.——ver. 67, Before I was afflicted I went astray, B. T.; before I was humbled I was ignorant, Heb.——ver. 70, Their heart is as fat as grease, B. T.; tument quasi adipe corda eorum, Dathe.——ver. 79, Let those that fear thee turn unto me, B. T.; those that fear thee shall turn unto me, Heb. (Prof. Lee would have used the present tense.)——ver. 81, my soul fainteth, B. T.; . . . . has been consumed, Heb.; Tuam salutem anxie expecto, Dathe; my soul is wasted with looking for, F. & S.; my soul hath most earnestly desired, Phil.——ver. 85, The proud have digged pits, which are not after thy law, B. T.; profani, legis tuæ desertores, foveas mihi fodiunt, Dathe; the proud who have not acted according to thy law, have dug pits for me, Phil.——ver. 109, My soul is continually in my hand, B. T.; in perpetuo vitæ periculo versor, Dathe; continually is my life about to be cast away, F. & S.——ver. 113, vain thoughts, B. T.; vain imaginations, F. & S. ——ver. 118, for their deceit is falsehood, B. T.; vana est eorum calliditas, Dathe; truly their guile is fruitless, F. & S.; their deceit is vain, *or* to no purpose, Phil.——ver. 119, Thou puttest away,

B. T.; thou causest to cease, Marg., Heb., Phil.——ver. 125, Give me understanding, B, T.; make me to consider, Heb.——ver. 126, It is time, B. T.; the time will come; see Phil., who thus explains the passage: He does every thing at the proper time, and He will, at the proper season, punish those who have made His law void, etc. ——ver. 127, Therefore, B. T.; i.e., because I am Thy servant, Noyes, who, in a note, refers back to ver. 125.——ver. 128, I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right, B. T.; all the precepts of all I have accounted right, Heb.; all thy commandments, even all, have I approved, Phil.——ver. 132, Look upon me, B. T.; turn thee unto me, Heb.——ver. 138, are righteous and very faithful, B. T.; are righteousness and very faithfulness, Marg.——ver. 140, pure, B. T.; tried, refined, Marg.; refined is thy word very, Heb.——ver. 146, and I shall keep, B. T.; that I may keep, Marg. ——ver. 151, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 155, seek, B. T.; search out, Heb., F. & S.——ver. 159, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 160, Thy word is true from the beginning, B. T.; the sum of thy word is truth, Heb., F. & S.; summa verbi tui est veritas, Dathe.——ver. 165, nothing shall offend them, B. T.; they shall have no stumbling-block, Marg.; there is not for them a stumbling-block, Heb.; they meet with no stumbling-block, F. & S. ——ver. 169, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 171, when thou hast taught me, B. T.; for thou wilt teach me, Heb.——ver. 172, My tongue shall speak of thy word, B. T.; my tongue shall answer thy word, Heb.——ver. 174, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 175, Let my soul live, B. T.; my soul shall live, Heb. —*ib.*, let thy judgments help me, B. T.; thy judgments shall help me, Heb.——ver. 176, I have gone astray like a lost sheep, B. T.; I have wandered as a lamb perishing, Heb., Byth.; I wander as a lost sheep, unprotected and harassed, F. & S.; oberro instar ovis perditæ, Dathe; who says, Verbum (oberro) non de morali aberratione a via virtutis et religionis intelligendum est, quam ver. 110 David eodem verbo adhibito a se removet, sed de oberratione sua in exilio propter persecutiones Sauli; quo tempore similis fuit ovi a grege et caula avulsæ et oberranti.

Psalm CXX.

ver. 2, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, sharp arrows of the mighty, B. T.; it is as the sharp arrows of the mighty man, Marg.; similis est sagittis latronis acutis, Dathe; murder-arrows,

Ew.——ver. 6, with him that hateth peace, B.T.; inter homines, qui pacem oderunt, Dathe.

Psalm CXXI.

ver. 1, I will lift up, B.T.; pres. tense, Dathe, F. & S., Noyes.——ver. 2, The Lord, B.T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, thy shade upon thy right hand, B.T.; umbram tibi præbet ad dextram, h.e. a meridie; quam Orientales a dextra habent versus Orientem faciem convertentes, Mich., see Dathe. Phil. explains the passage thus: In the case of a Jewish exile returning from Babylon, he would have to travel in an easterly direction, and would, consequently, have the south on *his right hand;* the quarter of the sun at mid-day, when its rays are the most scorching, and when a shade would therefore be the most requisite.——ver. 8, The Lord, B.T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXII.

First Version.—ver. 1, I was glad, etc., B.T.; pres. tense, Dathe, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 2, Our feet shall stand within thy gates, B.T.; for already our feet have been standing at thy gates, Mendelssohn's paraphrase. See Phil.; also Herd. to the same effect.——ver. 4, unto the testimony of Israel, B.T.; ex instituto Israelis, Dathe; according to the testimony given to Israel, F. & S., Phil.; according to the law of Israel, Noyes.

Second Version.—ver. 1, of the Lord, B.T.; of Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, a city that is compact together, B.T.; a city rebuilt *or* restored, Phil., Noyes. (see Neh. iii.)——ver. 8, I will now say, Peace be unto thee, B.T.; I will wish thee well, Ew.——ver. 9, the Lord our God, B.T.; Jehovah our God, Heb.

Psalm CXXIII.

ver. 3, O Lord, B.T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 4, those who are at ease, B.T.; the careless, Ew.

Psalm CXXIV.

ver. 8, the name of the Lord, B.T.; of Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXV.

ver. 1, in the Lord, B.T.; in Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, the rod, B.T.; the sceptre, F. & S., Phil.—*ib.*, put forth his hand to iniquity,

B. T.; i.e., lest the Jews be tempted by idolatrous oppressors to renounce the worship and service of Jehovah, Noyes.——ver. 4, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, B. T.; . . . . those that decline to their tortuous courses, Phil.—*ib.*, the Lord shall lead them forth, B. T.; hos abiget Jova s. perdet, Dathe; may Jehovah destroy them, F. & S., Noyes; the Lord will drive them away, Ew. The allusion in this verse . . . . seems to be to the attempts which were made to draw away the Jews from their fidelity to the government and religion, after they had returned from their exile in Babylon, Phil. (See Neh. ii.)

Psalm CXXVI.

ver. 2, with singing, B. T.; with shouting, Heb.

Psalm CXXVII.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, Happy the man, B. T.; O the blessings of the man, Heb.—*ib.*, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate, B. T.; for he shall destroy the enemies in the gate, Heb.; sed periment hostes in porta, Ros.; the gate is mentioned because at the gates the fighting is usually the hottest. Such sense, Phil. admits, has this advantage, that the consistency of the figure is maintained throughout; but he still thinks, that the passage has reference to forensic disputes.

Psalm CXXVIII.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, Happy shalt thou be, B. T.; O thy blessings, Heb.——ver. 3, thy children, B. T.; thy sons, Heb.——ver. 5, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 6, thy children's children, B. T.; the sons of thy sons, Heb.

Psalm CXXIX.

ver. 1, Many a time, B. T.; much, Marg., Heb., Dathe, Phil.; greatly, F. & S.——ver. 4, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, for imp. mood read fut. tense, Heb.——ver. 7, the mower, B. T.; the reaper, Heb.——ver. 8, in the name of the Lord, B. T.; . . . . of Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXX.

ver. 2, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXXI.

ver. 2, as a child that is weaned of his mother, B. T. The comparison is not with a suckling, but with a child that quietly resigns itself to its mother's care and training, Phil.

Psalm CXXXII.

ver. 2, vowed, B. T.; vowed a vow, C. P.—*ib.*, the mighty God of Jacob, B. T.; the Mighty One of Jacob, Heb., F. & S.; the strength of Jacob, Ew.——ver. 4, I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest, C. P.——ver. 5, for the Lord, B. T.; for Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, for the mighty God of Jacob, B. T.; see note ver. 2.——ver. 6, in the fields of the wood, B. T.; in the fields of Jaar, Dathe, Hors., F. & S.——ver. 7, we will go, B. T.; let us go, F. & S., Phil.——ver. 12, thy children, B. T.; thy sons, Heb.—*ib.*, their children, B. T.; their sons, Heb.

Psalm CXXXIII.

First Version.—ver. 2, ointment, B. T.; oil, Heb.——ver. 3, for them, B. T.; the particles translated *for them* refer not to Zion, but are put as introducing the reason of the goodness spoken of in ver. 1, Phil.

Second Version.—ver. 2, ointment, B. T.; perfume, Noyes.—*ib.*, the skirts, B. T.; the hem, F. & S.; the very border of his garments, Noyes.

Psalm CXXXIV.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 2, attolite manus vestras sancte, Til. and others. See Phil., who says, St. Paul, in 1 Tim. ii. 8, apparently with reference to this passage, speaks of *lifting up holy hands.*—*ib.*, bless the Lord, B. T.; . . . . Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXXV.

vers. 3, 14, 19, 21, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXXXVI.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 15, overthrew, B. T.; shaked off, Marg., Byth., F. & S.——ver. 24, redeemed us, B. T.; rent us from, Heb.; rescued us from, Byth.

Psalm CXXXVII.

First Version.—ver. 1, By the rivers of Babylon, B. T.; by the streams of Babel, Ew.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

ver. 5, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 8, the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me, B. T.; Jehovah performeth all things for me, F. & S.

Psalm CXXXIX.

ver. 1, O Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, Thou compassest, B. T.; thou art about, C. P.——ver. 8, hell, B. T.; Hades, Heb.——ver. 12, hideth not, B. T.; darkeneth not, Marg., Heb.—*ib.*, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee, B. T.; as is the darkness, so is the light, Marg., Heb.; tenebræ tibi eodem cum luce loco sunt, Dathe; darkness and light are just the same, Hors.——ver. 15, my substance, B. T.; my strength *or* body, Marg.; my bone, Heb., Targ., LXX. (See Byth.) the root is cognate with *bone*, Phil.—*ib.*, curiously wrought, B. T.; embroidered, Heb., Phil.; see also Byth.; my fine-woven covering, Hors.——ver. 16, my substance yet being unperfect, B. T.; my unformed-substance, Heb.—*ib.*, which in continuance were fashioned, B. T.; *what* days they should be fashioned, Marg.; (*as to*) the days (*when*) they were fashioned, Heb.——ver. 18, When I awake I am still with thee, B. T. The Psalmist's intention here is doubtless to state that all his thoughts were so absorbed in the contemplation of Jehovah, that as soon as he awoke he found himself as before he went to sleep, viz., with God, i.e. intent on the study of His attributes, Phil.——ver. 20, they speak against thee wickedly, B. T.; who adjure thee for their wicked purposes, F. & S.

Psalm CXL.

ver. 1, the evil man, B. T.; Dathe and F. & S. use the plural.——ver. 2, continually, B. T.; all the day, Heb.—*ib.*, they are gathered

together for war, B. T.; bellum excitant, Dathe; who . . . . stir up war, F. & S.——ver. 6, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 7, O God the Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah the Lord, Heb.——vers. 9-11, for imp. moods read fut. tenses, Heb.

Psalm CXLI.

ver. 1, Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 5, Let the righteous smite me, B. T.; the righteous (sg.) shall strike me, Heb. (*or*, pres. tense, Prof. Lee).—*ib.*, Let him reprove me, B. T.; he shall rebuke me, Heb. (or rather pres. tense, Lee).—*ib.*, which shall not break my head, B. T.; my head will not shrink from it, F. & S.; my head refuses it not, Phil.——ver. 6, their judges, B. T.; their rulers, F. & S.; their leaders, Phil.—*ib.*, in stony places, B. T.; by means of the crag, Heb.; upon the sides of the rocks, Phil.—*ib.*, they shall hear, B. T.; they heard, Heb., Phil.——ver. 7, As when one cutteth and cleaveth *wood* upon the earth, B. T.; just as one cutting and cleaving the earth (in making a grave), Phil., whose comment see. ——ver. 8, O God the Lord, B. T.; O Jehovah Lord, Heb.—*ib.*, leave not my soul destitute, B. T.; empty not, *or* pour not out, my life, Phil.——ver. 10, whilst that I withal escape, B. T.; whilst I, together, i. e. with my companions, pass on safe, Phil.

Psalm CXLII.

vers. 1-3, for past tenses, read fut. tenses, Heb.; or rather, pres., according to Lee.

Psalm CXLIII.

ver. 6, as a thirsty land, B. T.; as a weary land, Heb.——ver. 10, thy spirit is good: lead me into the land of uprightness, B. T.; let thy good Spirit lead me in the path of rectitude, F. & S.; . . . . thy good Spirit, ... Phil.——ver. 11, quicken me, B. T.; keep me alive, Heb.——ver. 12, for imp. moods read fut. tenses, Heb.

Psalm CXLIV.

ver. 1, The Lord my strength, B. T.; Jehovah my rock, Heb.—— ver. 2, My goodness, B. T.; my mercy, Marg., Heb.; fautor meus, Dathe; my benefactor, F. & S.—*ib.*, my people, B. T.; the people, Phil.; gentes, Dathe, who refers to the Chald., Syr., Jer., and Ken. ——ver. 4, Man is like to vanity, B. T.; homo vapori similis est,

Dathe, Hors.——ver. 6, destroy, B. T.; discomfit, Heb.——ver. 10, salvation unto kings, B. T.; victory, etc., Marg.——ver. 13, in our streets, B. T.; in our fields, F. & S., Ew.——ver. 14, strong to labour, B. T.; able to bear burdens, *or* loaded *with flesh*, Marg.; laden, Heb.; strong, powerful, burdened, Phil., who says, Camp. has paraphrased it: Sani et ferendis oneribus apti.—*ib.*, that there be no breaking in, B. T.; that there be no breach, Heb.; may there be no breaking of the peace, Phil.—*ib.*, nor going out, B. T.; i.e., in flight, *or* into captivity, Noyes.——ver. 15, Happy, B. T.; O the blessings, Heb.

Psalm CXLV.

ver. 6, thy greatness, B. T.; thy magnificence, Byth.——ver. 7, they shall abundantly utter, B. T.; *lit., they bubble forth*, as water from a fountain. Its force here is *to utter*, or *proclaim with great rapidity and earnestness*, the goodness of God, Phil.——ver. 13, an everlasting kingdom, B. T.; a kingdom of all ages, Marg.; a kingdom of all eternities, Heb.——ver. 17, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.—*ib.*, holy, B. T.; merciful, *or* bountiful, Marg., F. & S., Noyes; benignus, Dathe; full of kindness, Ew.——ver. 21, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXLVI.

ver. 1, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 3, in the son of man, B. T.; in a son of man, Heb.; in a child of man, F. & S.——ver. 4, his thoughts perish, B. T.; his devices come to nothing, F. & S.; omnia eorum consilia, etc., Dathe; consilia sua, Camp., Phil.——ver. 5, Happy, B. T.; O the blessings of, Heb.——ver. 8, the Lord, B. T.; the word *Jehovah* occurs thrice in this verse, Heb.——ver. 9, The Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.

Psalm CXLVII.

vers. 2, 6, 7, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 9, to the beast, B. T.; to the cattle, Heb., F. & S.——ver. 10, in the legs of a man, B. T.; in man's swiftness of foot, F. & S.——ver. 12, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 13, thy children, B. T.; thy sons, Heb.——ver. 17, his ice, B. T.; his hail, Byth.

Psalm CXLVIII.

ver. 1, Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, B. T.; praise ye Jah, praise ye Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 10, flying fowl, B. T.; birds of

wing, Marg., Heb.——ver. 13, the Lord, B. T.; Jehovah, Heb.——ver. 14, the children, B. T.; the sons, Heb.—*ib.*, the Lord, B. T.; Jah, Heb.

Psalm CXLIX.

ver. 3, in the dance, B. T.; with the pipe, Marg.; tibiis, Dathe. ——ver. 5, upon their beds, B. T.; in conventibus suis, Dathe.

Psalm CL.

ver. 3, with the psaltery, B. T.; with lute, F. & S.——ver. 4, dance, B. T.; pipe, Marg.——ver. 5, praise him upon the loud cymbals, B. T.; laudate cum cymbalis minoribus, Dathe; praise him with the soft cymbals, F. & S.; see also Phil.

ERROR IN ACCENTUATION.

The first line in ver. 16, Ps. cxxxix., should stand thus:

Thine eyes my unformed súbstance traced.

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minister, according to the dispensation of God which
is given to me for you, * to fulfil the word Or, *fully to preach the word of God.*
of God; [26] *even* the mystery which hath been hid from
ages and from generations, but now is made manifest
to his saints: [27] to whom God would make known
what *is* the riches of the glory of this mystery among
the Gentiles; which is Christ * in you, the hope Or, *among you.*
of glory: [28] whom we preach, warning every man,
and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may
present every man perfect in Christ Jesus: [29] where-
unto I also labour, striving according to his working,
which worketh in me mightily. II. For I would that
ye knew what great * conflict I have for you, Or, *fear,* or, *care.*
and *for* them at Laodicea, and *for* as many as have
not seen my face in the flesh; [2] that their hearts might
be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all
riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the
acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the
Father, and of Christ; [3] * in whom are hid all Or, *wherein.*
the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

[4] And this I say, lest any man should beguile you
with enticing words. [5] For though I be absent in the
flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and
beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your
faith in Christ. [6] As ye have therefore received Christ
Jesus the Lord, *so* walk ye in him: [7] rooted and built
up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been
taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.

[8] Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy
and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the
* rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. Or, *elements.*
[9] For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead
bodily. [10] And ye are complete in him, which is the
head of all principality and power: [11] in whom also
ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without

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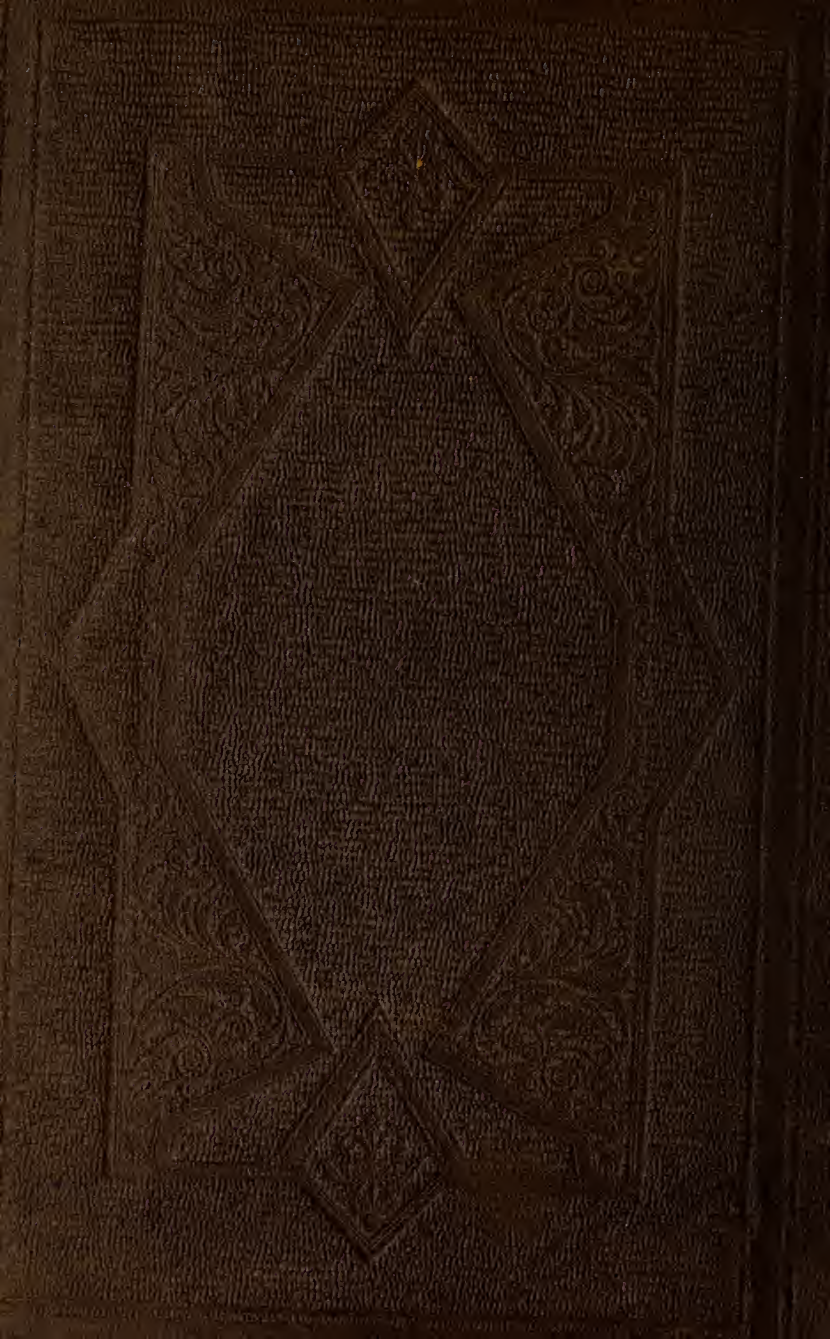
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